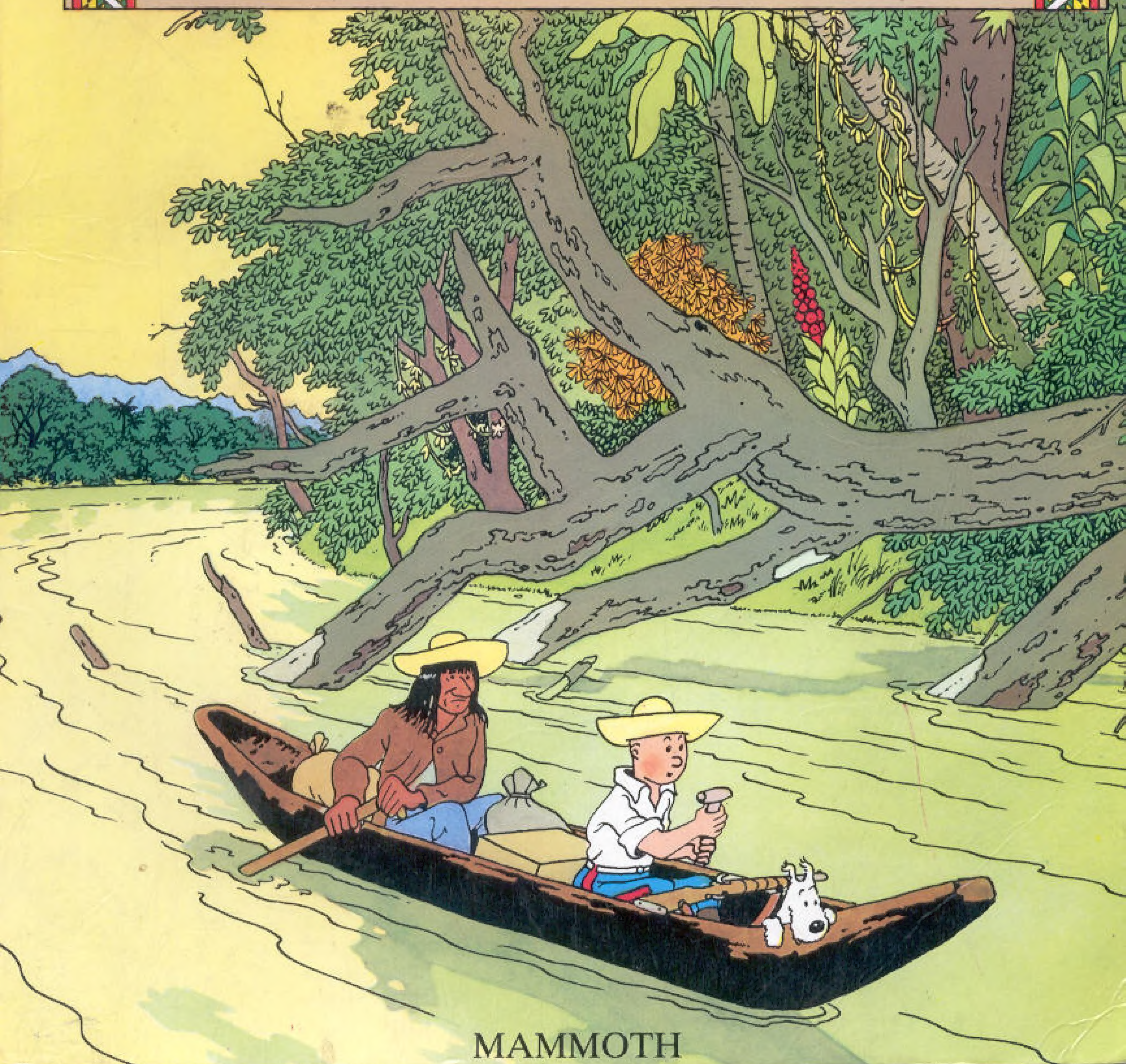


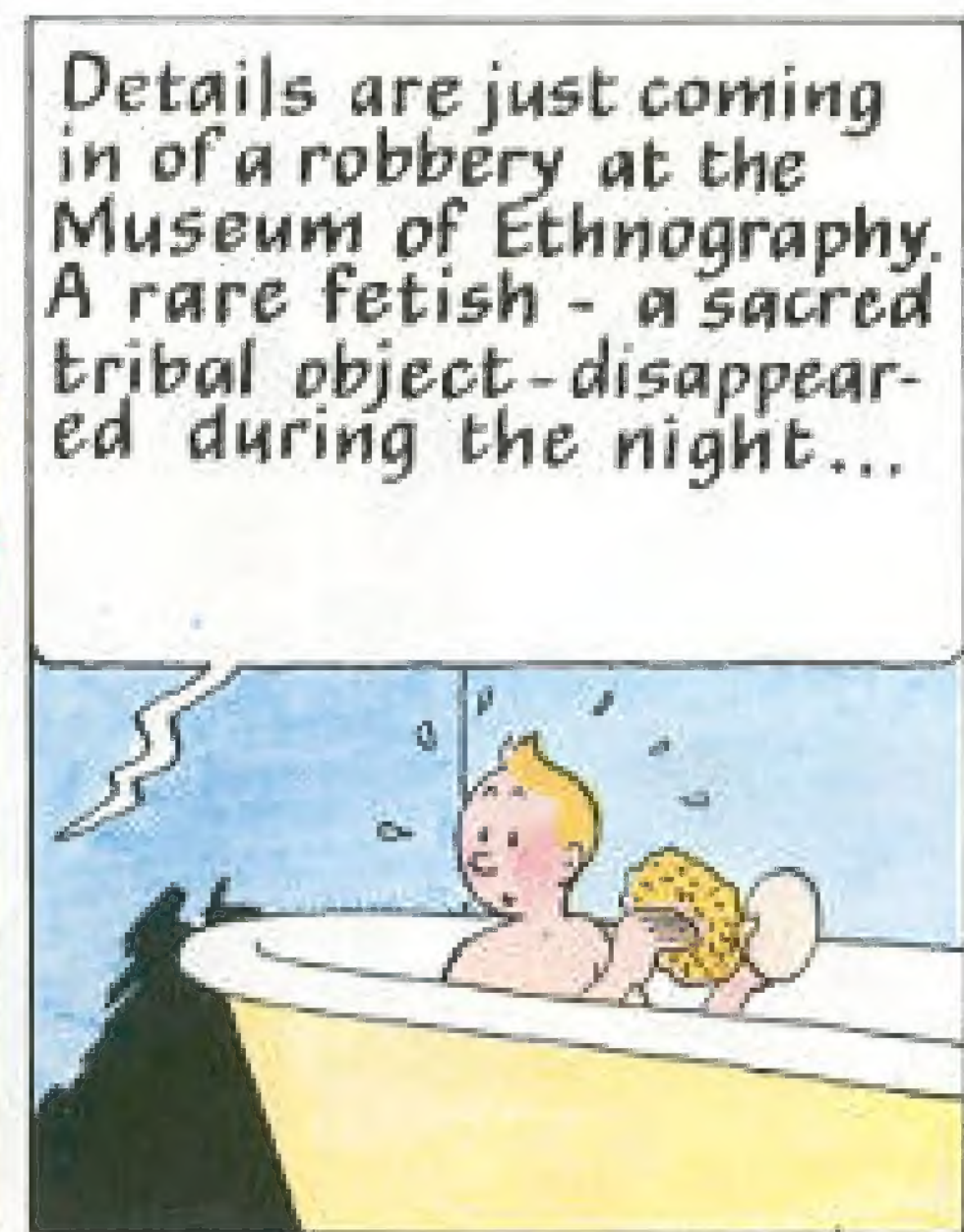
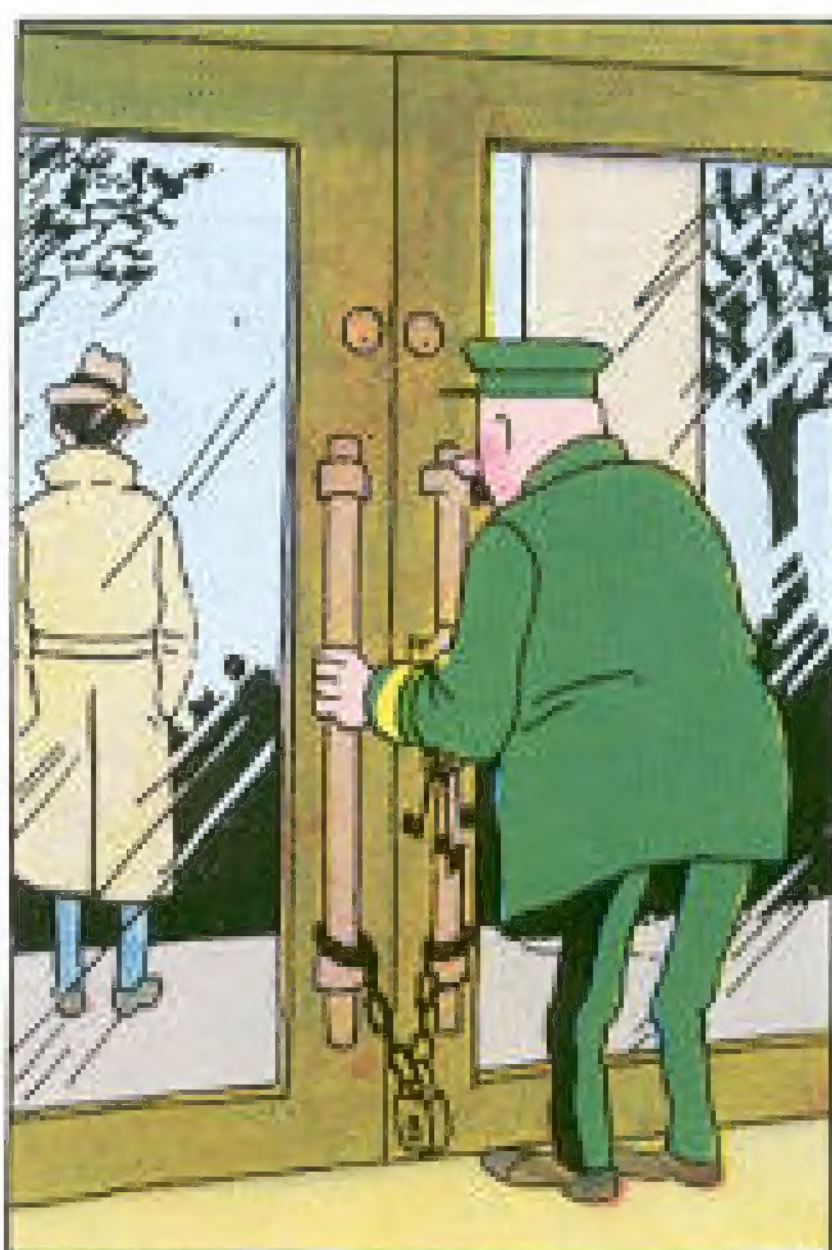
HERGE

THE ADVENTURES OF
TINTIN

THE BROKEN EAR



MAMMOTH



The loss was discovered this morning by a museum attendant. It is believed the thief must have hidden in the gallery overnight and slipped out when the staff arrived for work. No evidence of a break-in has been found ...



Come on Snowy! To the Museum of Ethnography!



The Director? I'm afraid he's engaged: the police are here ...



Now, to recapitulate... You say the attendant locked the doors last night at 1712 hours; he noticed nothing unusual. He came on duty this morning at seven. At 0714 he observed that exhibit No. 3542 was missing and immediately raised the alarm. Right?... Now this attendant: is he reliable?



Besides, the fetish has no intrinsic value. In my judgement, it would only be of interest to a collector ...



Great snakes! The Thompsons!

Why, it's our friend Tintin!



Have you any leads?

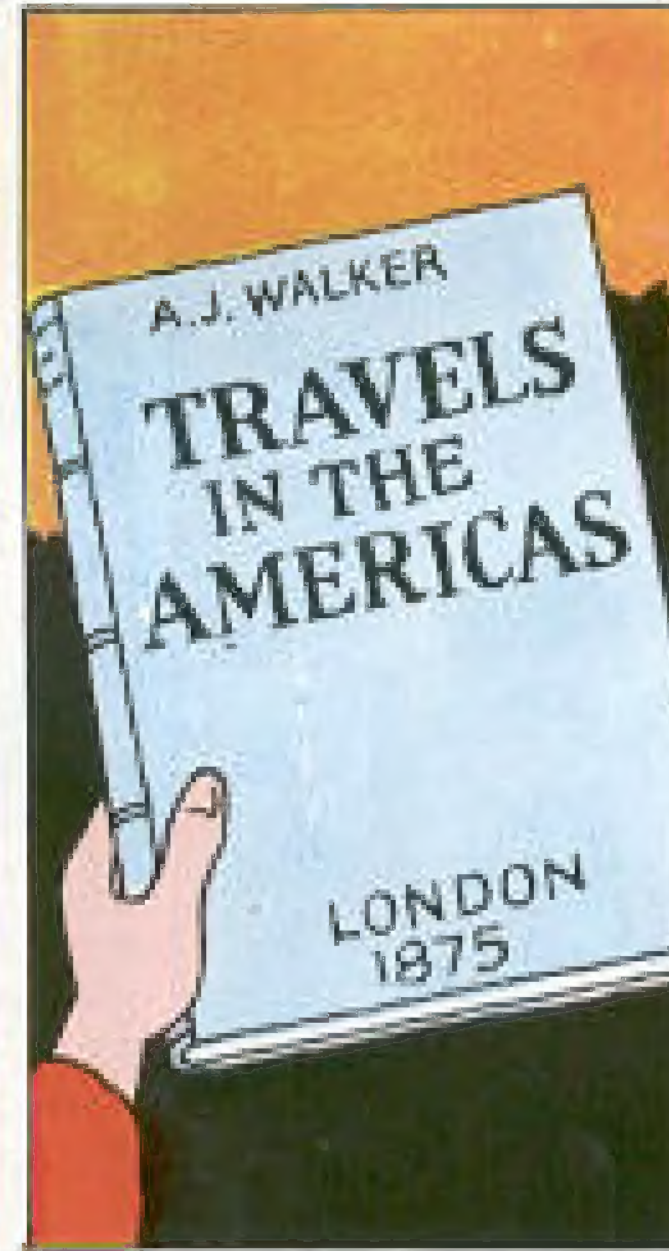
Well, the Arumbaya fetish has no in... er... no instinctive value... The solution is quite simple: it was removed by a collector.

To be precise: it was collected by a remover.



Some hours later...

This is the book. I'm sure it has something about the Arumbayas.



Aha! This is interesting... Listen, Snowy. "Today we met our first Arumbayas. Long, black, oily hair framed their coffee-coloured faces. They were armed with long blow-pipes which they employ to shoot darts poisoned with curare ... " You hear that, Snowy?



We decided to stay there. Their generosity and gave us a plentiful



... Curare!... the terrible vegetable poison which paralyses one's breathing!... Oh! "Arumbaya fetish"... But... but... it's the very one that's been stolen!



I therefore made an accurate sketch they urged me to go



Odd coincidence, don't you think, Snowy?... Snowy isn't interested... he's gone to sleep... I think I'll follow suit.



The next morning...



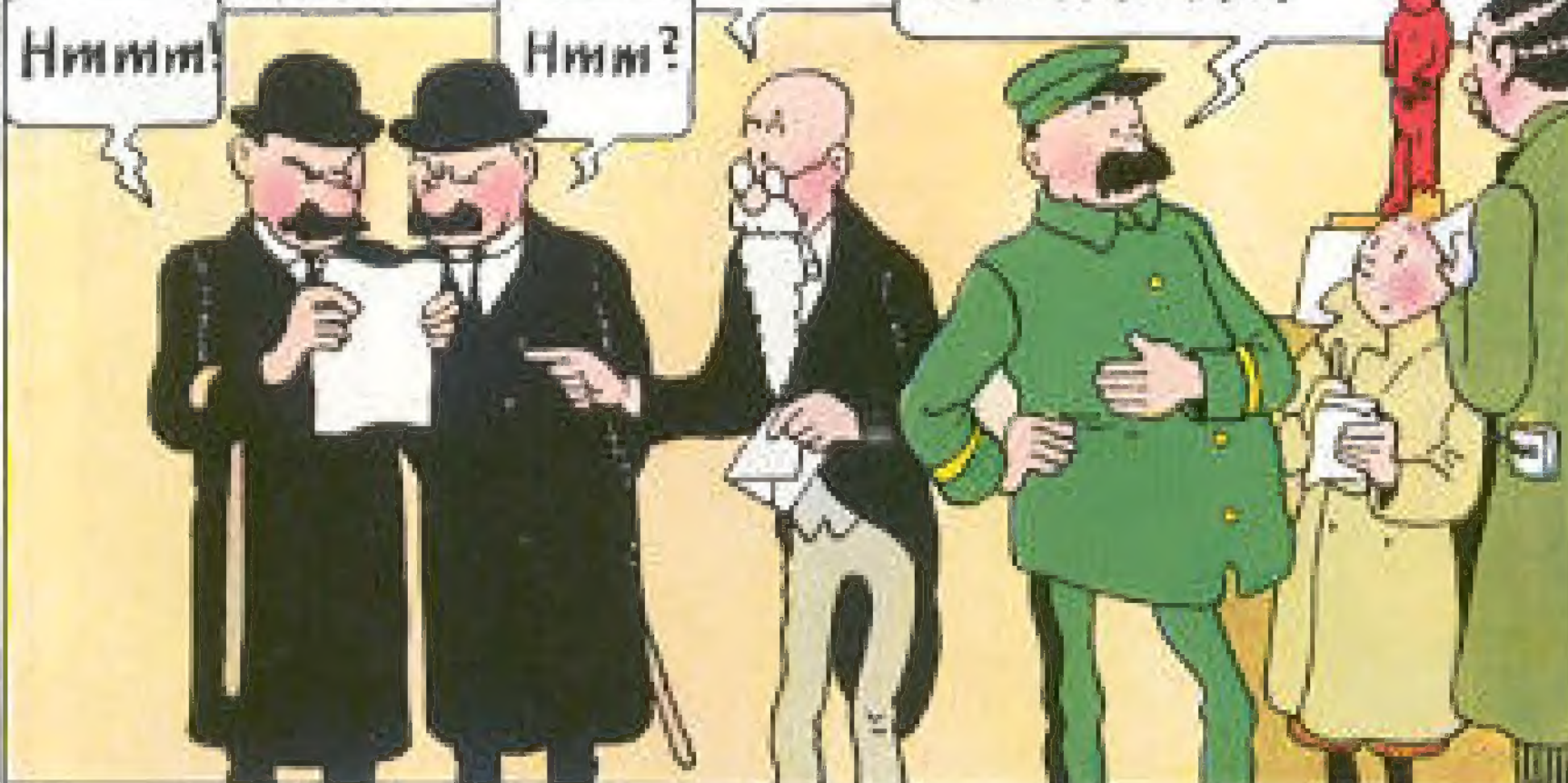


Extraordinary! There was the fetish this morning, back in its usual place, with this letter propped up beside it... What do you think?

Hmmm!

Hmm?

In my opinion, gentlemen, the fetish is bewitched!



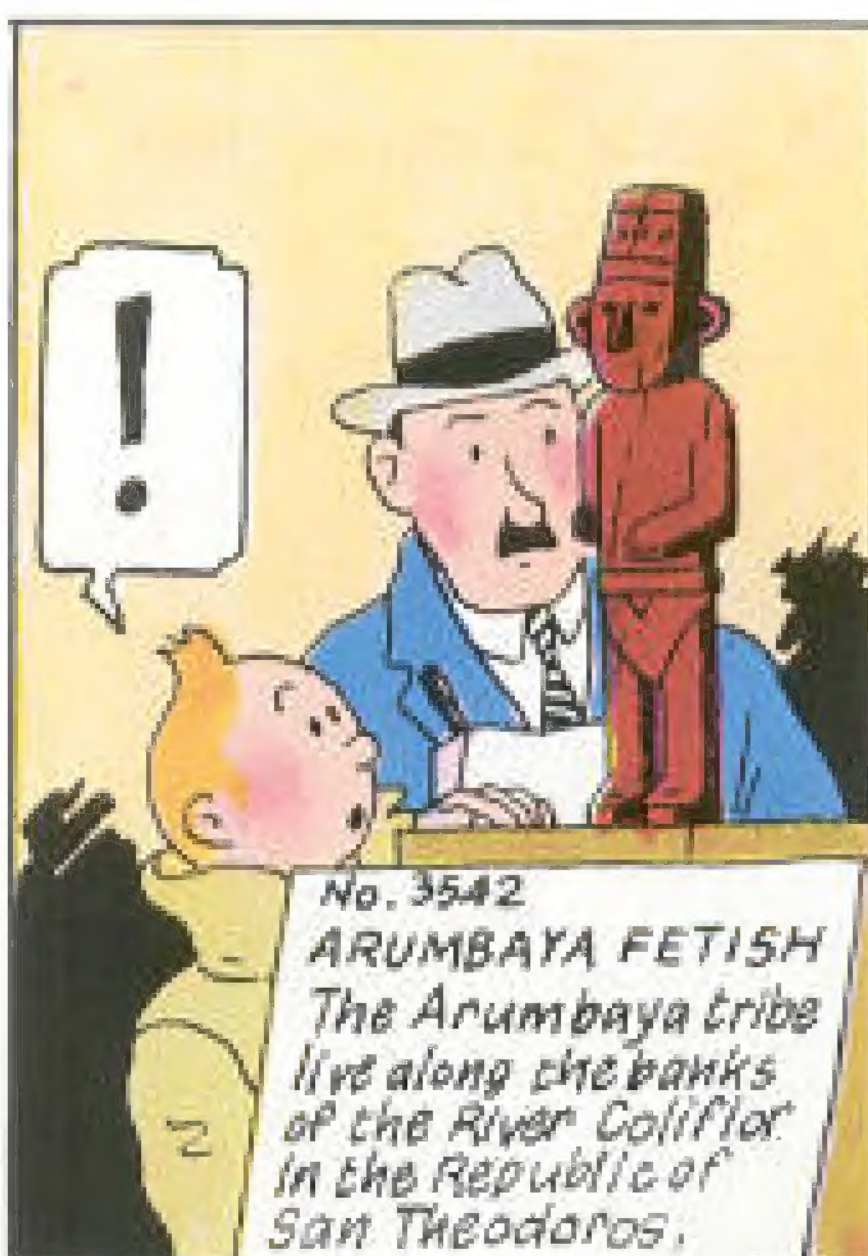
Dear Director,

I bet a friend I could pinch something from your museum.

I won my bet, so here's your fetish back.

Please forgive my foolishness, and any trouble I have caused.

Sincerely, X



No. 3542
ARUMBAYA FETISH
The Arumbaya tribe live along the banks of the River Coliflor in the Republic of San Theodoros.

My mind is made up: this letter is anonymous. Nobody knows who wrote it!

To be precise: I agree. An anonymous letter nobody wrote!



According to the police the case is closed... But that isn't my view...



Why doesn't he give up?



I do beg your pardon, sir!

Wake up, Tintin! Look where you're going!

So, am I the only one to know the fetish they put back is a fake?



Here's the proof. Walker, the explorer, says he made an "accurate sketch". And according to the drawing...



... the right ear of the fetish is slightly damaged: there's a little bit missing.



But on the reinstated fetish the right ear is intact. So it must be a copy... Now, who would be interested in acquiring the real one? A collector? Quite possibly... Anyway, let's see what the press has to say about it.

Oh dear, here we go again... Sherlock Holmes on the trail!



FATAL OVERSIGHT

A strong smell of gas alerted residents this morning at 21 London Road. They sent for the police who effected an entry to the room occupied by artist Jacob Balthazar. Officers discovered the sculptor lying on his bed; he was found to be dead. It appears that the victim had forgotten to turn off the tap on his gas-ring. By some chance his parrot survived the fumes. Mr. Balthazar's work attracted the attention of art-critics, who particularly praised his series of wooden statuettes, his special technique being strongly reminiscent of primitive sculpture.



Going round and round like that, he makes me giddy!

Half an hour later...

Excuse me... Is this the house where Mr. Balthazar lived?



Yes, this is it. Ooh, sir, what a tragedy!... Such a polite gentleman!... And all that learning!... Maybe he wasn't all that regular with the rent, but he always paid it in the end. And such a way with animals! A parrot and three white mice, that's what he had...



I'm minding the parrot for the time being. But I can't keep it. So if you know of anyone...

Of course... I was wondering if I might look at Mr. Balthazar's room?



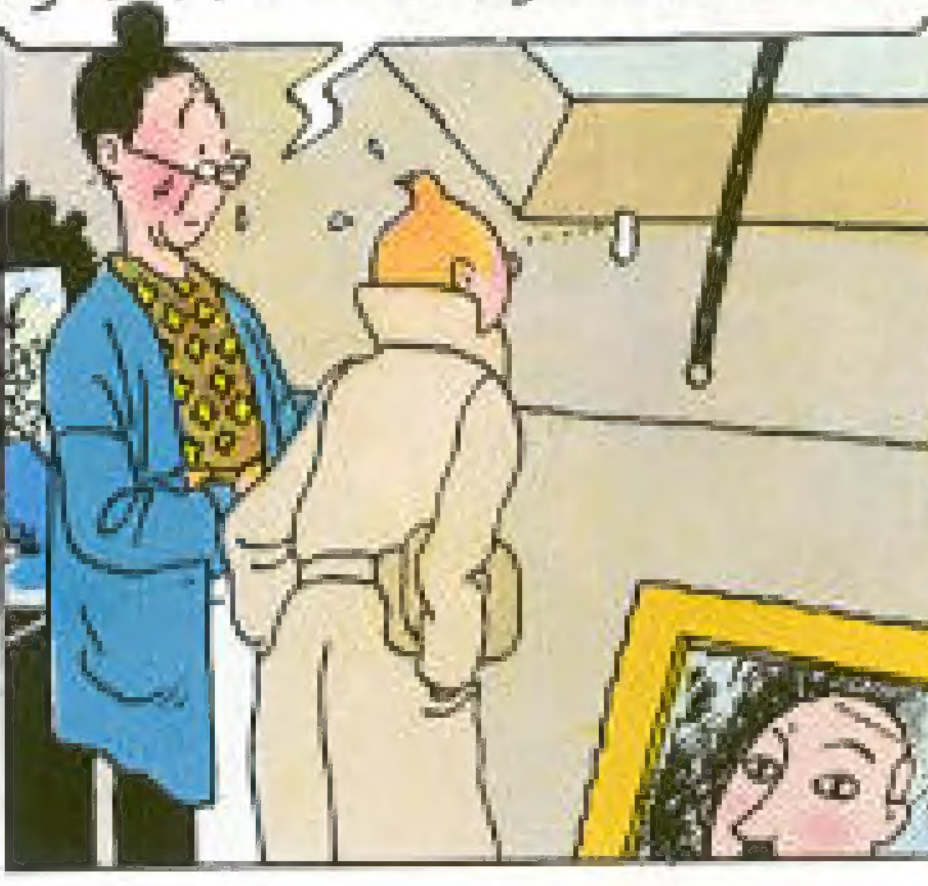
I'll take you up. Such a character he was... sniff... I can still see him... his everlasting black velvet suit, and that big hat... And all that smoking! A pipe in his mouth all day long, he had. But he never touched the drink...



Here is his room...



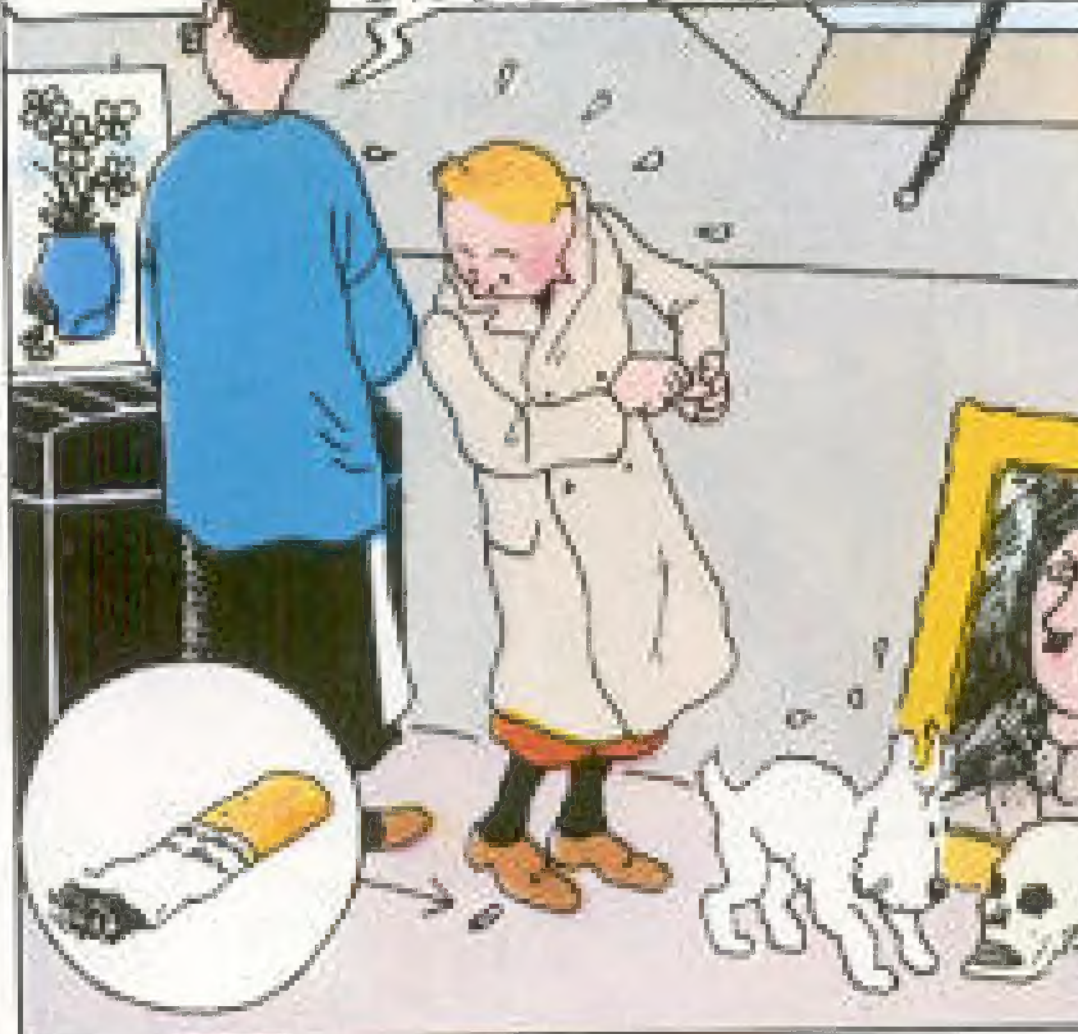
This is where we found him... sniff... They had to send for a locksmith... the door was locked from the inside... The gas was whistling out of the ring.



A little scrap of grey flannel...

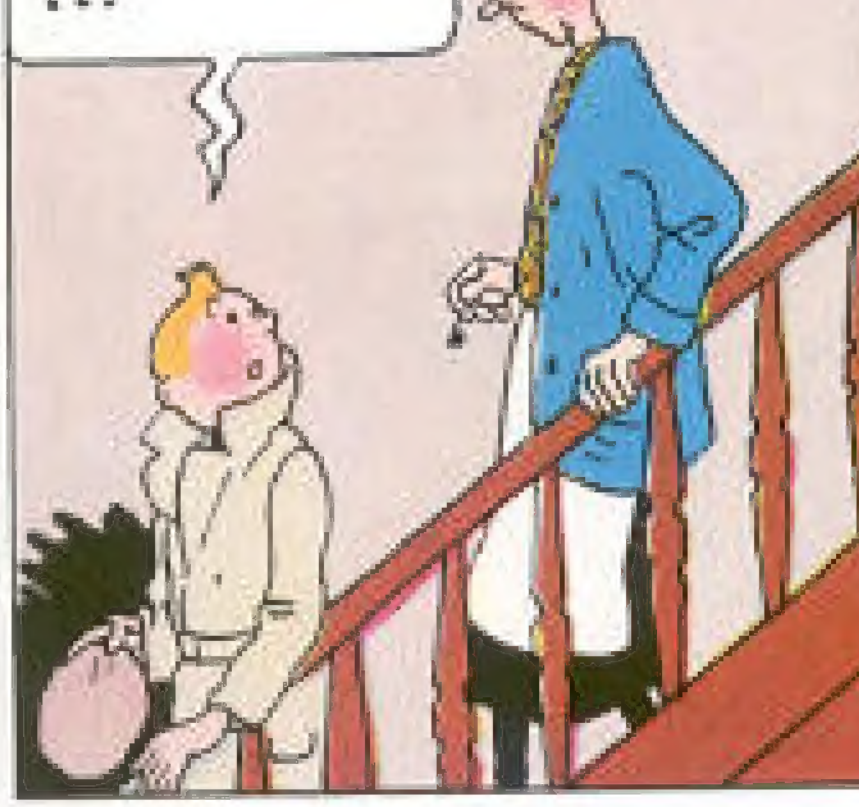


And so clever he was... Just look at those flowers: you can almost smell them...



You knew Mr. Balthazar well?

Er... that's to say... not intimately...



If by any chance you found a parrot-lover... It's such a friendly bird!

Naturally, I'll remember you. Good-bye and thanks.



An accident?... Funny sort of accident, I'd say...



A very funny accident!... The gas was whistling out of the ring. So, if the tap was on when Balthazar went to bed he'd have heard it. Unless he was drunk; but he never touched drink. Therefore someone turned the tap on after the sculptor was dead, since the gas wasn't strong enough to kill the parrot. And that someone was wearing something made of grey flannel and smoking a cigarette...



...witness the piece of cloth and the cigarette end, which couldn't have belonged to the victim: he only smoked a pipe, and he wore a velvet suit. So Mr. Balthazar was murdered. He was murdered because he'd probably made a replica of the Arumbaya fetish for someone. And someone didn't want him to talk... Someone?... Someone?... Who can that 'someone' be?... How can I find out?



Great snakes!... Why not?!



Excuse me, but I've been thinking. I'll buy Mr. Balthazar's parrot.

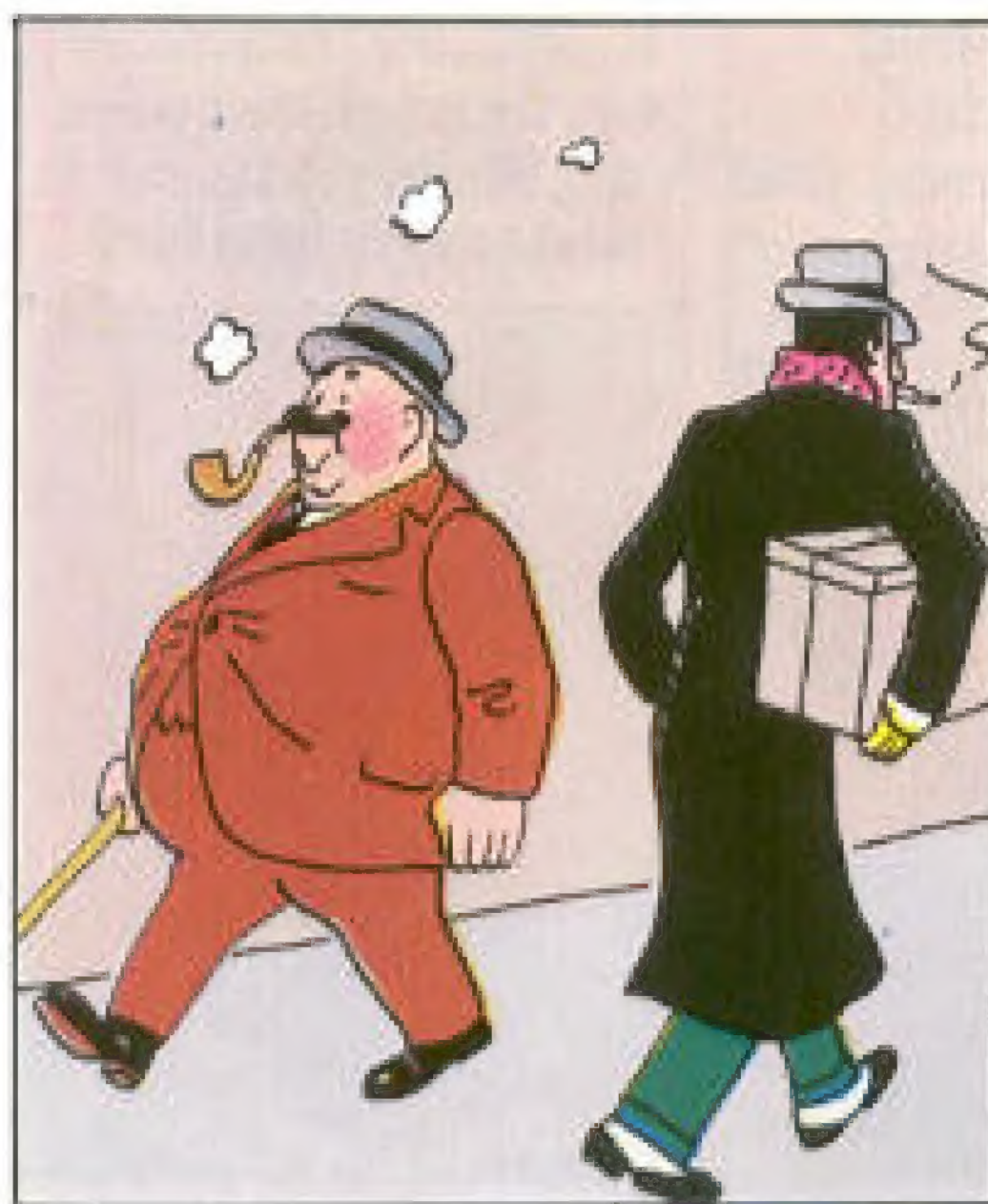
The parrot? Ooooh, sir!

If you'd only been two minutes sooner! I just sold it. The gentleman who bought it was here a moment ago; you must have passed him.

Just my luck!

Look, there he goes! You see the gentleman with a parcel under his arm? That's him.

Let's hope he'll agree to resell it to me.



Grrreat greedy-guts!

Hey, you!...D'you always behave like that? Let me tell you, I'm not used to being insulted!

Perdone, Señor.

Very well! But another time you'll be in trouble! But...I assure the señor...



GRRREAT GREEDY-GUTS!

Oh, help! It's a regular punch-up...Ooh! The parrot! The parrot!!

The parrot!!!

GRRREAT GREEDY-GUTS!



Estúpido! Imbécil! Great greedy-guts! Look what you do: my beautiful parrot ees escapado! Ees perdido!

The only witness to Balthazar's death, the only one who could have talked, and there he goes.

The parrot ees give me by my grandfather. Ay, qué desastre...All same, muchas gracias for tryto catch heem.

That's quite all right.

"Give to me by my grandfather" Why tell a lie? I wonder, could he be interested in the parrot for the same reason as me?

Meanwhile...

It's raining, Professor. Don't forget your umbrella...and remember your glasses.

Don't worry, Ernestine. My glasses are in the pocket of my jacket...and I'll take my umbrella.



What a curious-looking creature!

I must take a closer look...Now, where have my glasses gone? I know I put them in my overcoat pocket...



Oh, it's a bird.



Good morning. How d'you do? Pleased to meet you!



I...er... do forgive me, sir. I'm so absent-minded... Would you believe it: I mistook you for a bird!

Your advertisement reads "Lost: magnificent parrot. Large reward. Finder contact 26 Labrador Road." It will be in tonight's paper, sir.



Ees necesario to make advertisement about the parrot.



There: "Lost: magnificent parrot..." Look, there are two notices. I'll try the first address: it's nearer than the other.



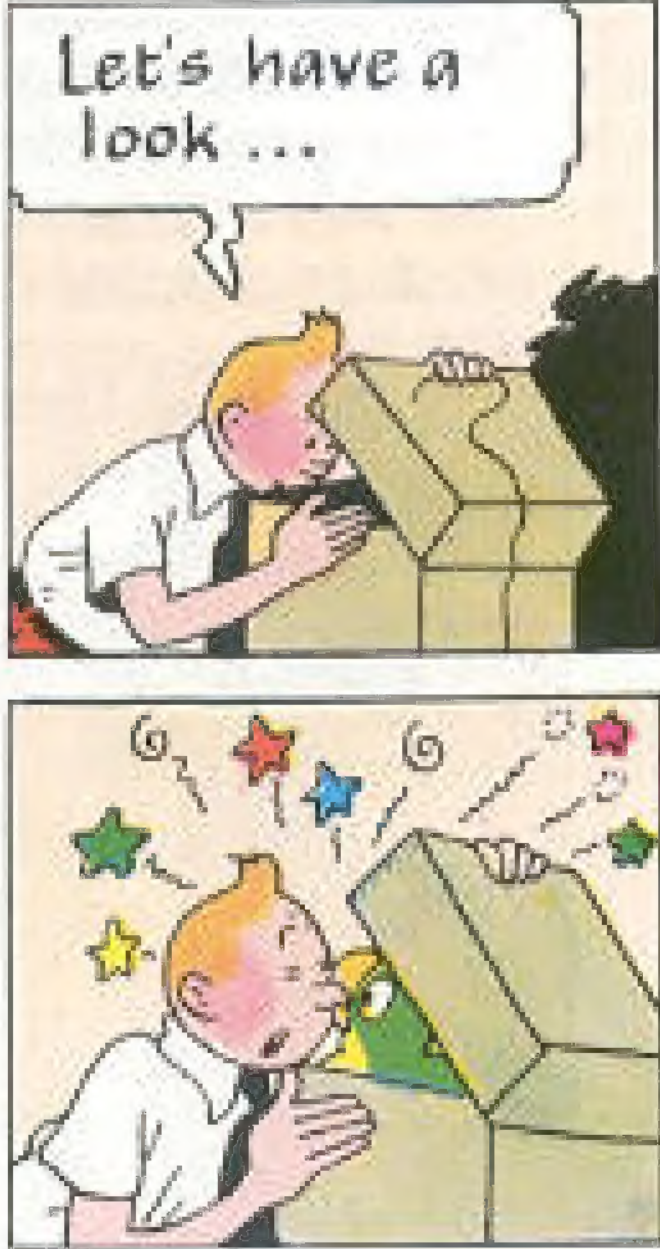
The sooner the better!

Grrreat greedy-guts!



I came about the parrot. Are you the gentleman who...?

Ah, yes! Do come in!



Let's have a look...

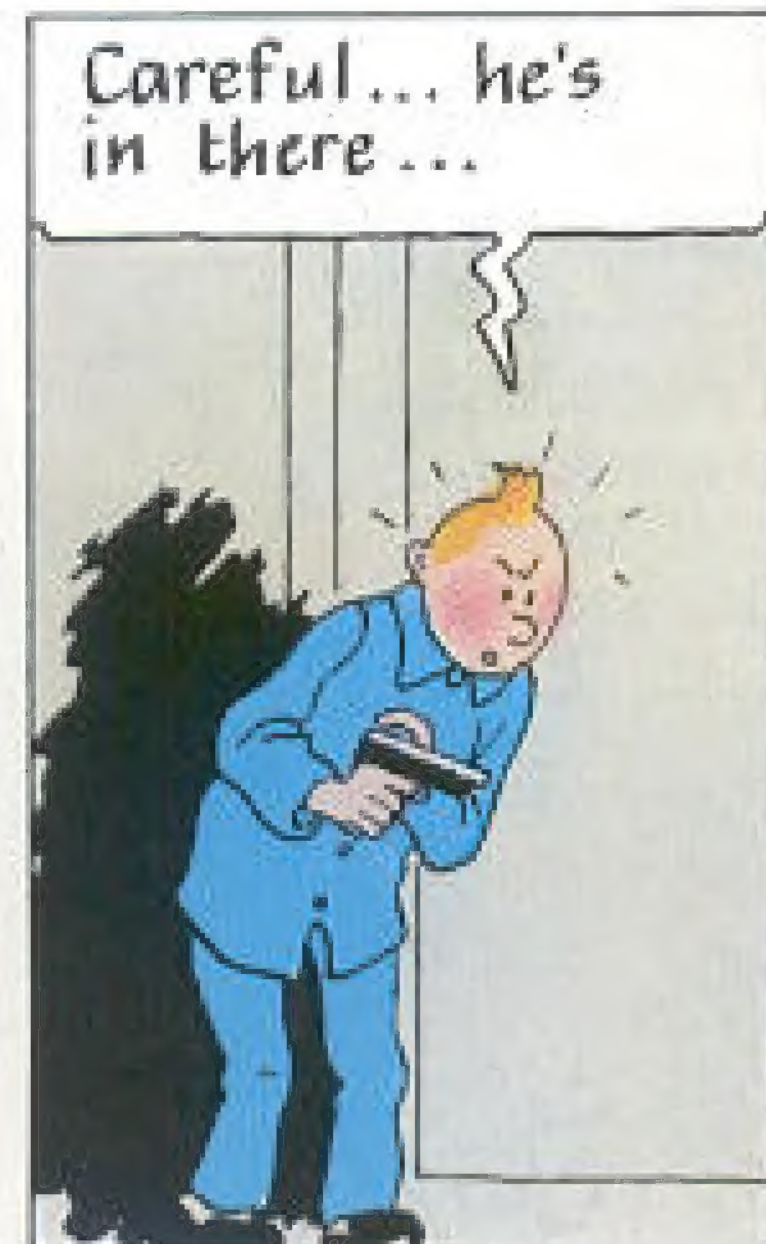
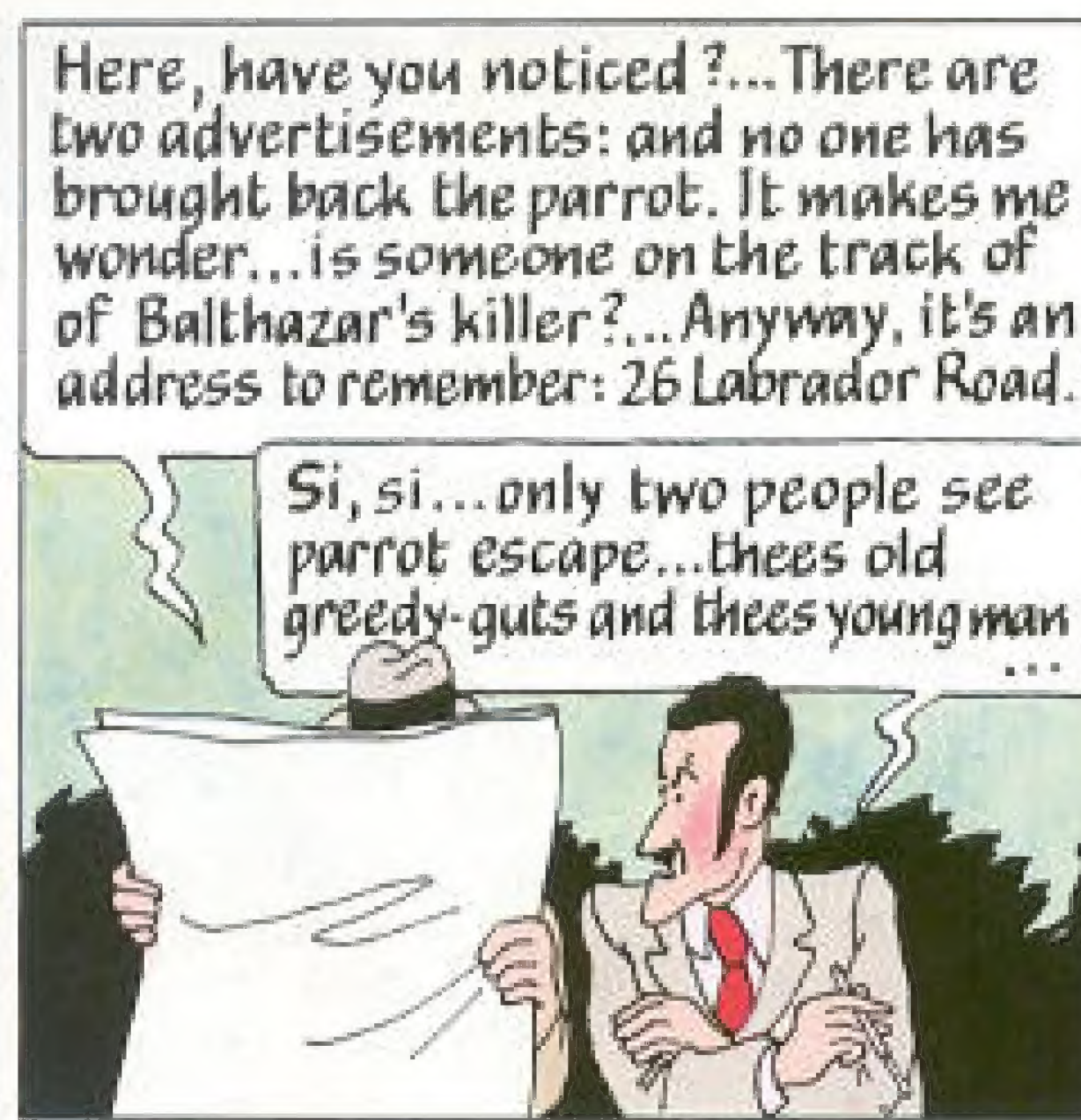
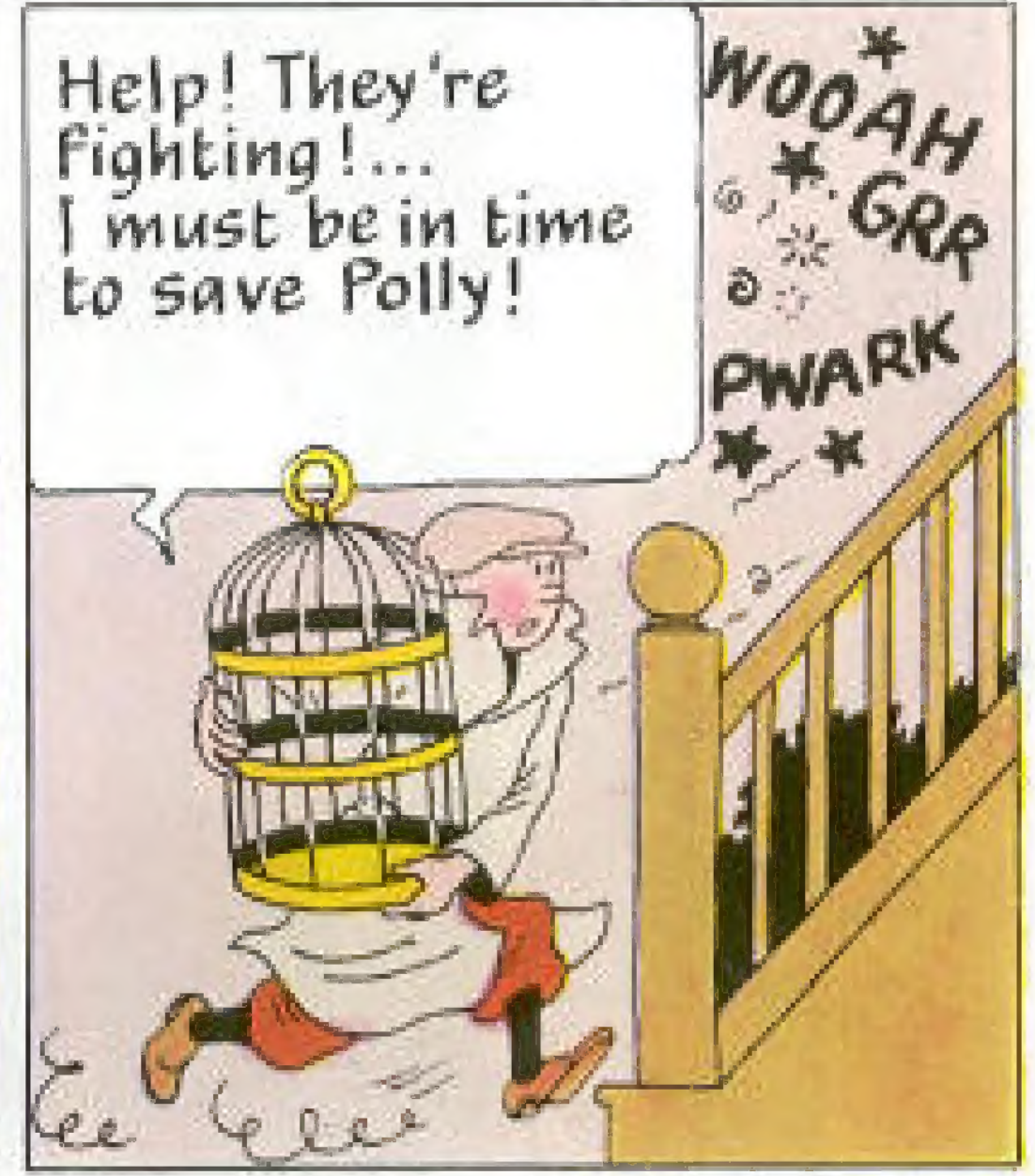
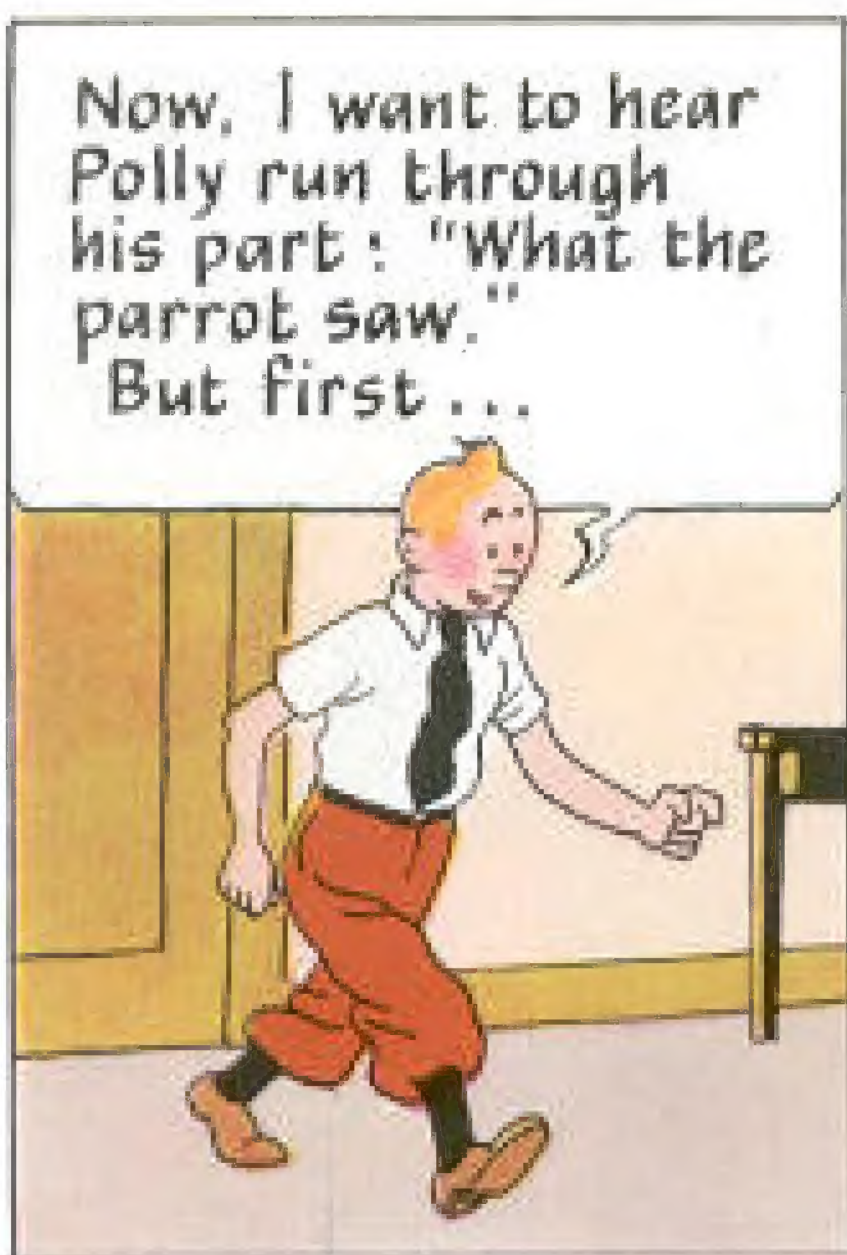


It's him all right! I can't thank you enough. You wouldn't believe what he means to me. Please take the reward.



Goodbye, and thank you.

It's me who's grateful!





Ah, it's you!

Caramba! Ees the young man who try to catch the parrot!



Come on! Start talking! You wanted the parrot?

Si! Thees bird hees mine. You steal heem. I make complain to the policía!



Really? Go right ahead. There's the 'phone; ring the police ...



Now, let's be serious. I want to know why you're interested in our feathered friend ...



I'm waiting ...



WHEEE
THWACK
ZZINNG
? BANG



I saw you were trapped, so I came up quietly and switched off the light.

I have time to throw puñal at heem.



A few inches to the left and ... pfff! Curtains for Tintin! I'll have to watch out; they'll stick at nothing!



I hear the puñal, he go whack into chair. I only miss heem by thees much...

I know, I know ... you need more practice.



That night, at 21 London Road ...



BING
CRACK
CRR



CLACK

That Mr. and Mrs. Dove! They've quarrelled once too often!



Have you quite finished up there?!



SHUT UP! I AM BALTHAZAR!

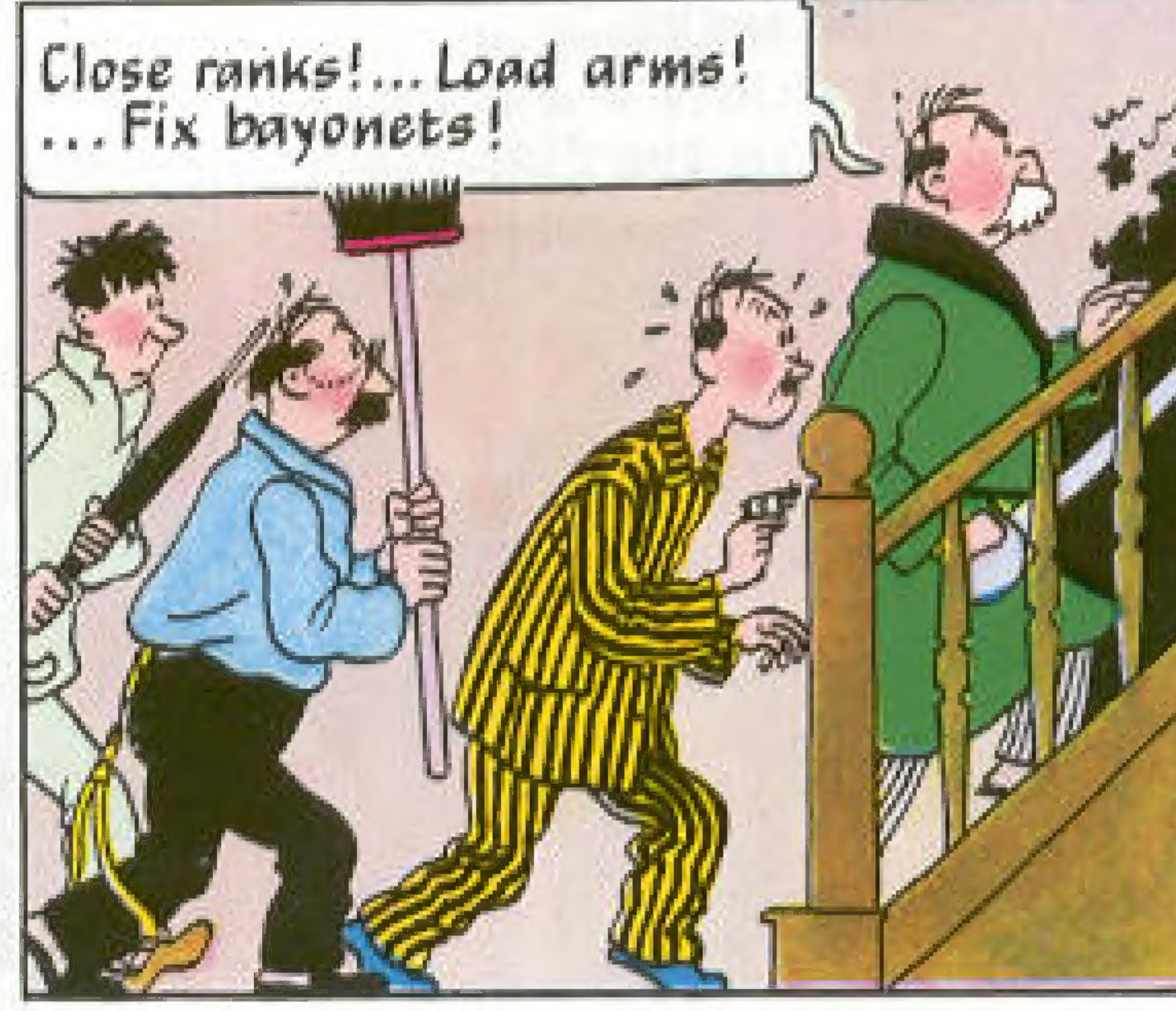


HELP!
HELP!

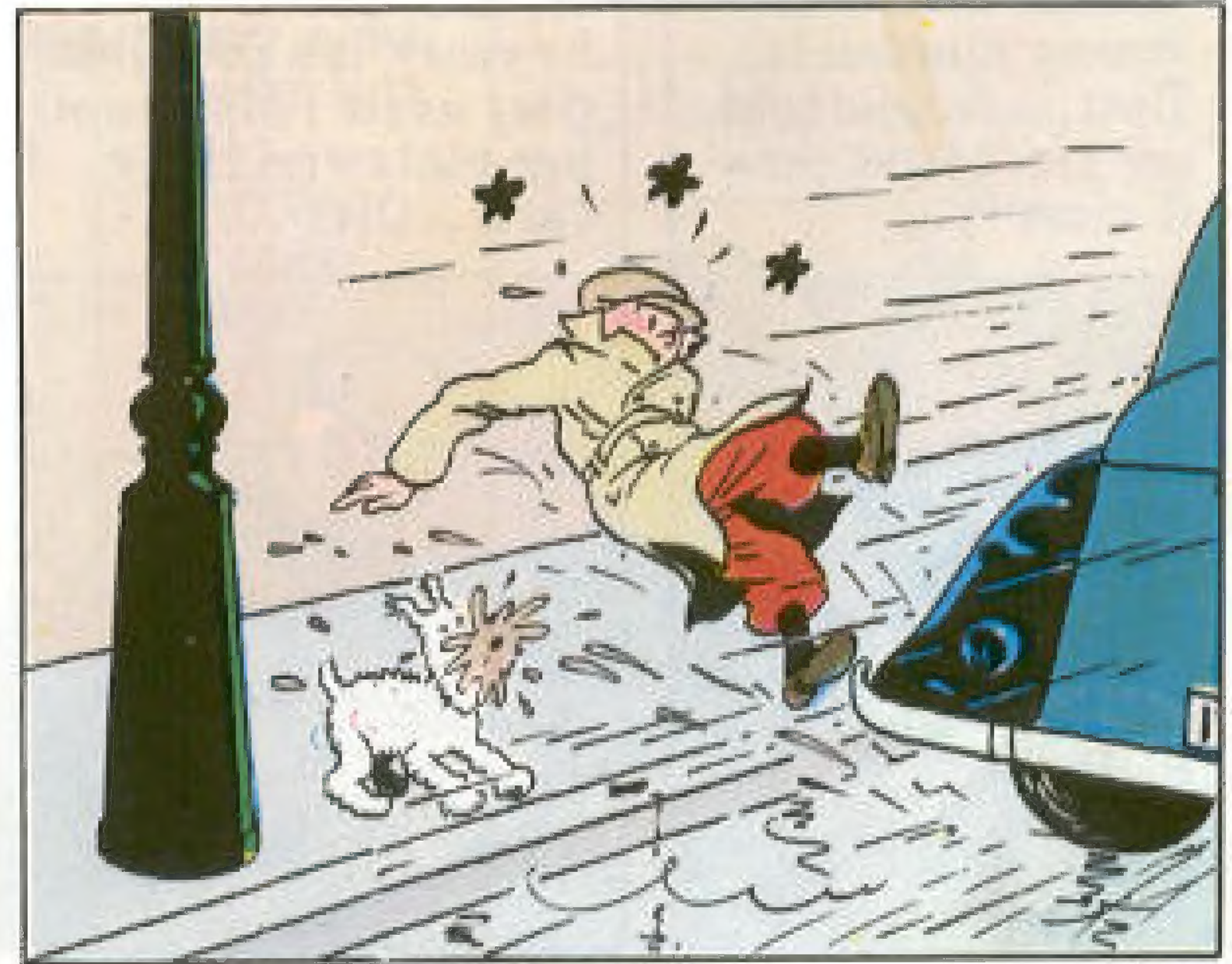
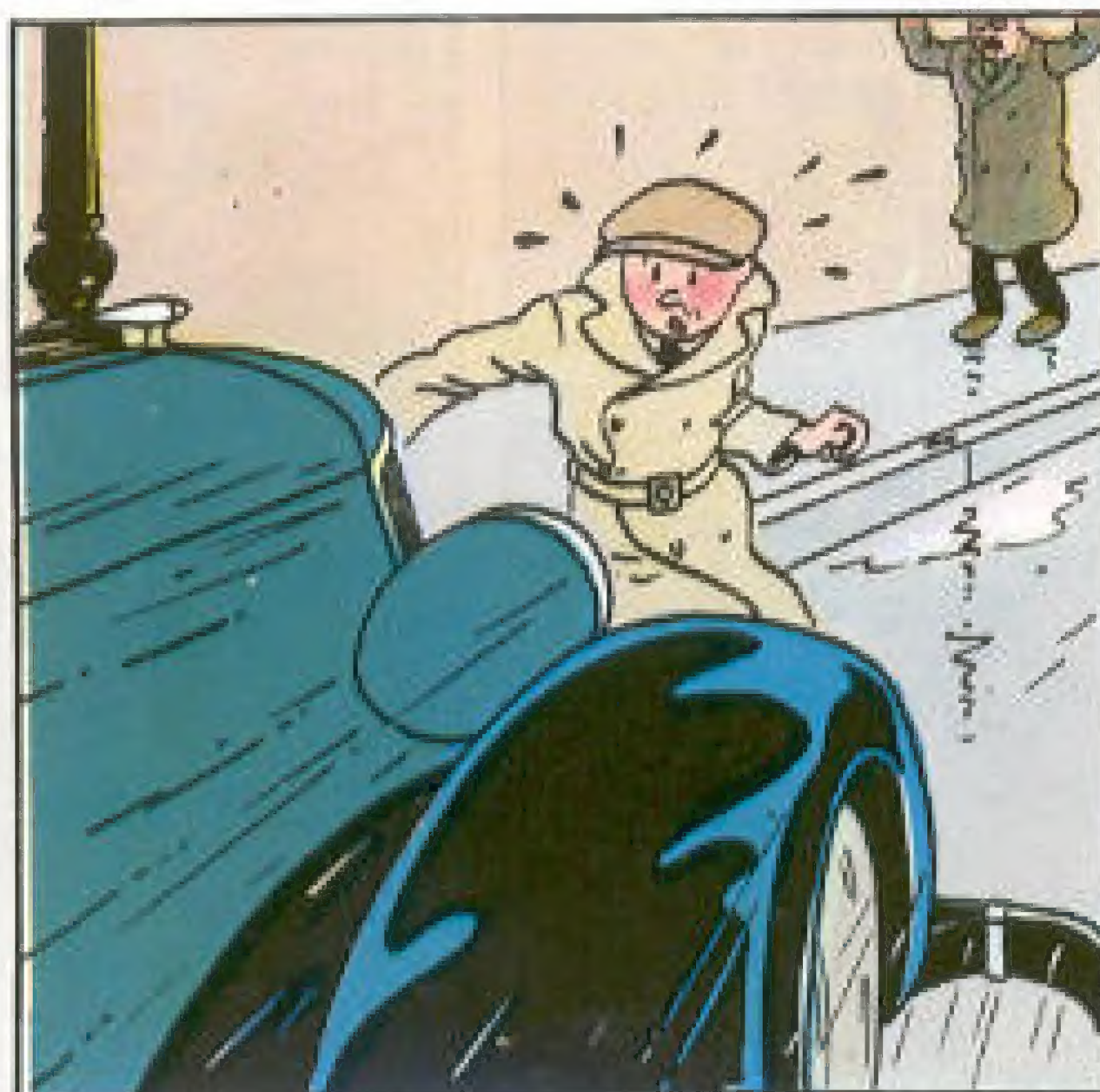
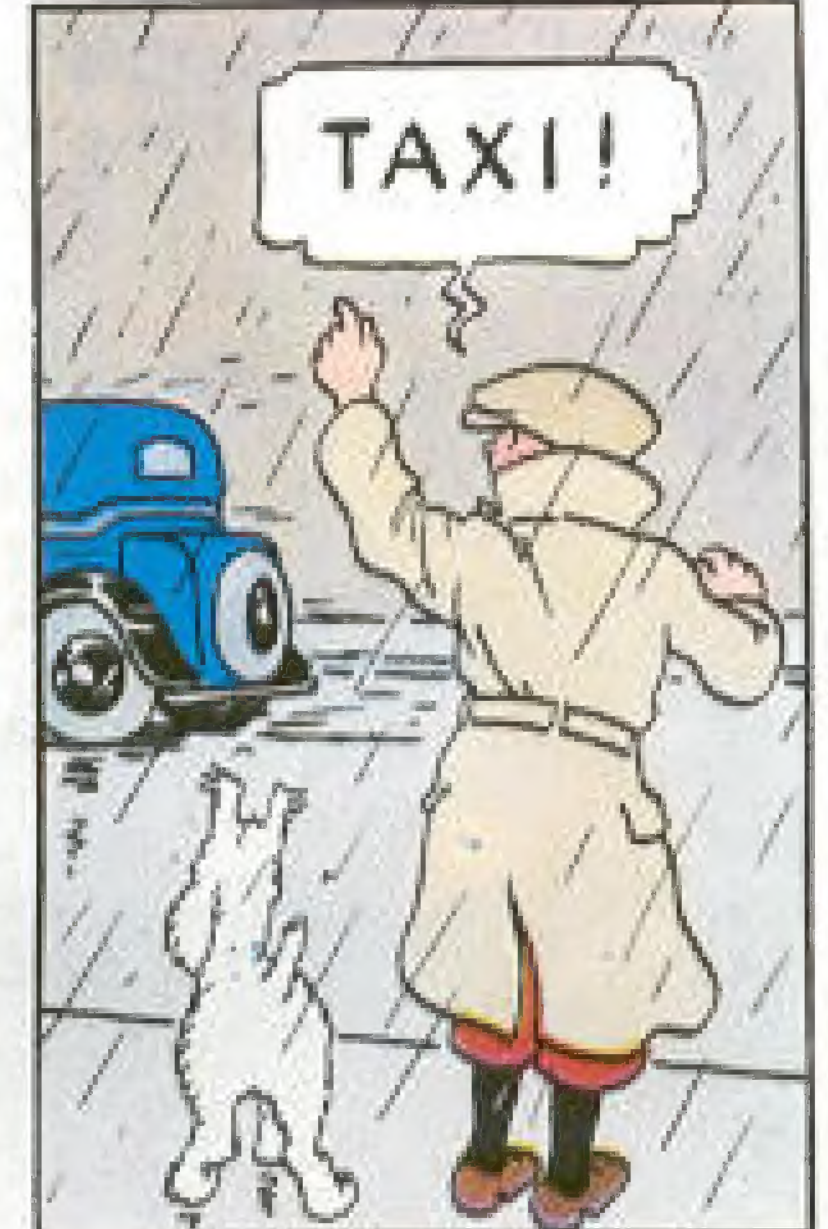


Ooh, Colonel! It's the ghost of Mr. Balthazar! I heard his voice! It's him! I know it!

Ghosts? Rubbish! Stuff and nonsense! ... We'll see... By the left, quick march!



Close ranks! ... Load arms! ... Fix bayonets!



Road hog! He couldn't have been closer if he'd tried to run you down!

Yes, he deliberately swerved to the left!



Are you hurt?

No, thanks, I had time to jump clear, I wouldn't have fallen if I hadn't tripped over the edge of the pavement.



I managed to get his number... Wait... 169... Yes, 169 MW... That's it. 169 MW... You'll have to ask the police...

169 MW. Thank you!



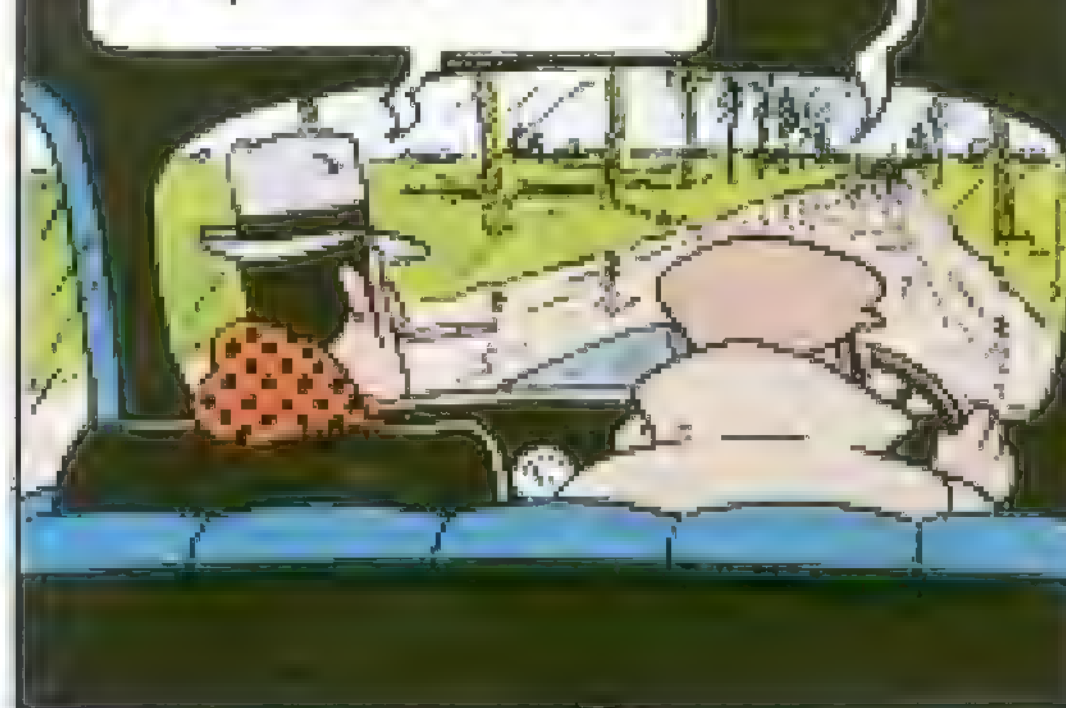
...I tell you, if that idiot hadn't warned him I'd have settled his hash!

Si, si, but truth ees you meess heem and from now he ees on hees guard. Ciertamente, knife ees better!



In that case, you'll have to practise harder: you always throw too far to the right...

Only a leetle...



That's it... 169 MW... Doctor Eugene Trebblebob, 120 Minstrel's Way... Good!



This time I'm sure I'm on the right track.

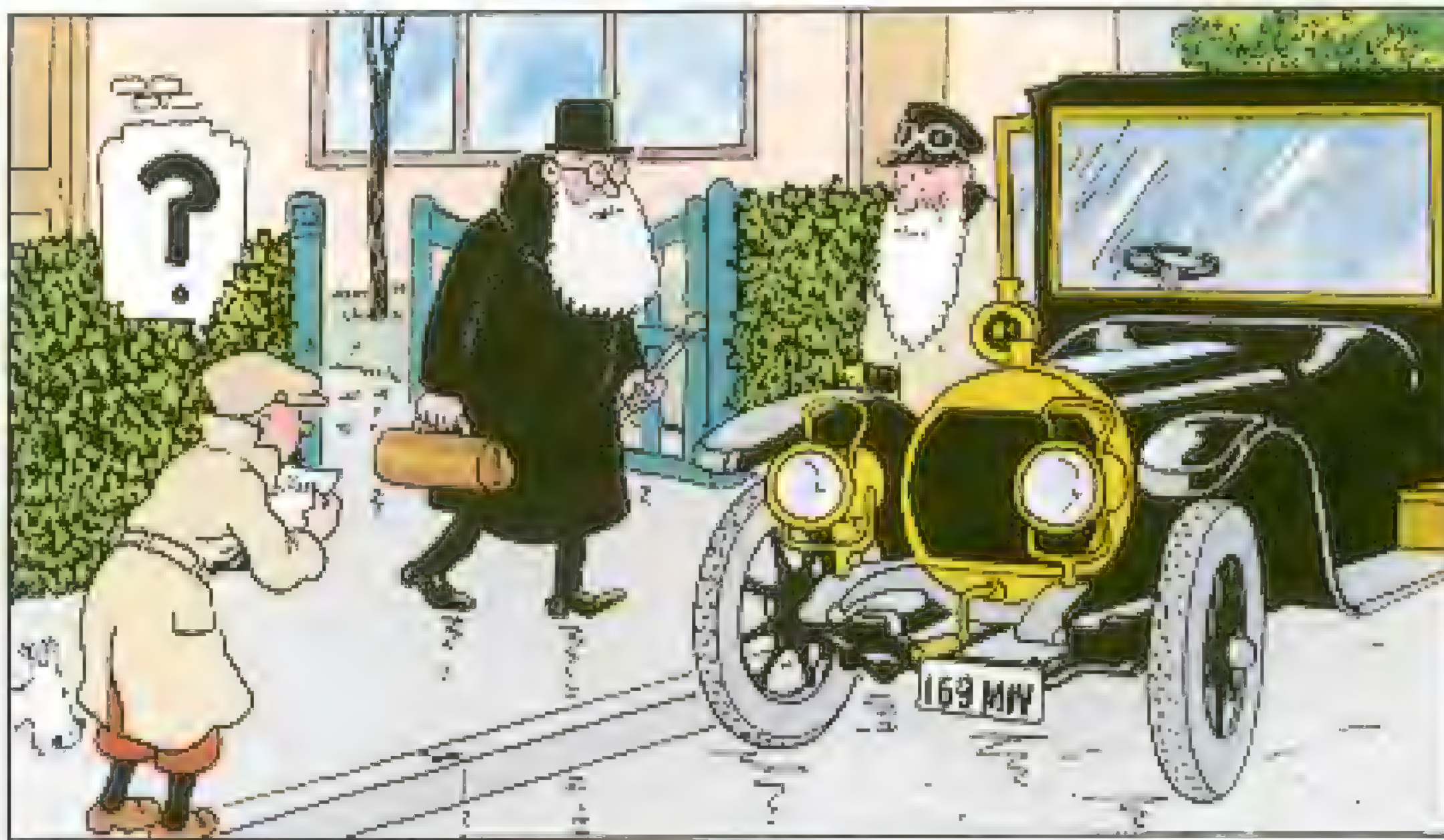


MINSTREL'S WAY

Here we are.



?



Wrong number!... That man who told me can't have seen it clearly...



Anyway, it's possible they used false number plates on their car... Oh!...



!



EUREKA!



Look, Snowy! You see: 169 MW.
Now watch: one... two...



Three!... Presto!
... MW 691!



They just turned their numberplates
upside down... Perfectly simple!



Now then... MW691
... Alonso Perez,
engineer, Sunny
Bank, Freshfield
... Not far from
here to Freshfield...
Let's go!



That night...



Caramba! ...
Again ees too
much to right!



Ha! ha! ha! ...
Caramba! ...
WHOOPEE!

Estúpido
parrot! You
shut up!



All you need do is
aim more to the
left: that way
you hit the bulls-
eye...



Muy bien, aim
more to the
left? ...
Why not?



GRRREAT GREEDY-
GUTS!



Grrreat greedy-guts!
Grrreat greedy-guts!
PWARK!
PWARK!

You!! ...
You take
that!



You fool! What are
you doing?...



Carrramba! ...
Missed again!...



Crazy idiot! Think
what that parrot
means to us! Are
you out of your
mind? What about
the fetish?

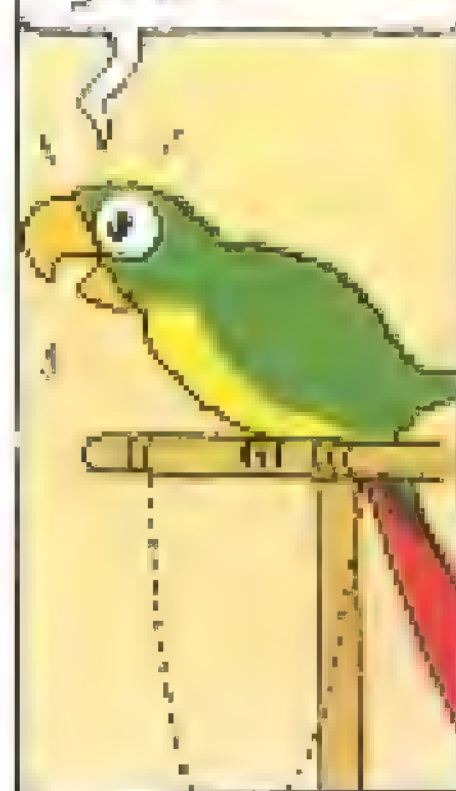


Fetish! Fetish! Al infierno
weeth thees fetish! ...
And I wreeng the neck
of thees feelthy
parrot! ...

Calm down,
Ramón!

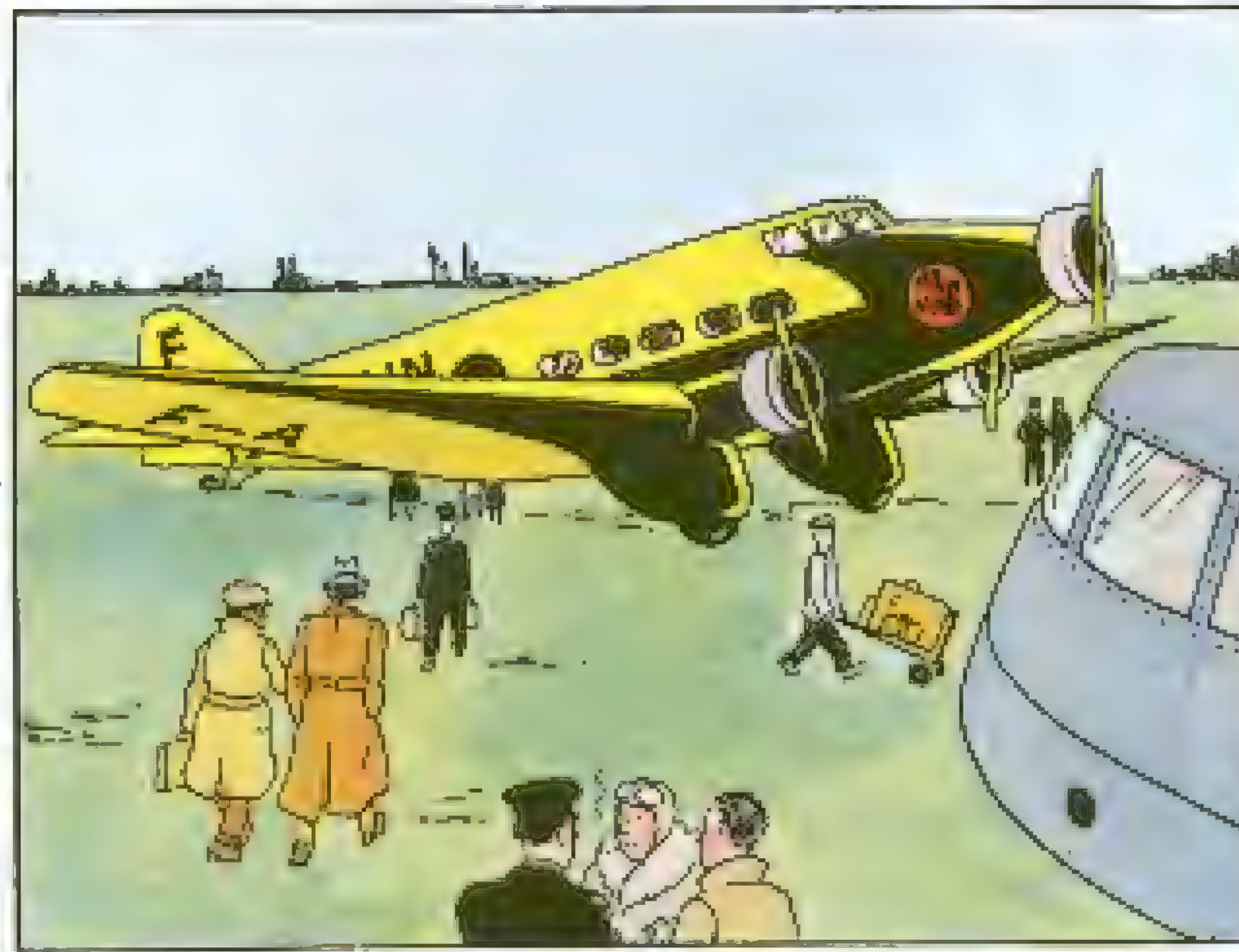
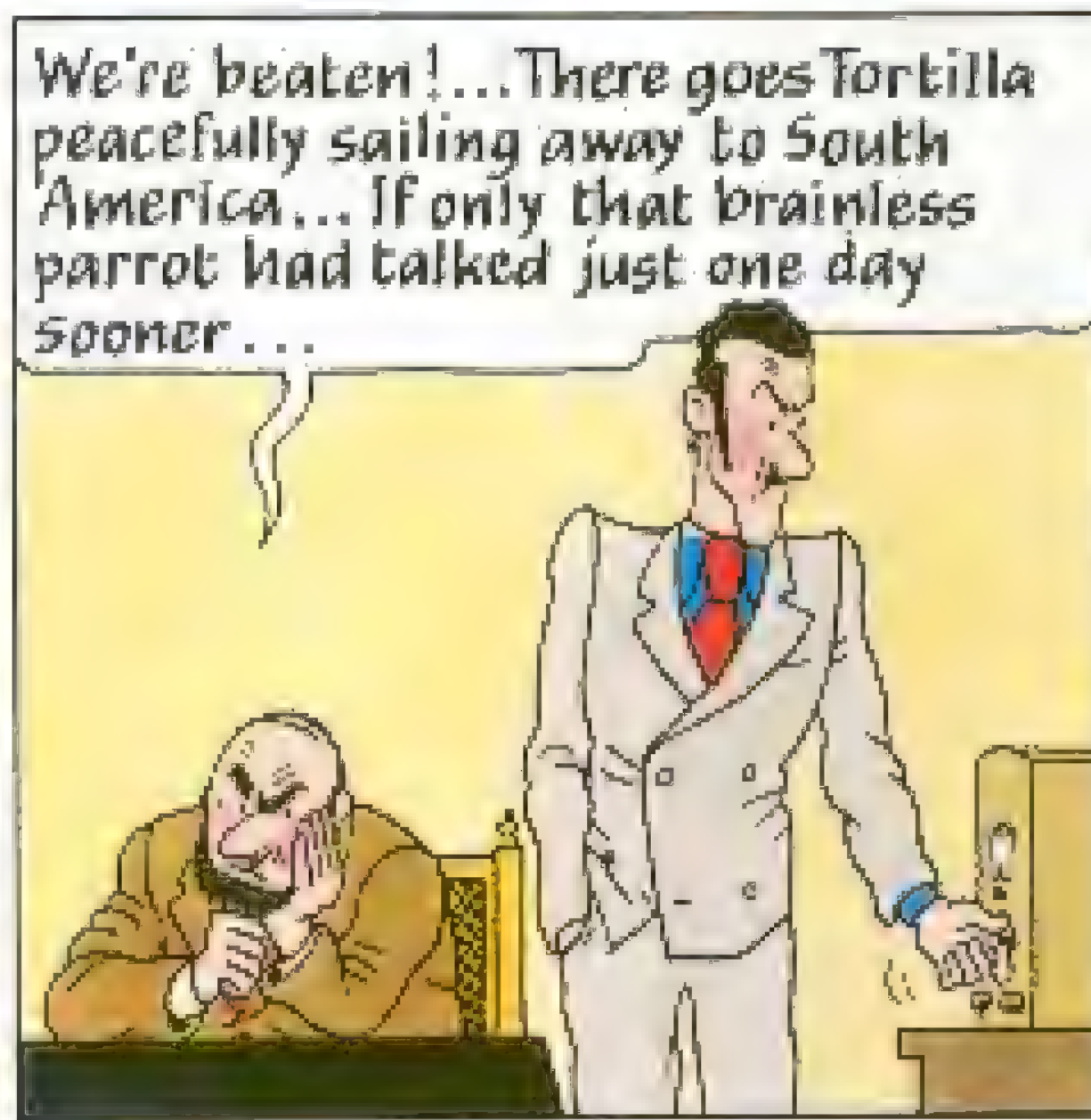
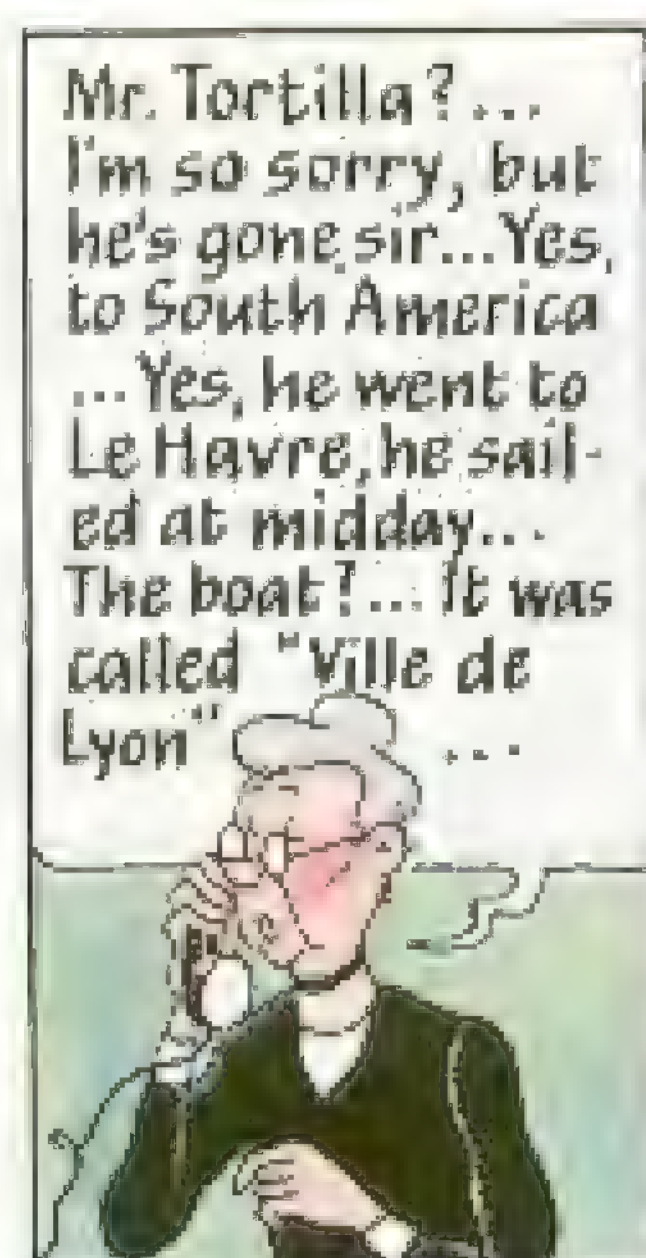
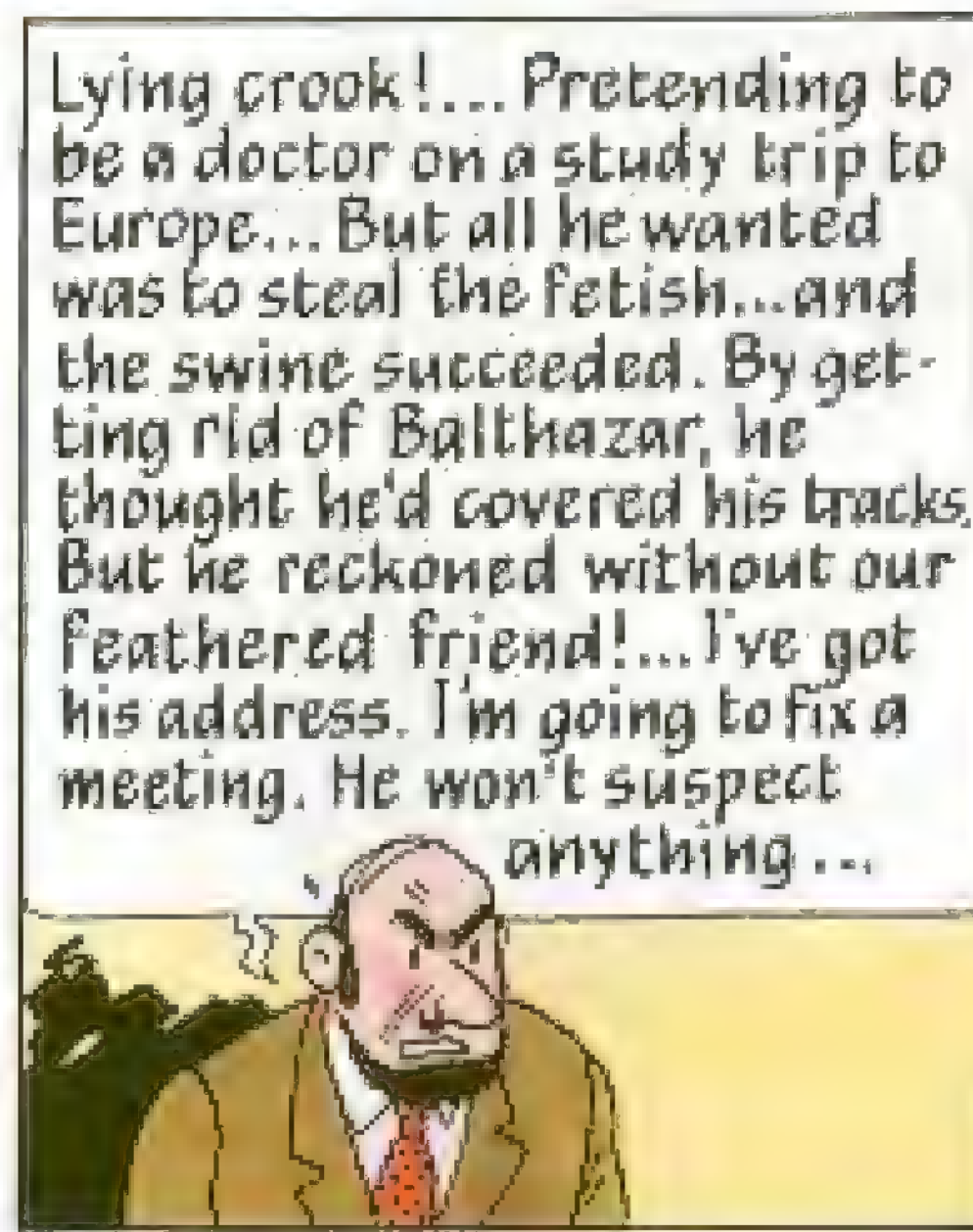


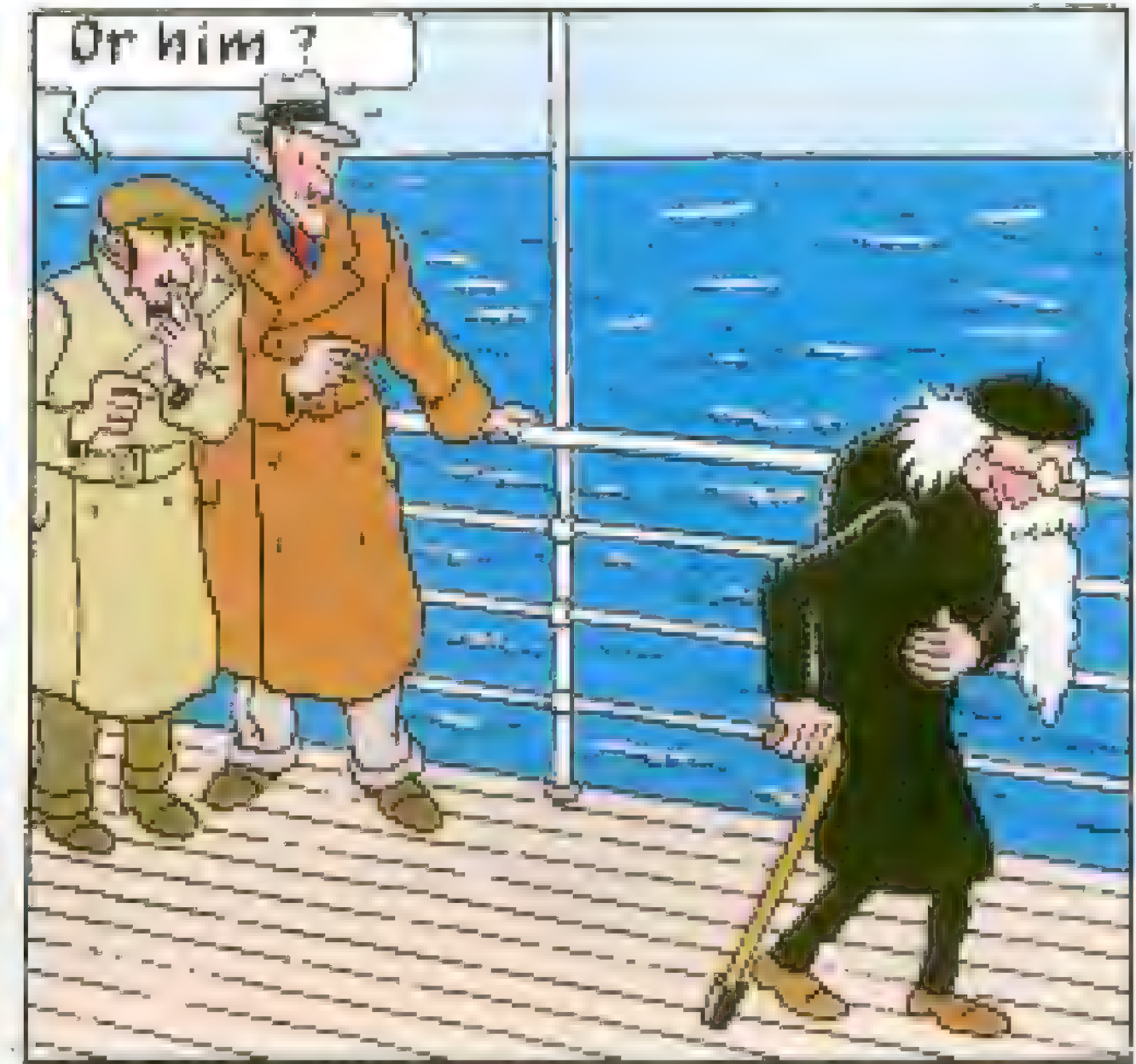
Carrramba!
... Ha! ha!
ha! ...
Grrreat
greedy-
guts!



Caramba!









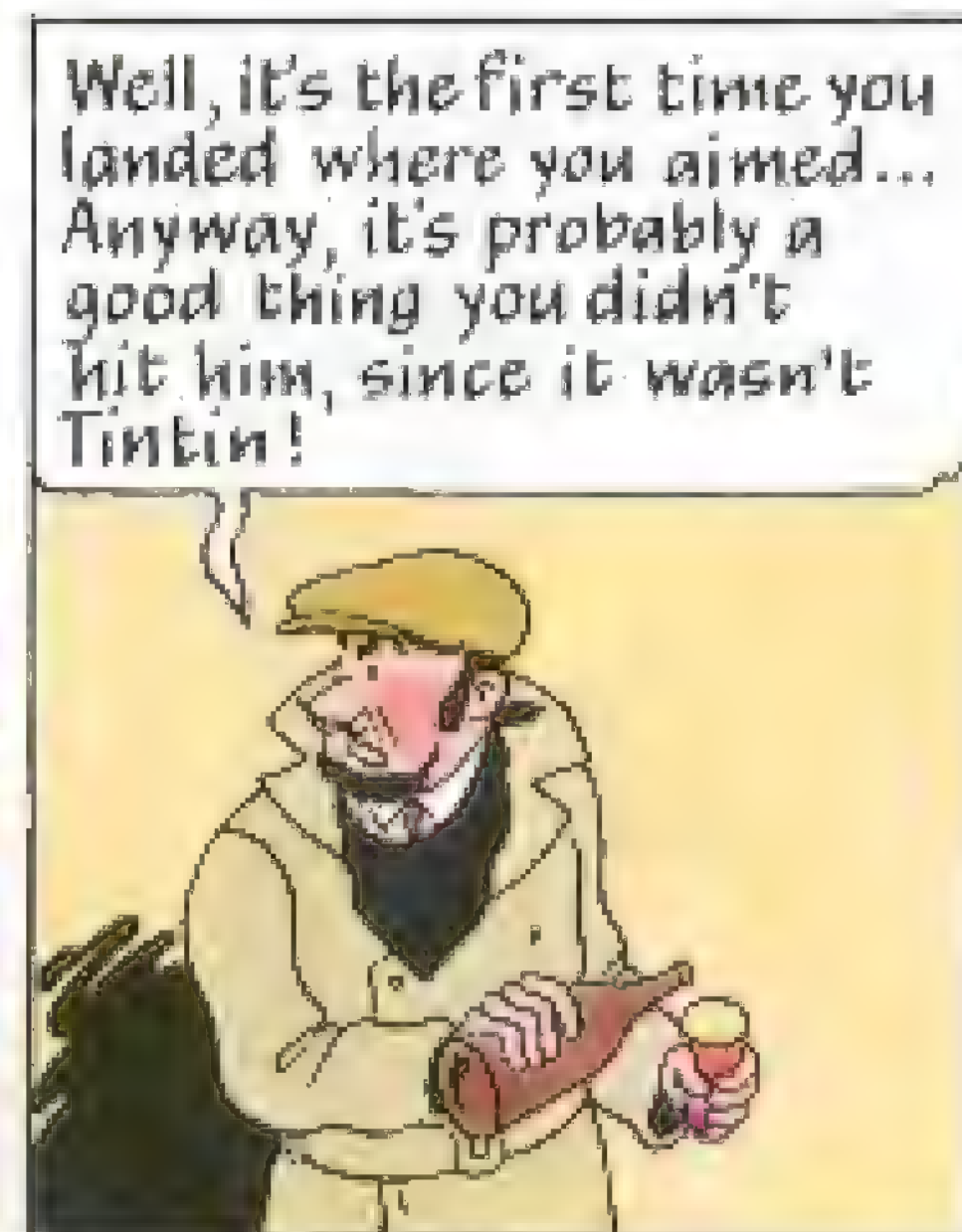
STOP THEM!



HELP! HELP!
MURDER!



Madre! Ees close theeng... And to think I meess heem as well! ...Ees your fault. You weeth your "Leetle more to the left"!



Well, it's the first time you landed where you aimed... Anyway, it's probably a good thing you didn't hit him, since it wasn't Tintin!



Ees right. But I could swear eet ees heem... Only hees voice when he shout ees not heem.



There's still the other: the little old man.



Next morning...

You are ready? We now go to work weeth thees leetle old man...



Ees heem!! Hespy on us!
O.K., let's see. We'll follow him...



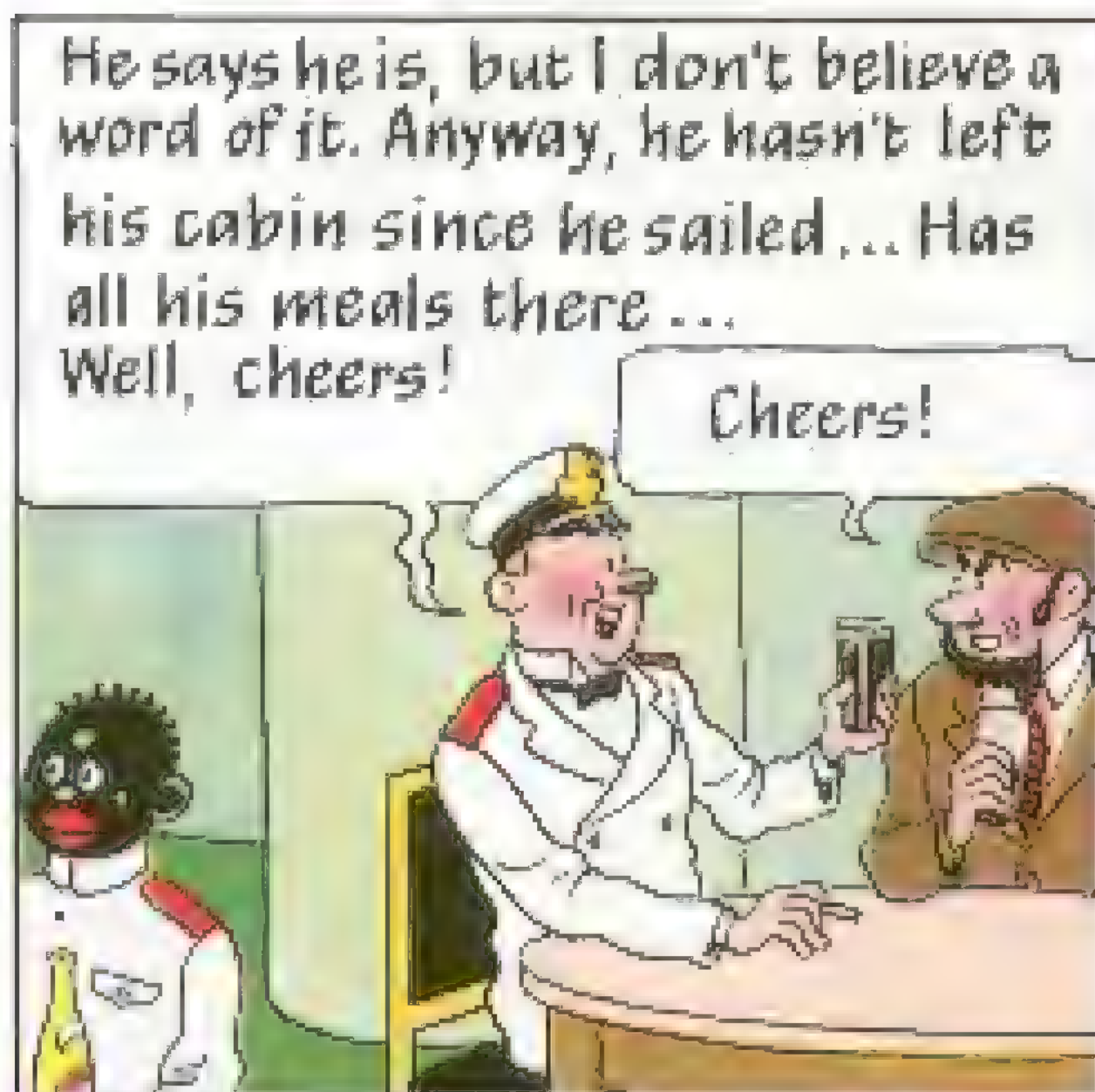
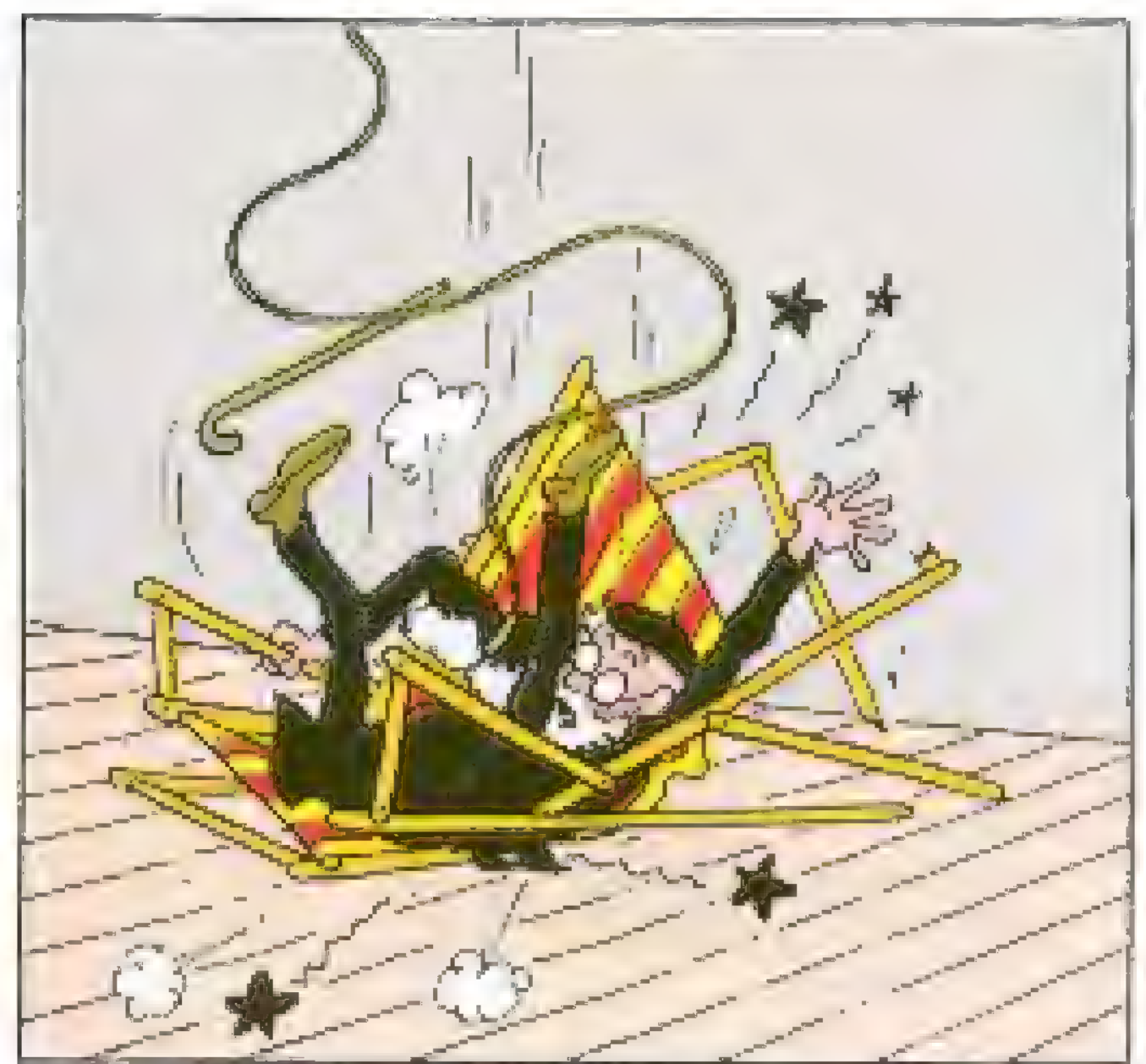
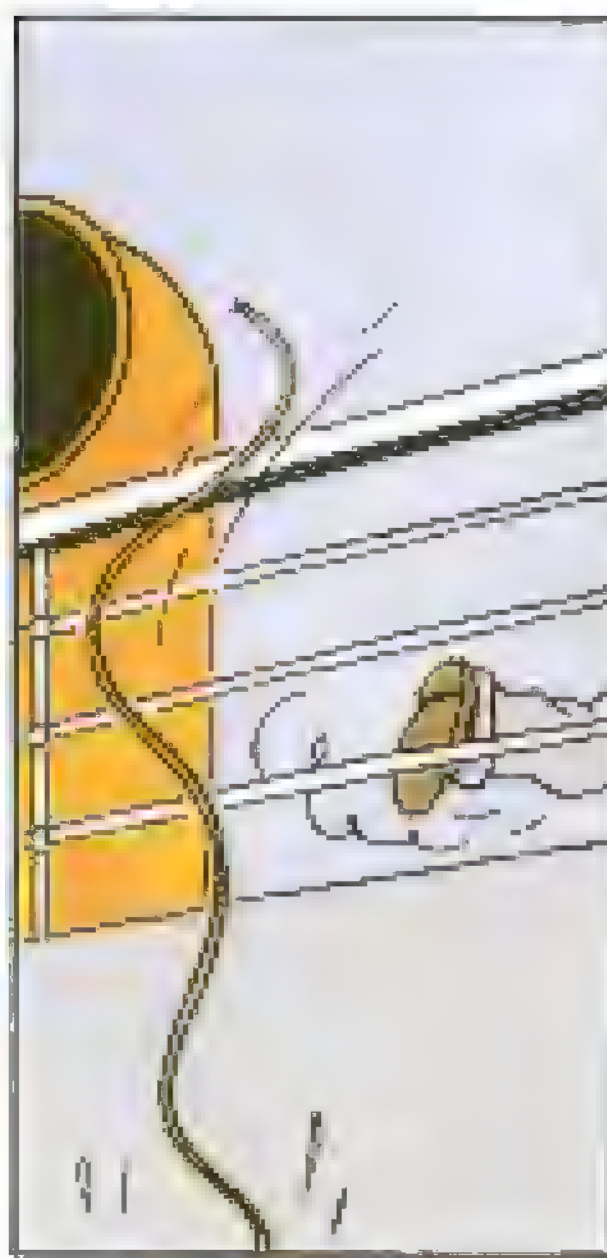
No, not that way. We aren't sure it's him. I've a better idea: come with me...



Get it? If it's Tintin, he must be wearing a false beard. So...



Steady!... You're nearly there... A little to the right... Gently... Back a bit... That's it!... Now!



That night...



Next morning
the ship arrives
off Las Dopicos,
capital of the
Republic of
San Theodoros,
South America

Have you heard?... That Tortilla...
He's disappeared! He must have
been pushed overboard!
There'd been a struggle
in his cabin!



How shocking! ...
Do they know who
did it?

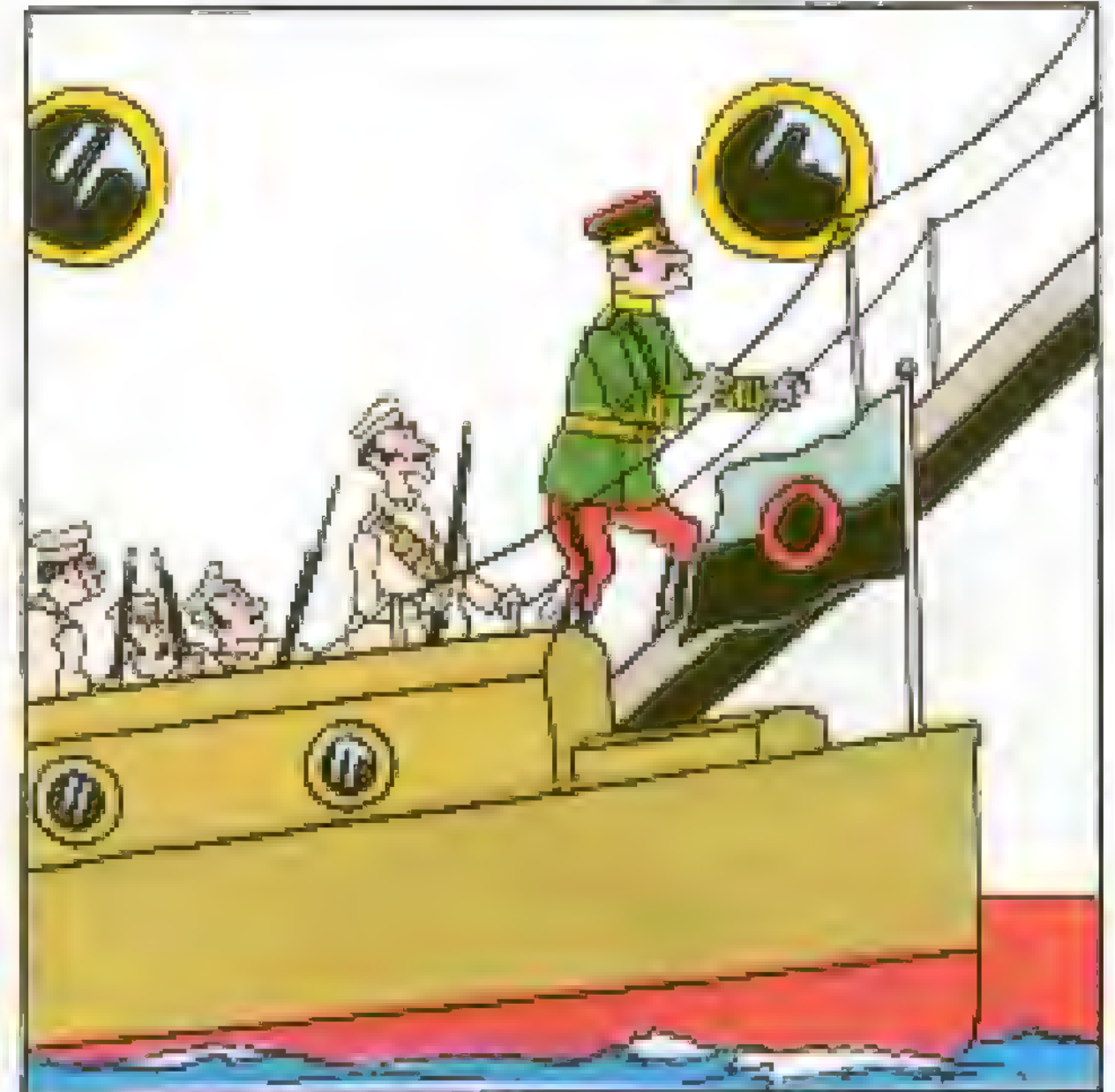


They do indeed, gentlemen!... Come
on now!... Get your hands up ...
Fast!



Caramba!
It's Tintin! I
might have
known!

Keep a close watch on
them till the police arrive...

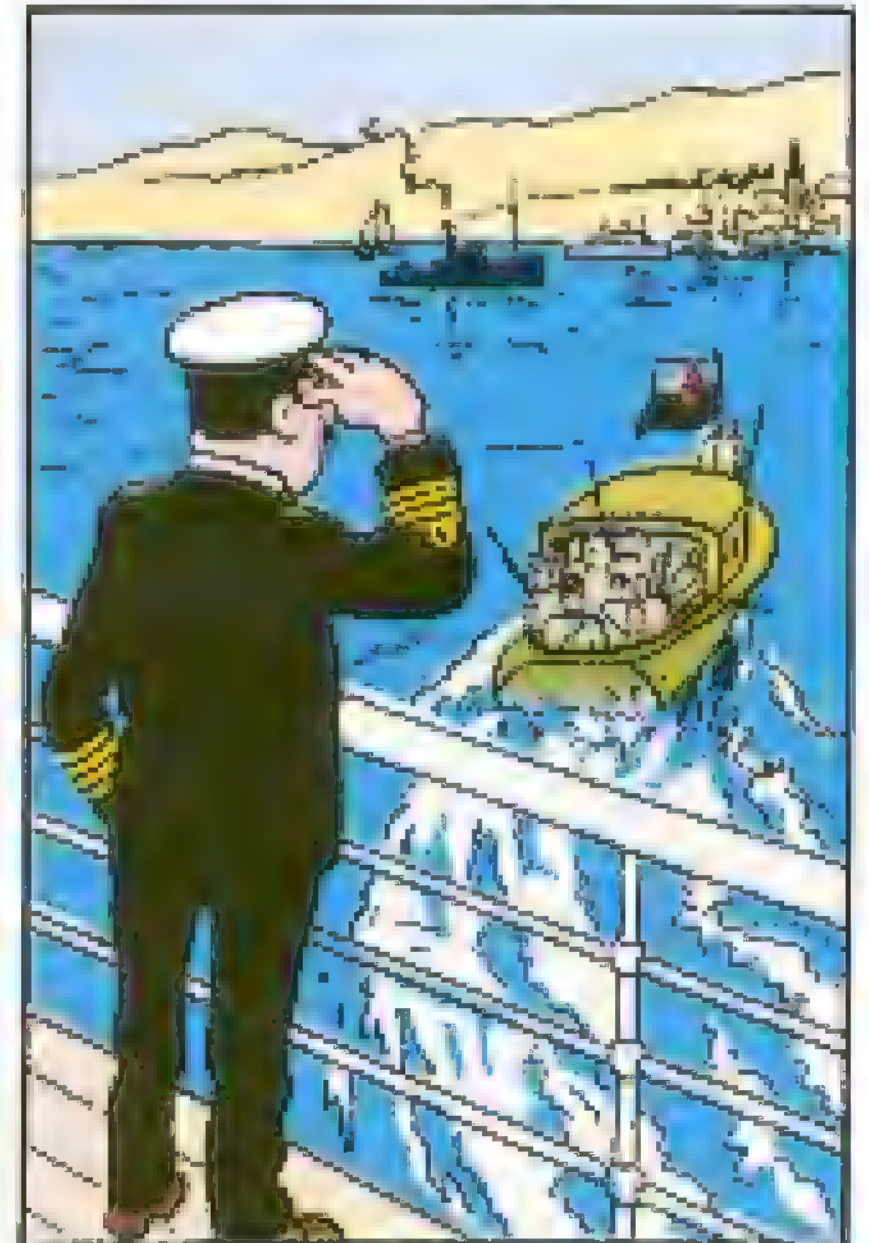


I am Colonel Jimenez, regular army.

Captain Maldemer... I
have two prisoners I'd
like to hand over,
Colonel.



These two?... I know them both... dangerous
crooks, wanted by our police.



Good idea of yours to meet the boat... Excellent... But there's still the fetish...

Don't worry... they won't have it for long!



... And that's the whole story. Look, here's the fetish they stole from the wretched Tortilla. Does anything in particular strike you about it?

I reckon it's another fake. The right ear isn't broken.



Exactly. So we still need to know two things. First, where's the real fetish... and then, what are all these gangsters really after?



RAT TAT TAT

Come in!



A letter for Mr. Tintin, sir. A police launch just brought it.



Republic of San Theodoros
Ministry of Justice
Los Dopicos

The Minister presents his compliments to Mr. Tintin and requests his presence ashore to assist in the interrogation of two suspects. Mr. Tintin is further invited to bring with him the stolen fetish. An officer will meet Mr. Tintin on shore and put himself at his disposal.



Things are beginning to move. I'll just get myself ready and then I'll go.



See you later!
Good luck!

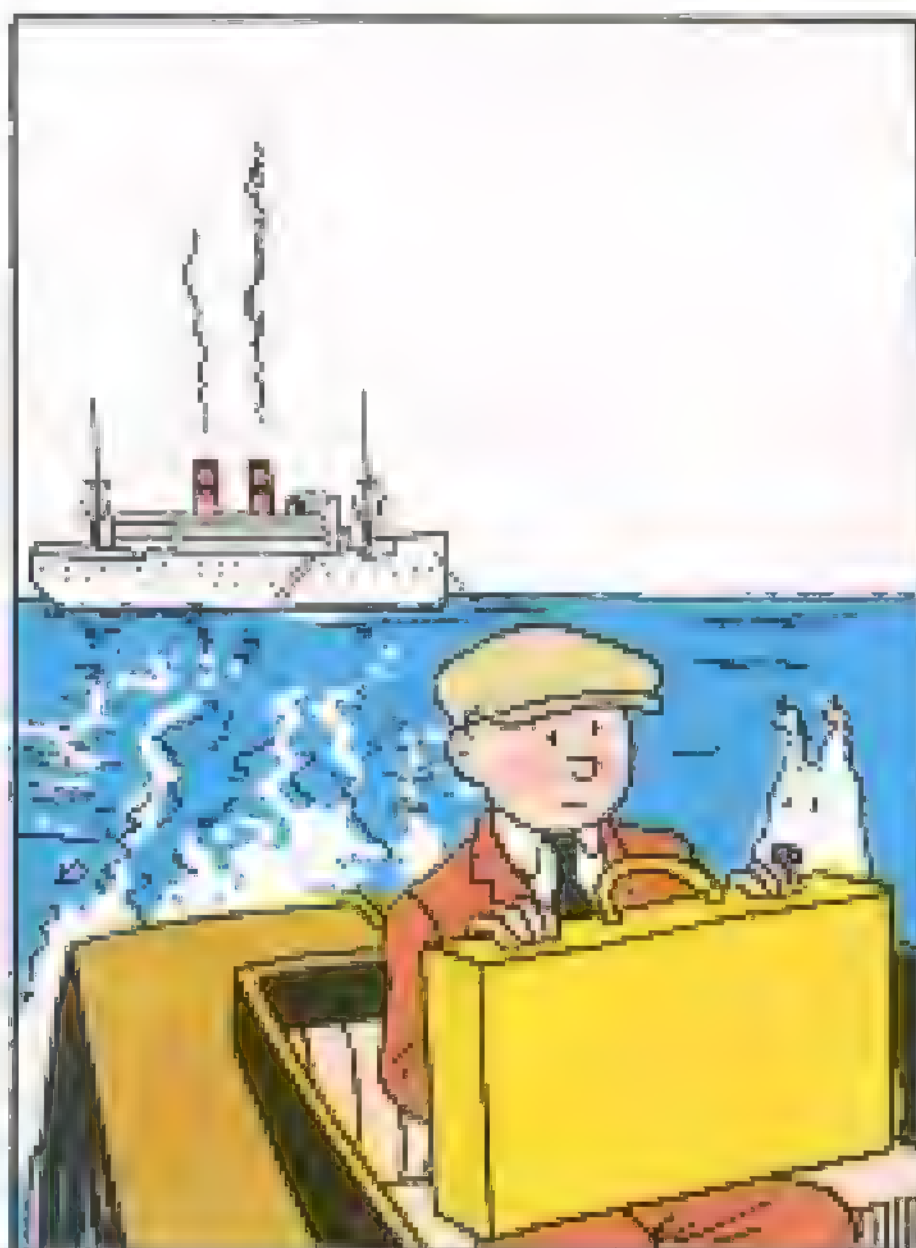
Thanks.
goodbye.



Don't forget, we'll be sailing tonight at eight o'clock.

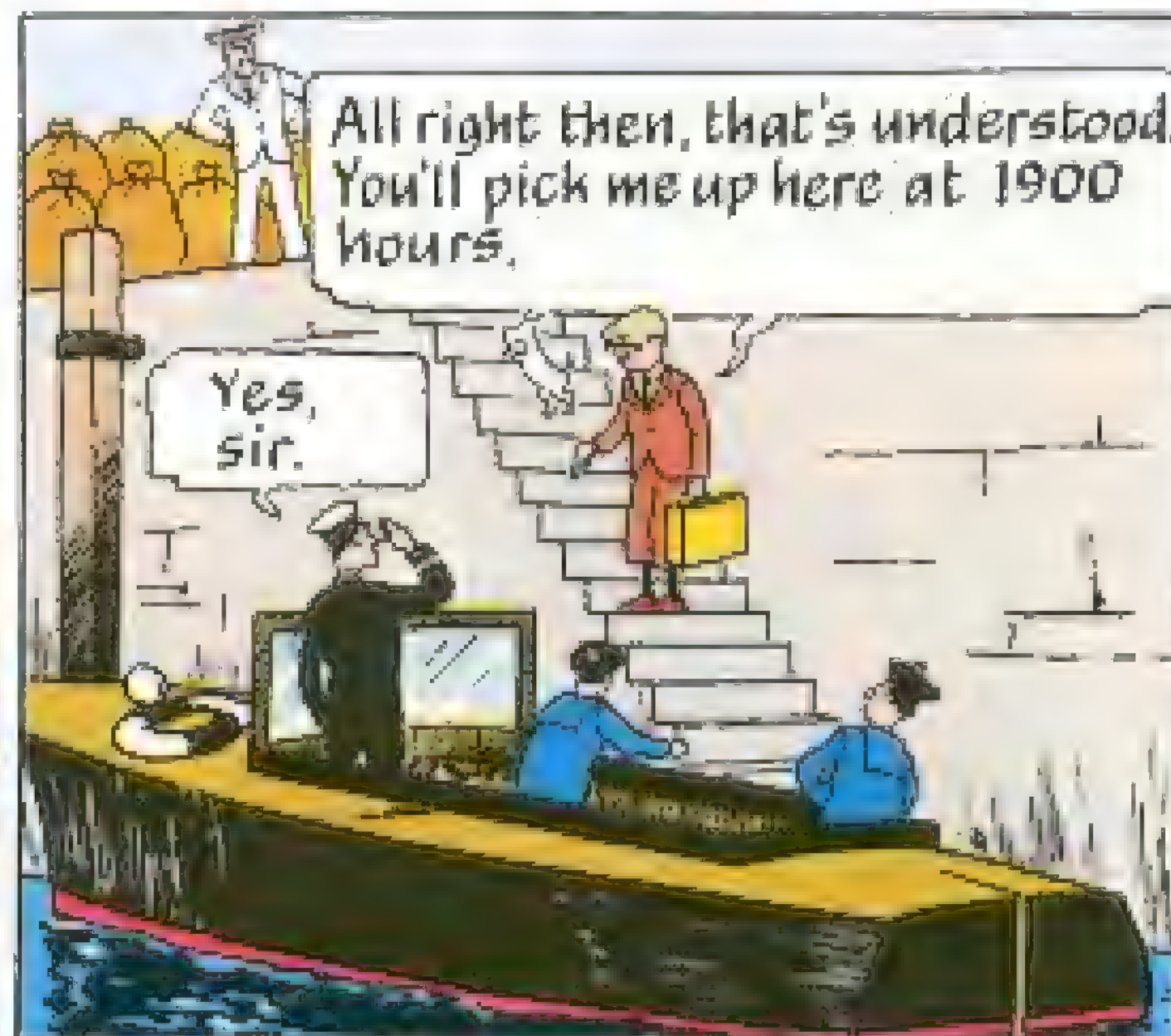


Don't worry, I'll be back. I don't want to get stuck in this place!

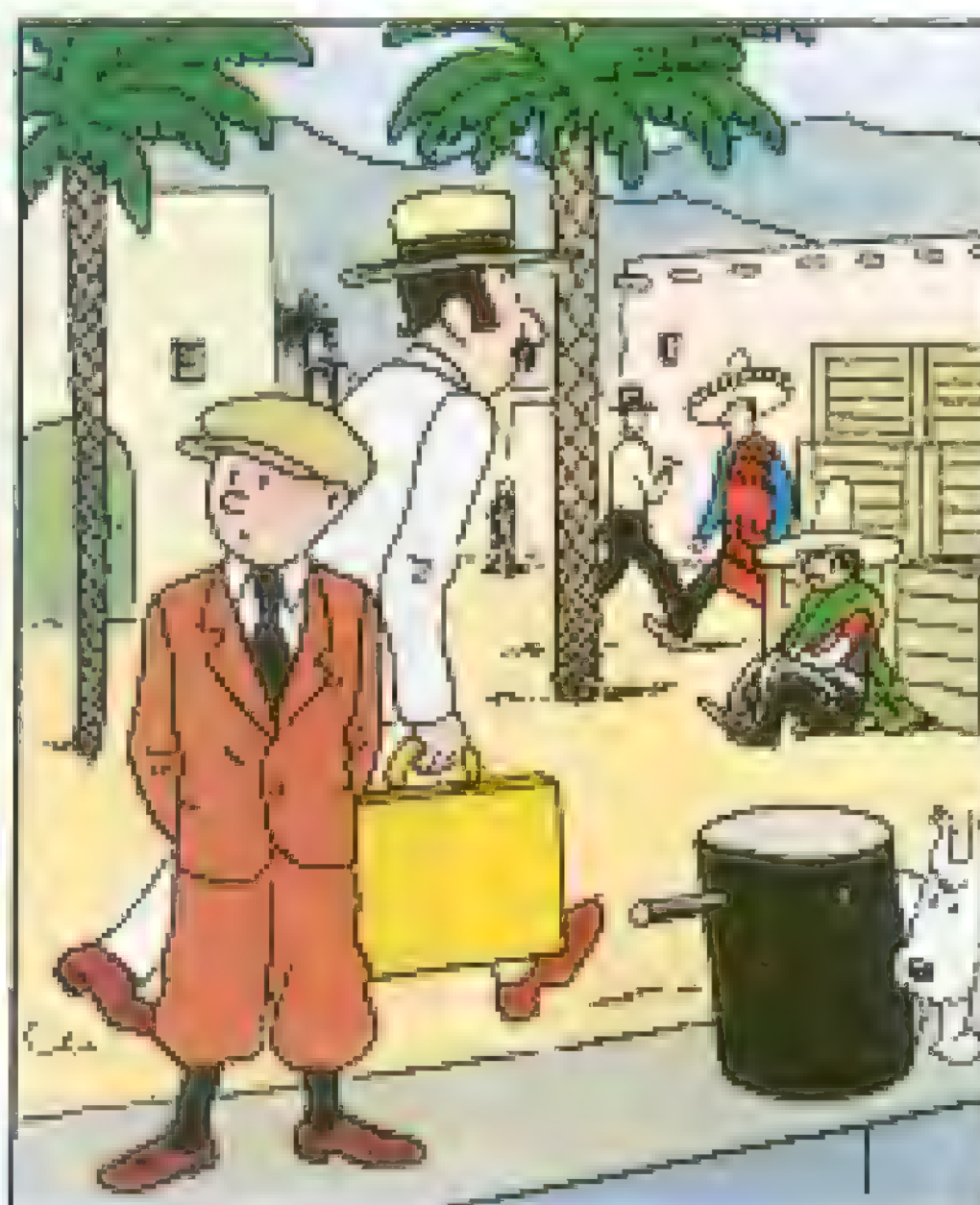
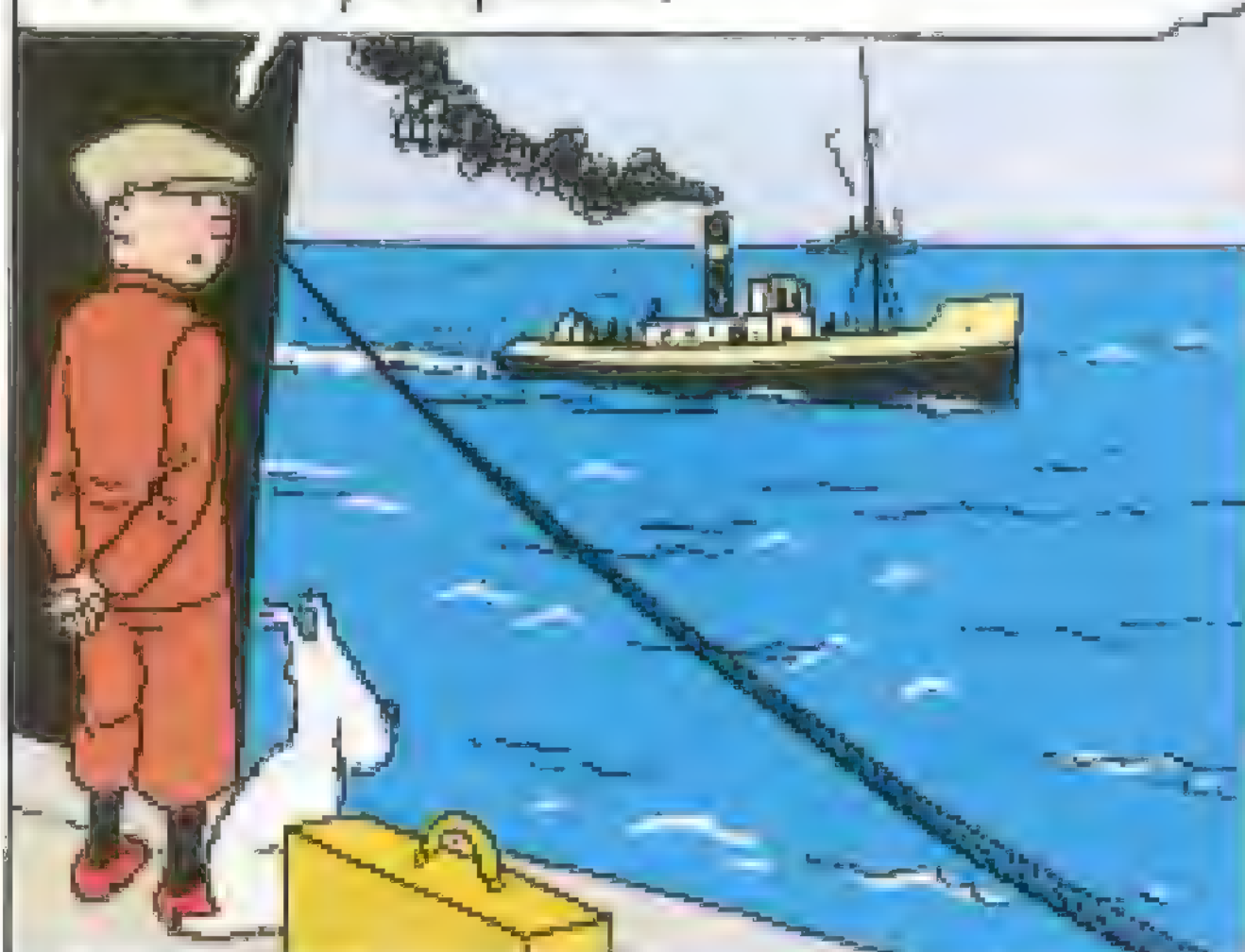


All right then, that's understood. You'll pick me up here at 1900 hours.

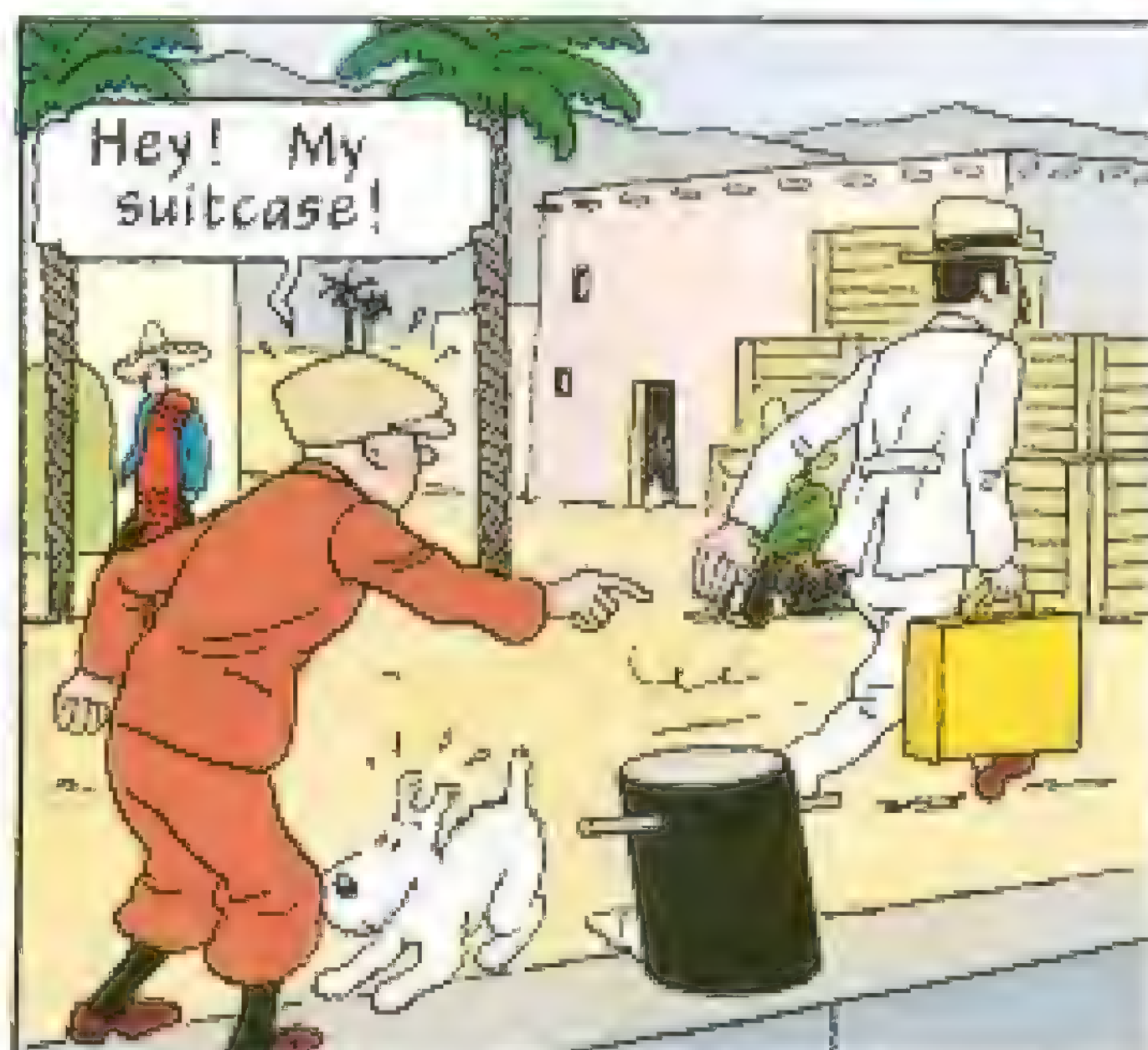
Yes, sir.

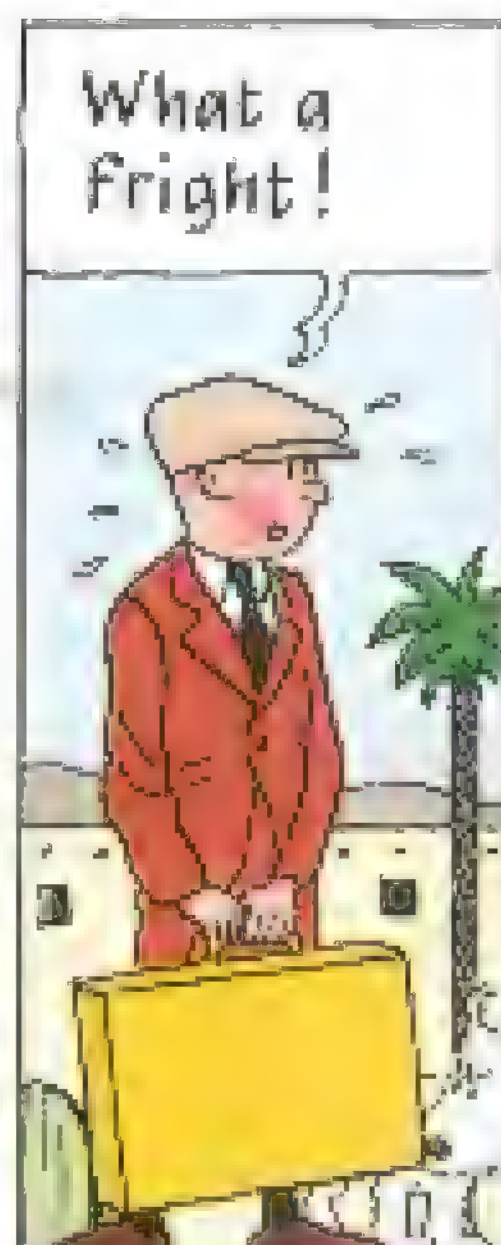


Now we just have to wait for that obliging officer to come and put himself at my disposal!

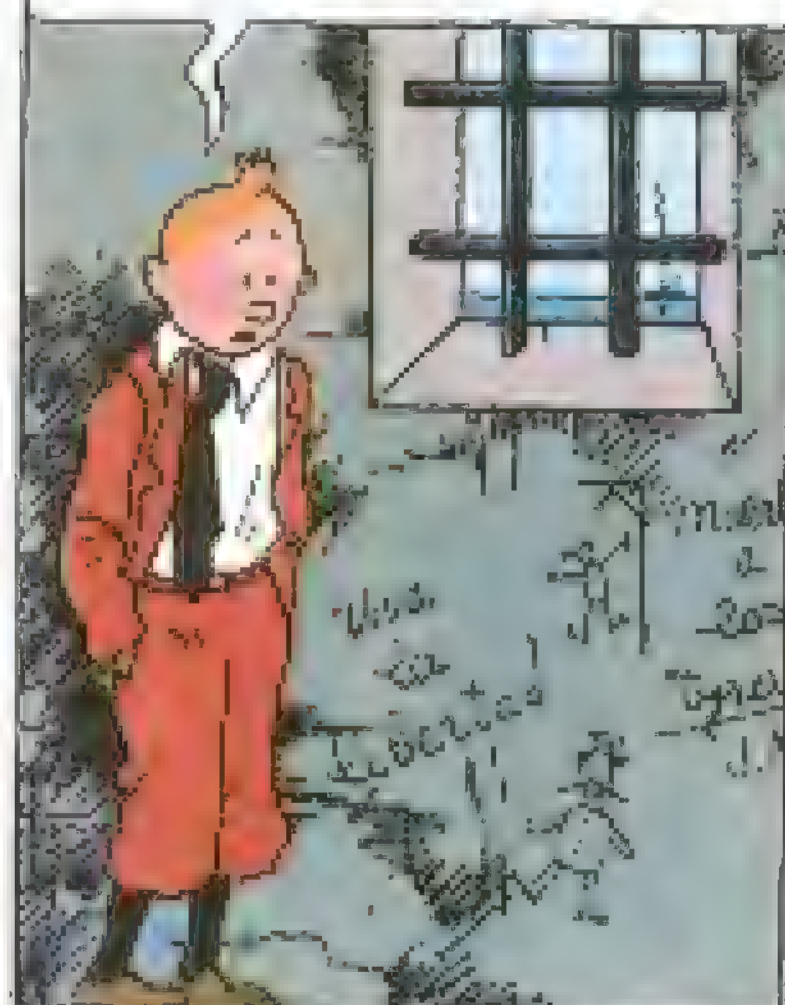


Hey! My suitcase!





Well, well, here I am again... in the soup!



Still, it's not so bad. The launch from the "Ville de Lyon" is due to pick me up at seven. When I don't appear they'll go back to the ship and alert the Captain... He'll get me out easily enough.



Doesn't that dog belong to the lad they just took in?



Yes, and I guess he'll have a long wait for his master...

1900 hours...



Perdone, señor teniente, but are you waiting for a young man to take out to the "Ville de Lyon"?

Yes, how d'you know that?



Because he said to tell you not to wait for him. And here's a letter he asked me to give you...



"To the Captain of the Ville de Lyon." All right, thank you.



That's that taken care of!



There's the launch going back. They'll warn the Captain.



... And there's the letter the man gave me.



Las Dopicos

Dear Captain,
As you know, I planned to continue my trip with you.

However, something new has come up concerning the theft of the fetish, forcing me to stay longer in Las Dopicos.

I am extremely sorry if I have inconvenienced you.

What's happening? It must be nearly eight o'clock and the launch still isn't back...



TOOOOT
TOOOOT

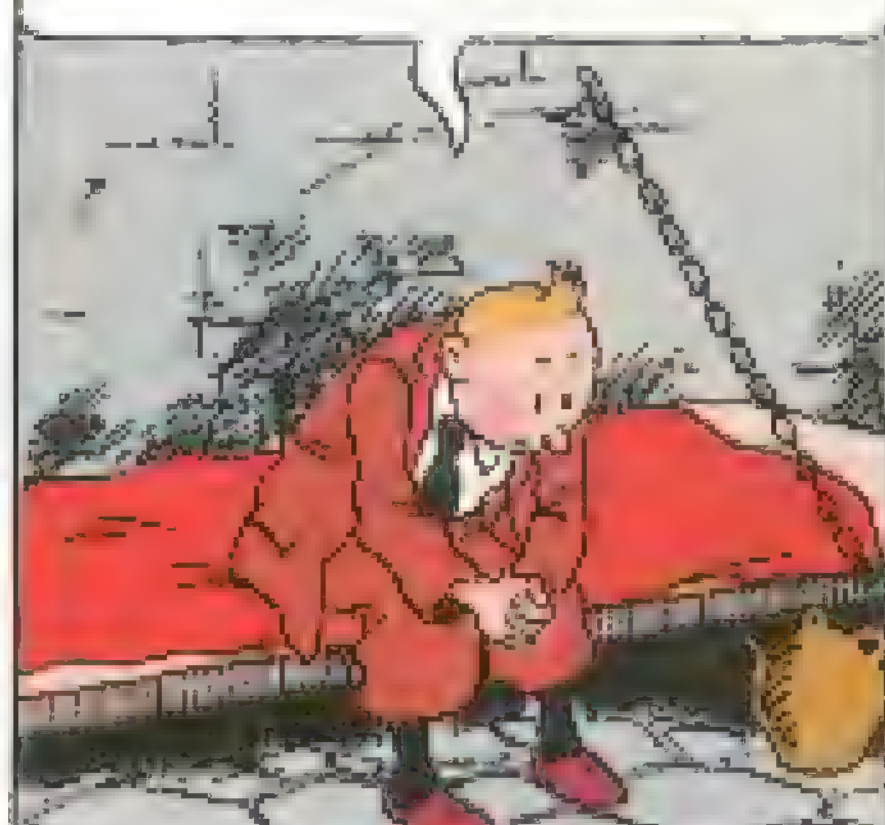
That's the "Ville de Lyon"!



They're weighing anchor... sailing without me!!

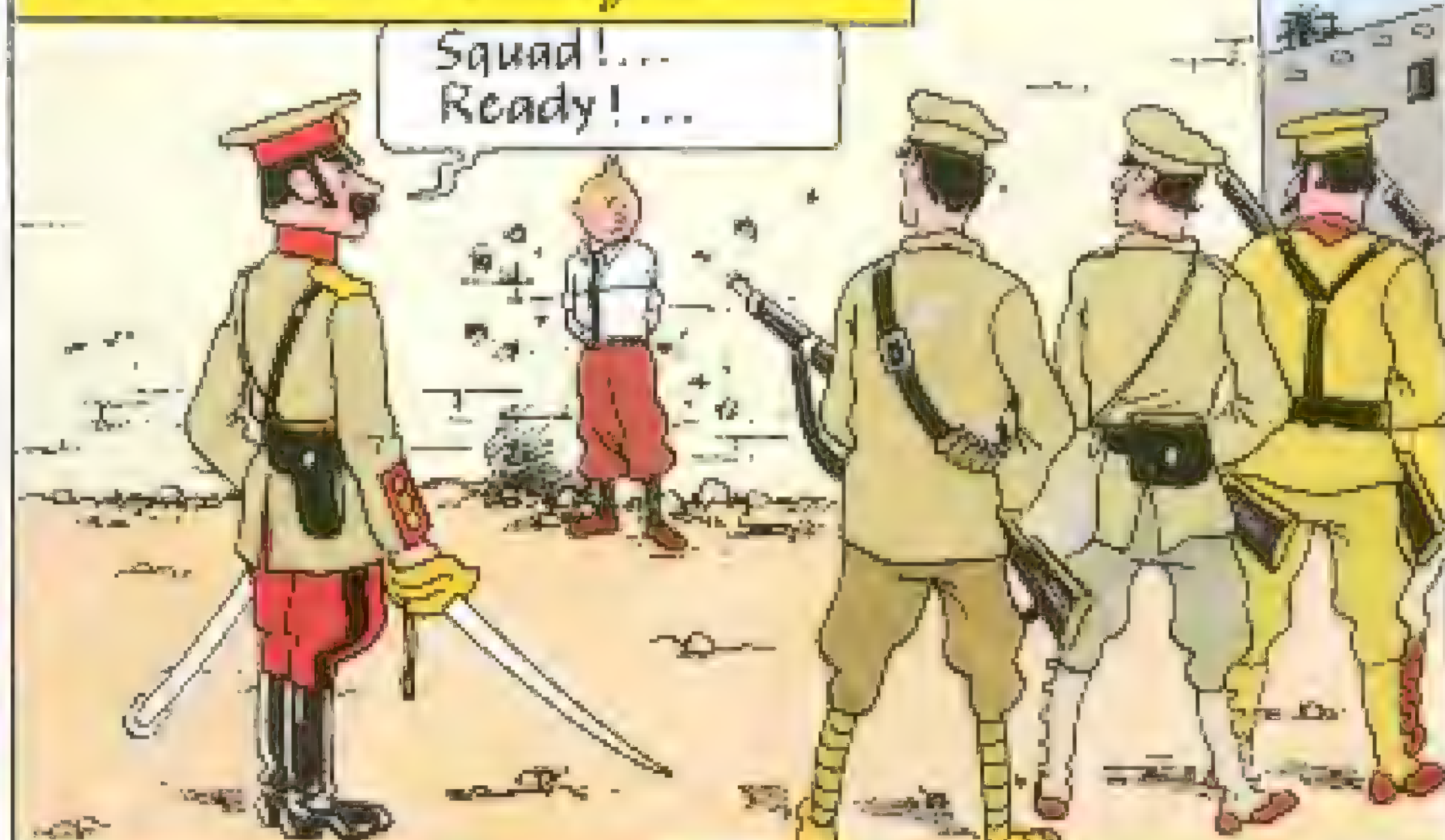


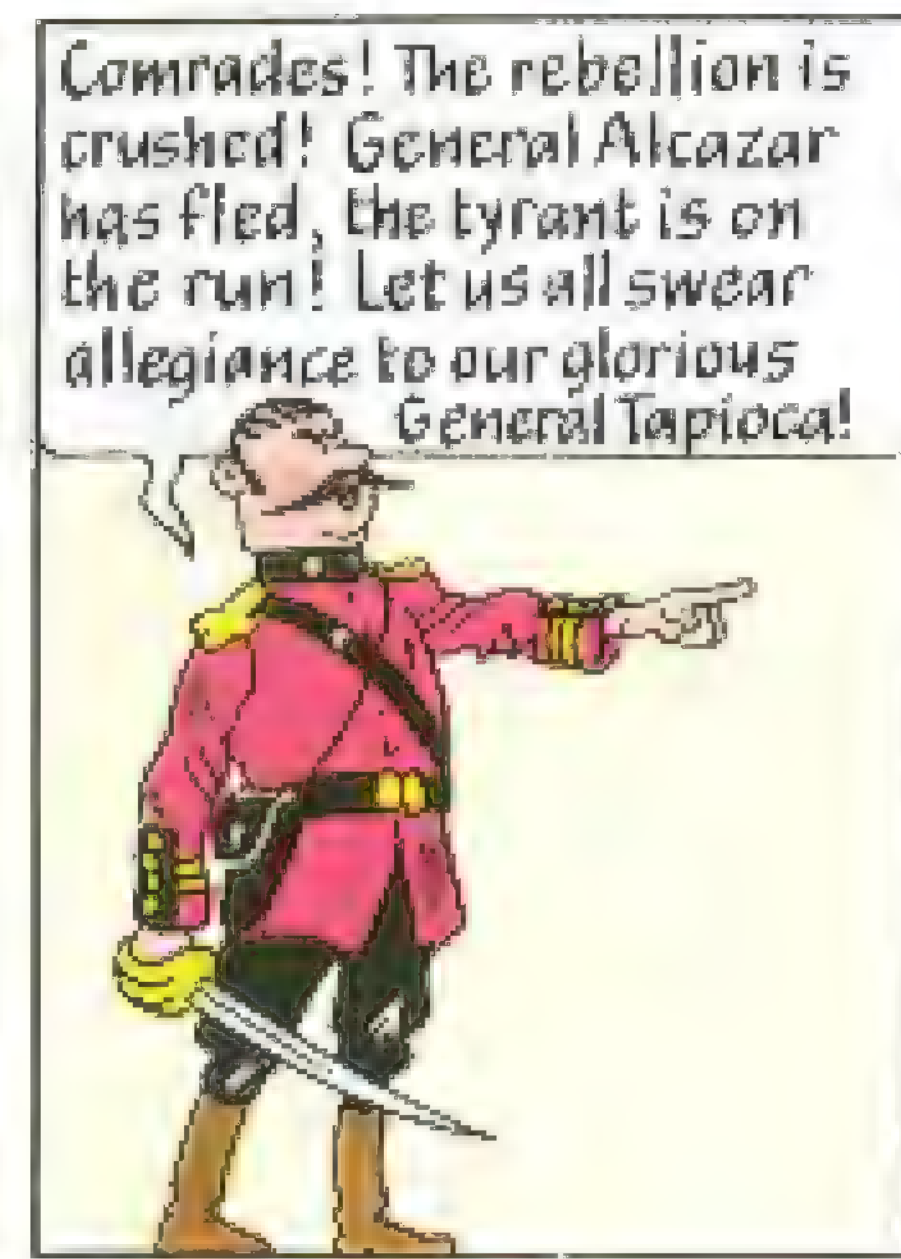
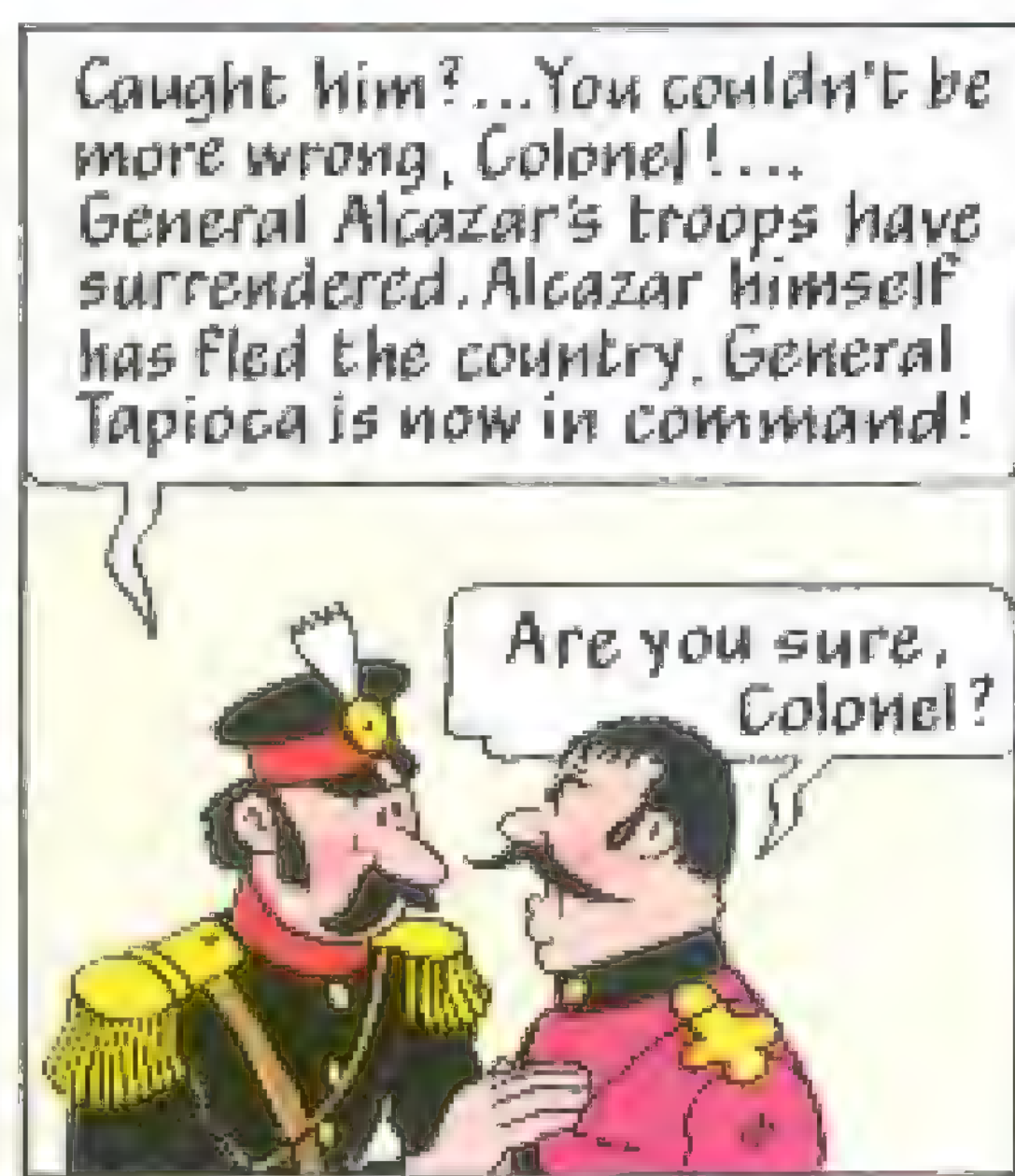
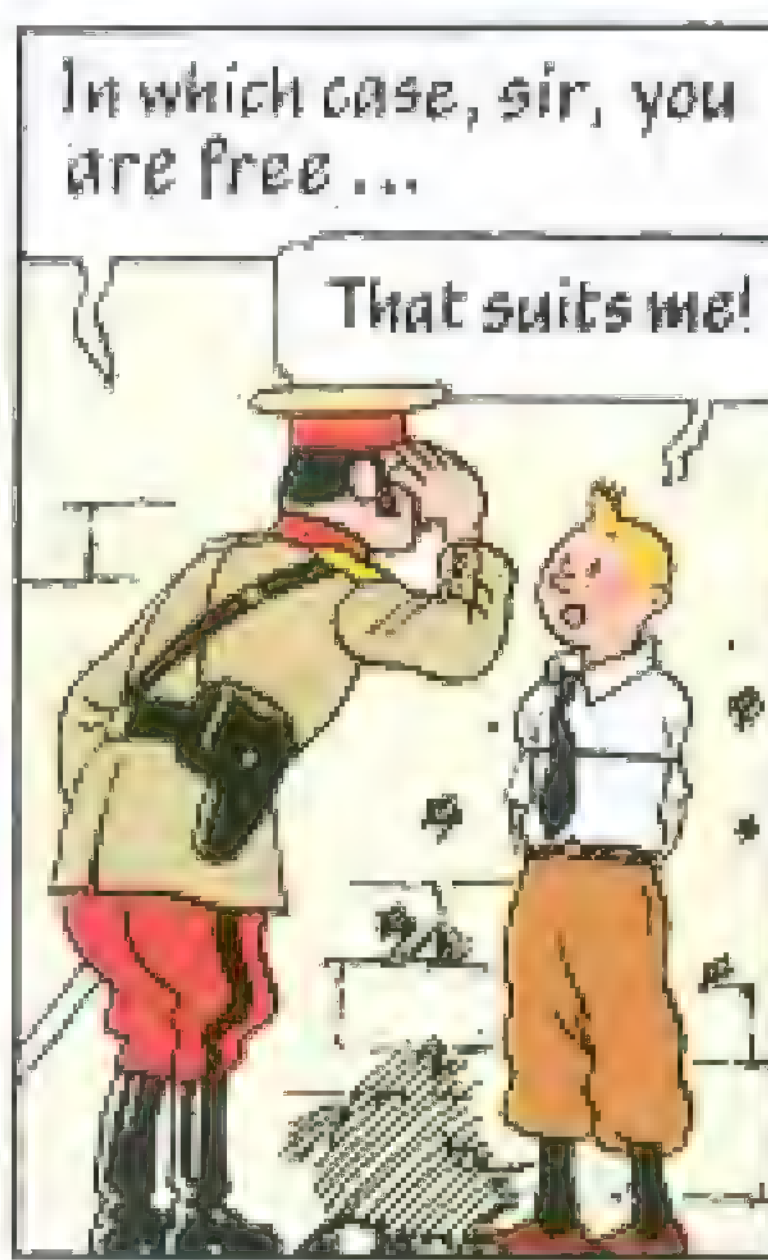
This time it's hopeless... I can't see any way to get myself off the hook...

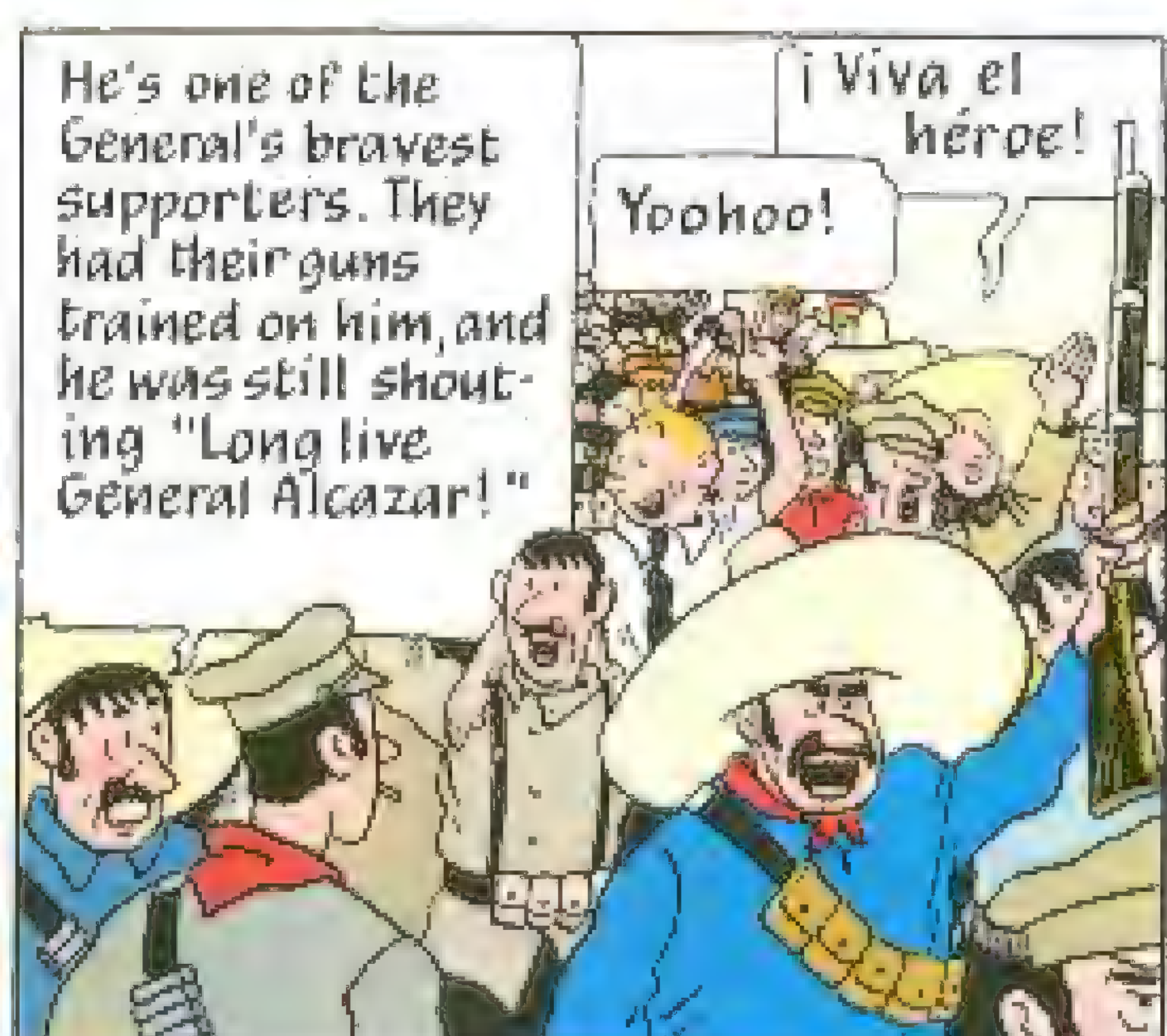
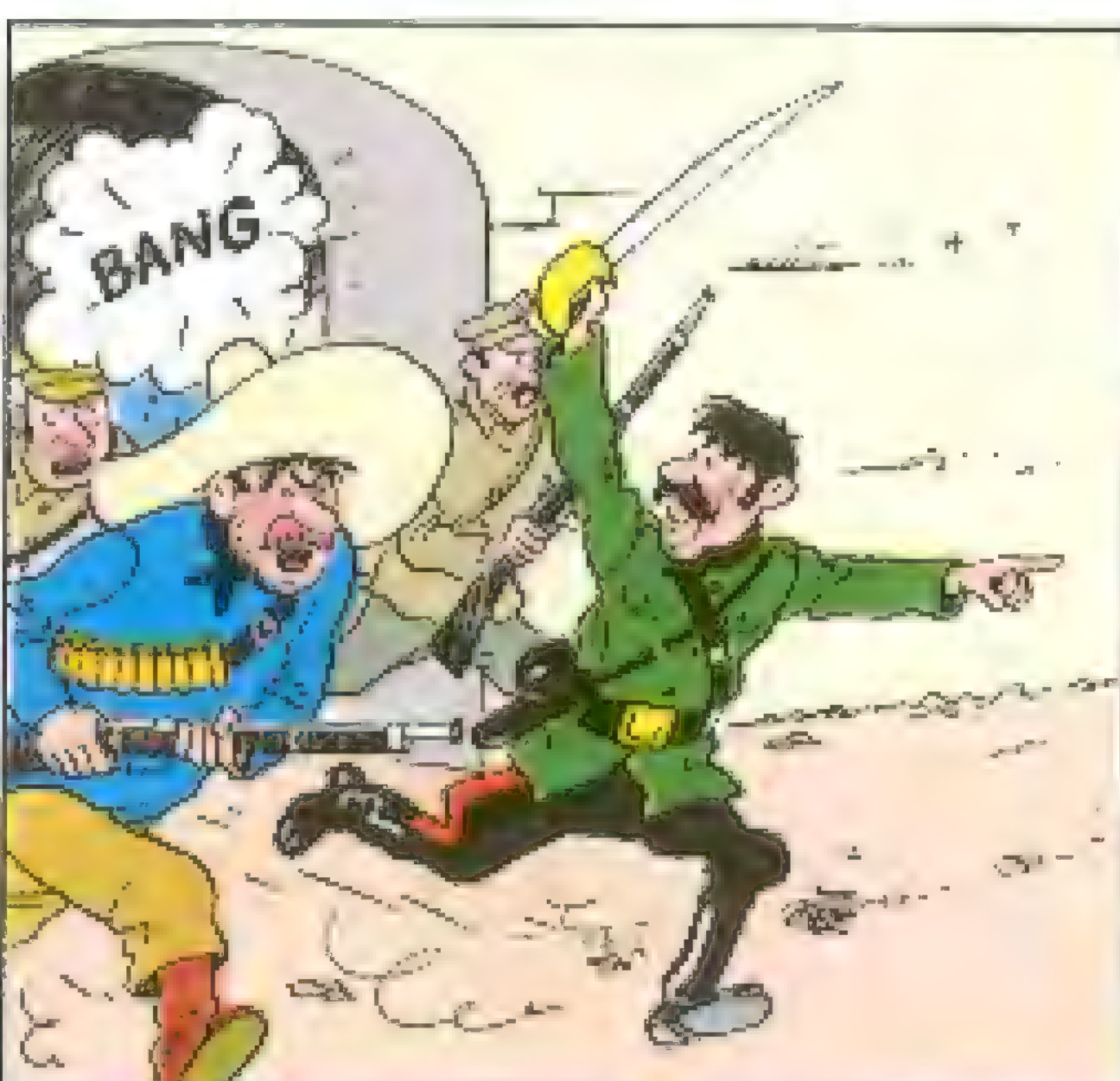
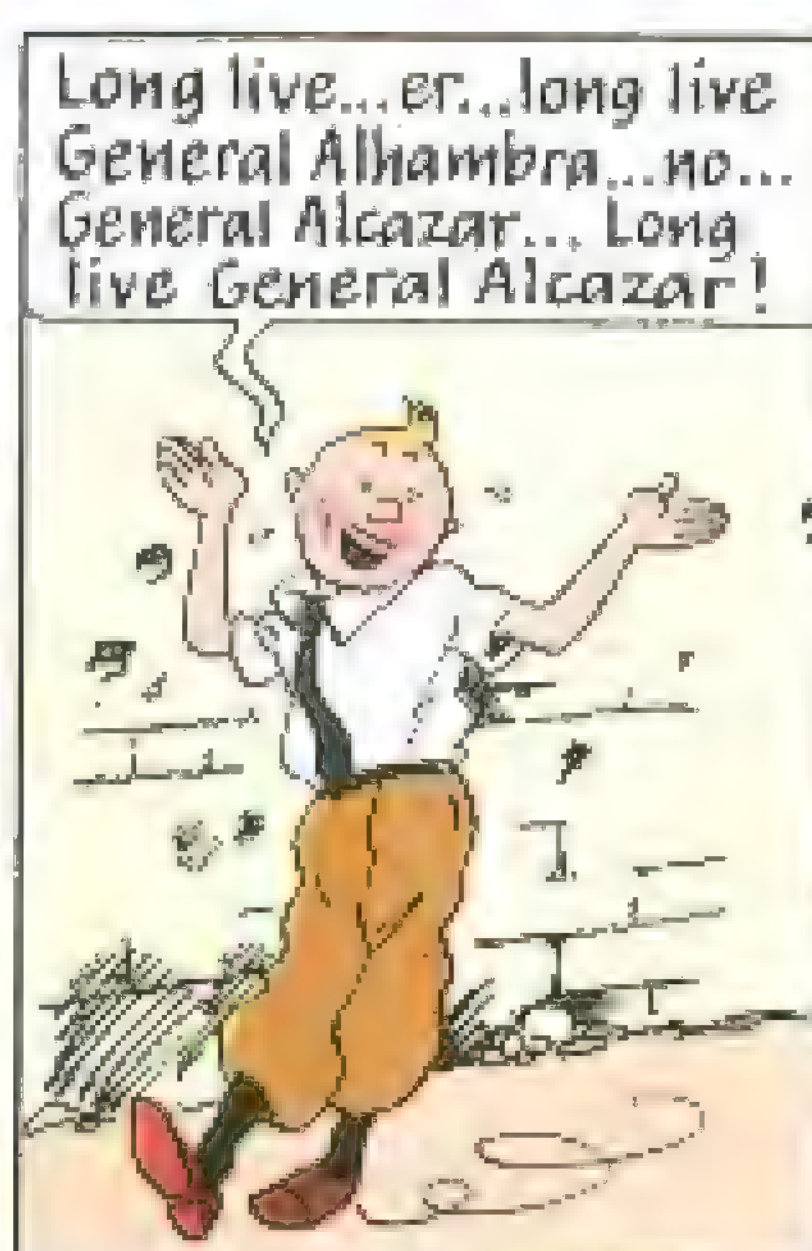
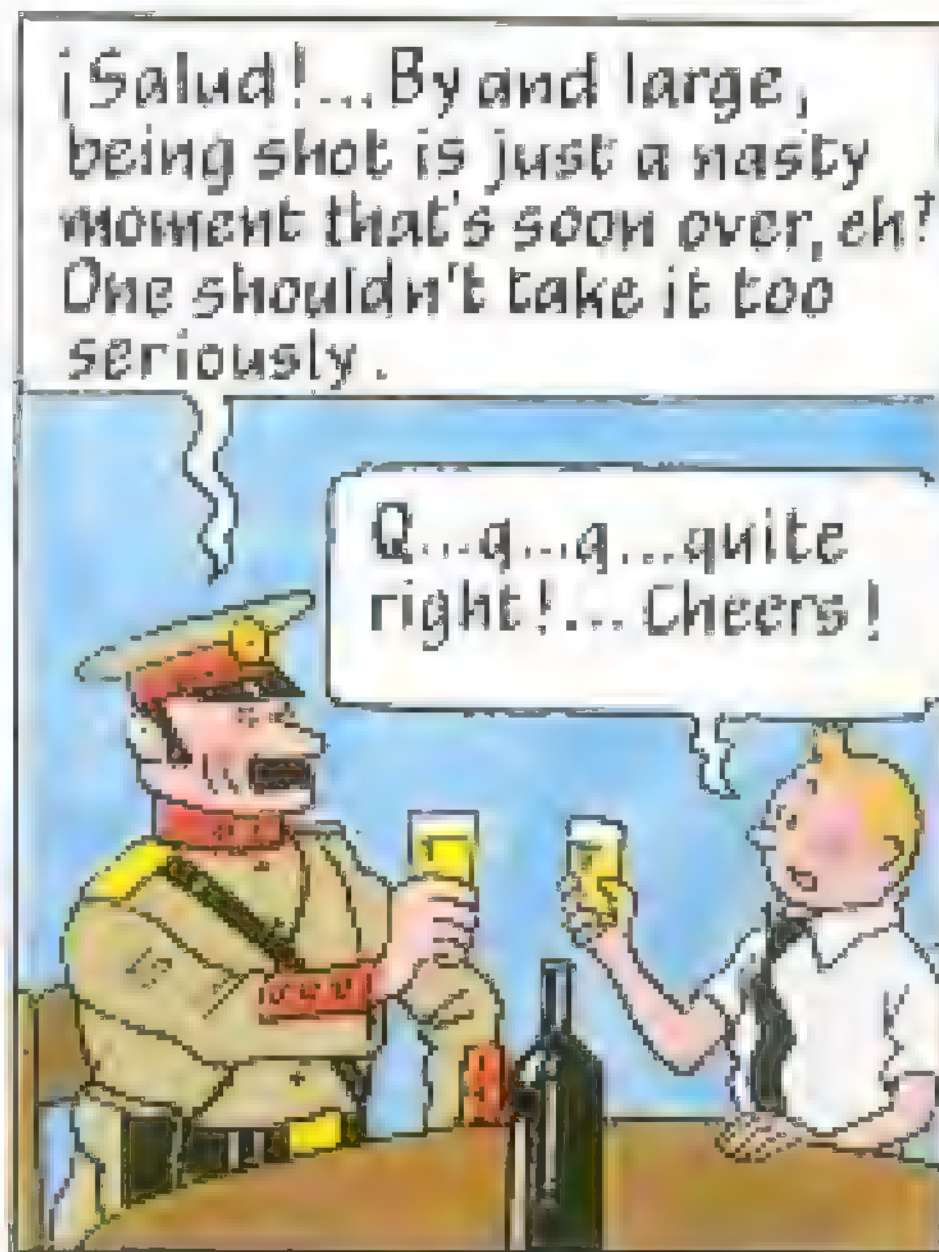
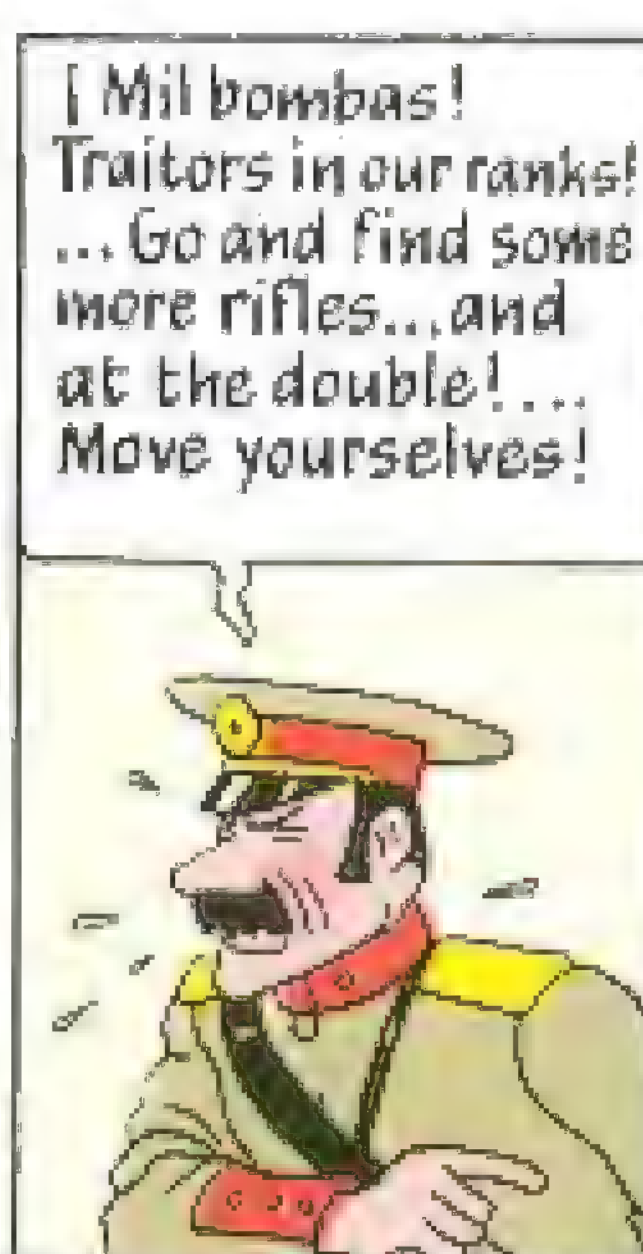
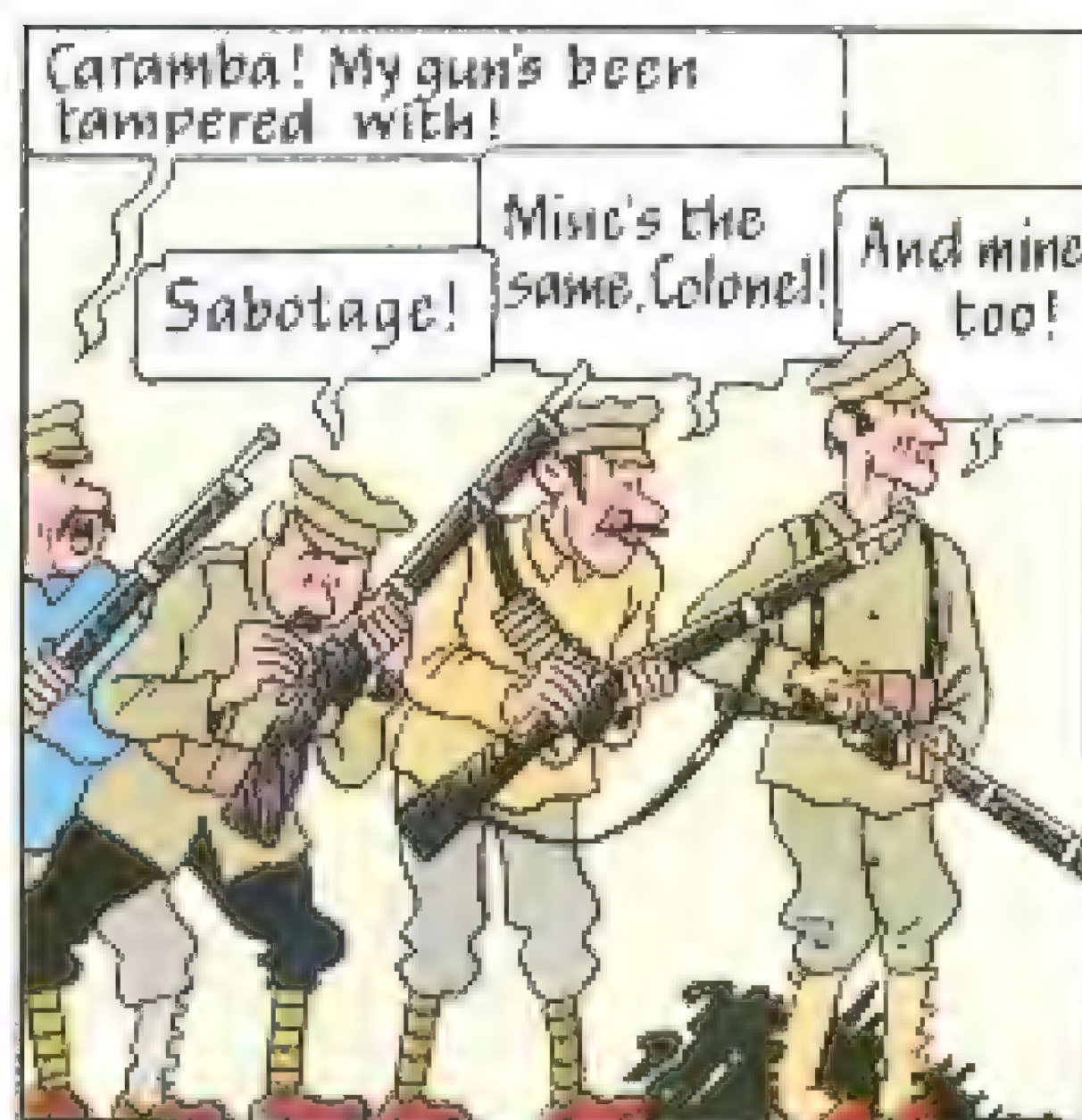


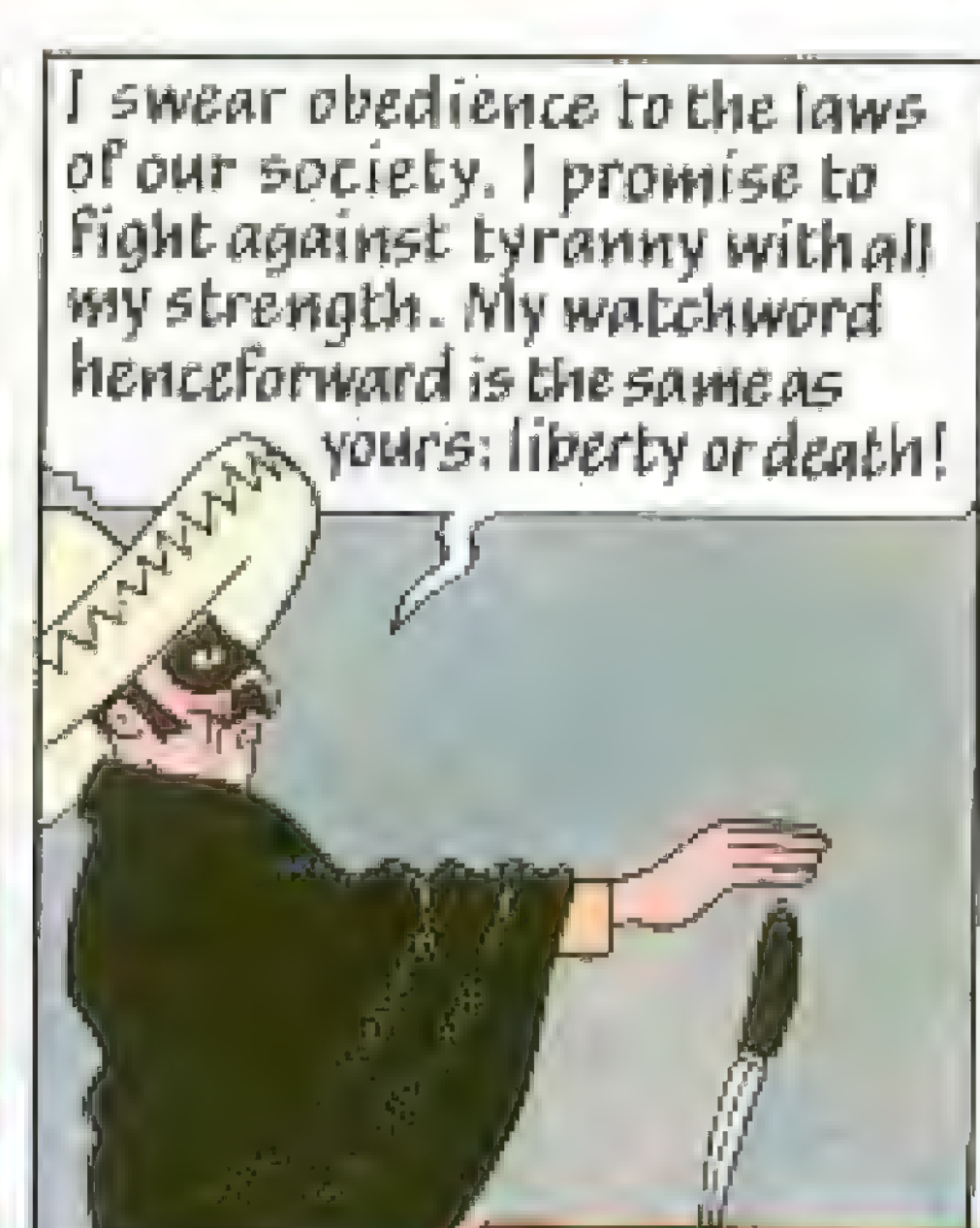
And next morning...

Squad!... Ready!...





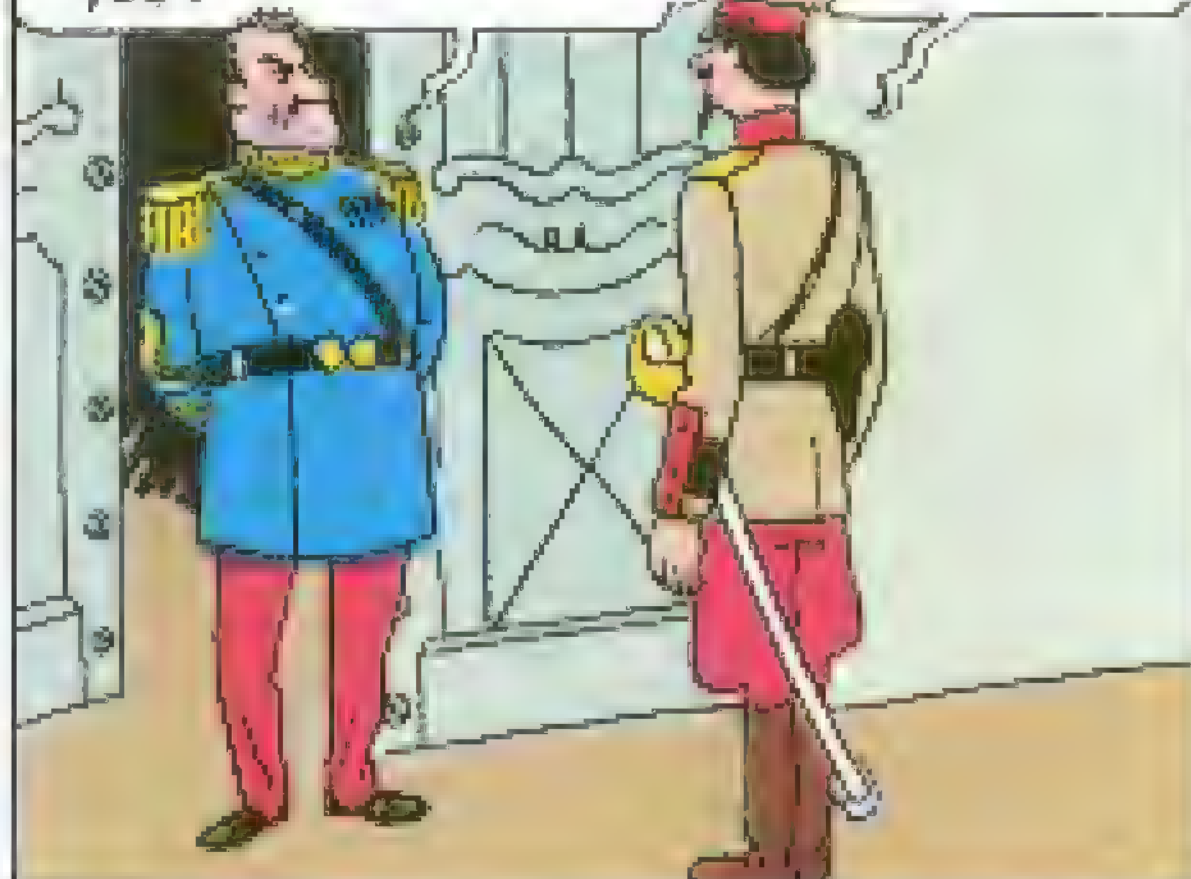




The next morning ...

Where's my new aide-de-camp? Not here yet?

Not yet, General.



As soon as he arrives send him in. We have work to do...

Very good, sir. At once.



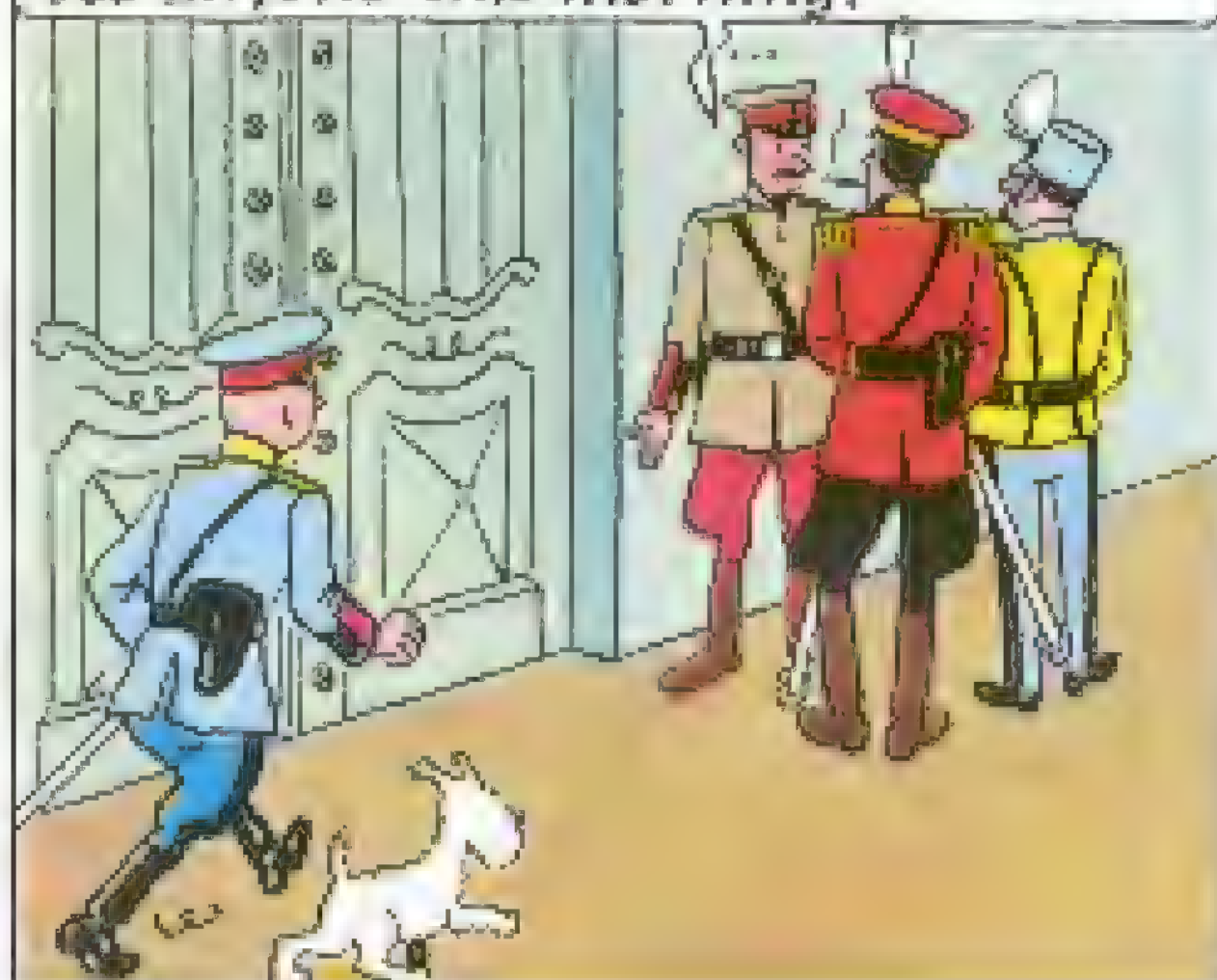
Colonel!... How on earth did I come to be a colonel? I don't remember a thing...



However, I'm still looking for the fetish, and to do that I must resign my commission.



No, gentlemen: impossible. The general is waiting for his ADC. He won't see anyone this morning.



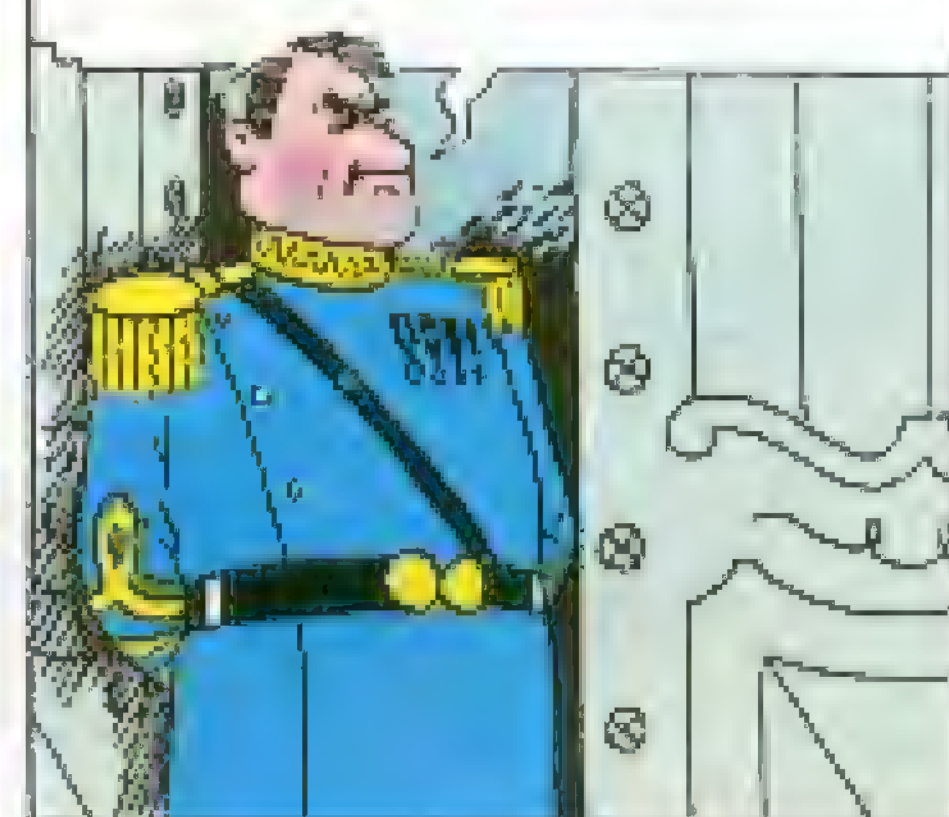
Them!

Heem!

Oh!



Ah, there you are, Colonel. We must get down to work. As for you, gentlemen: I cannot receive you this morning... Come, Colonel!



No more need for me to resign, for the time being.

The general choose heem!

It's crazy!



Thees ees bad!

Yes, now we'll have to deal with him all over again!



Meanwhile ...

His office window is open... So far so good!

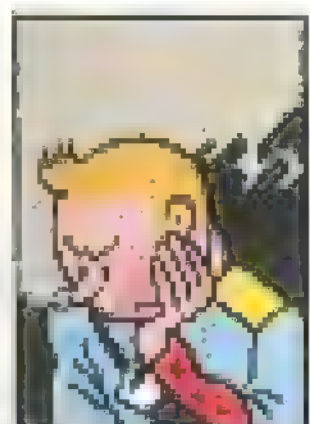
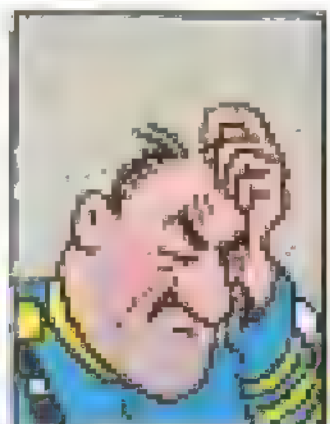


It's a delicate position...

Yes, very delicate.



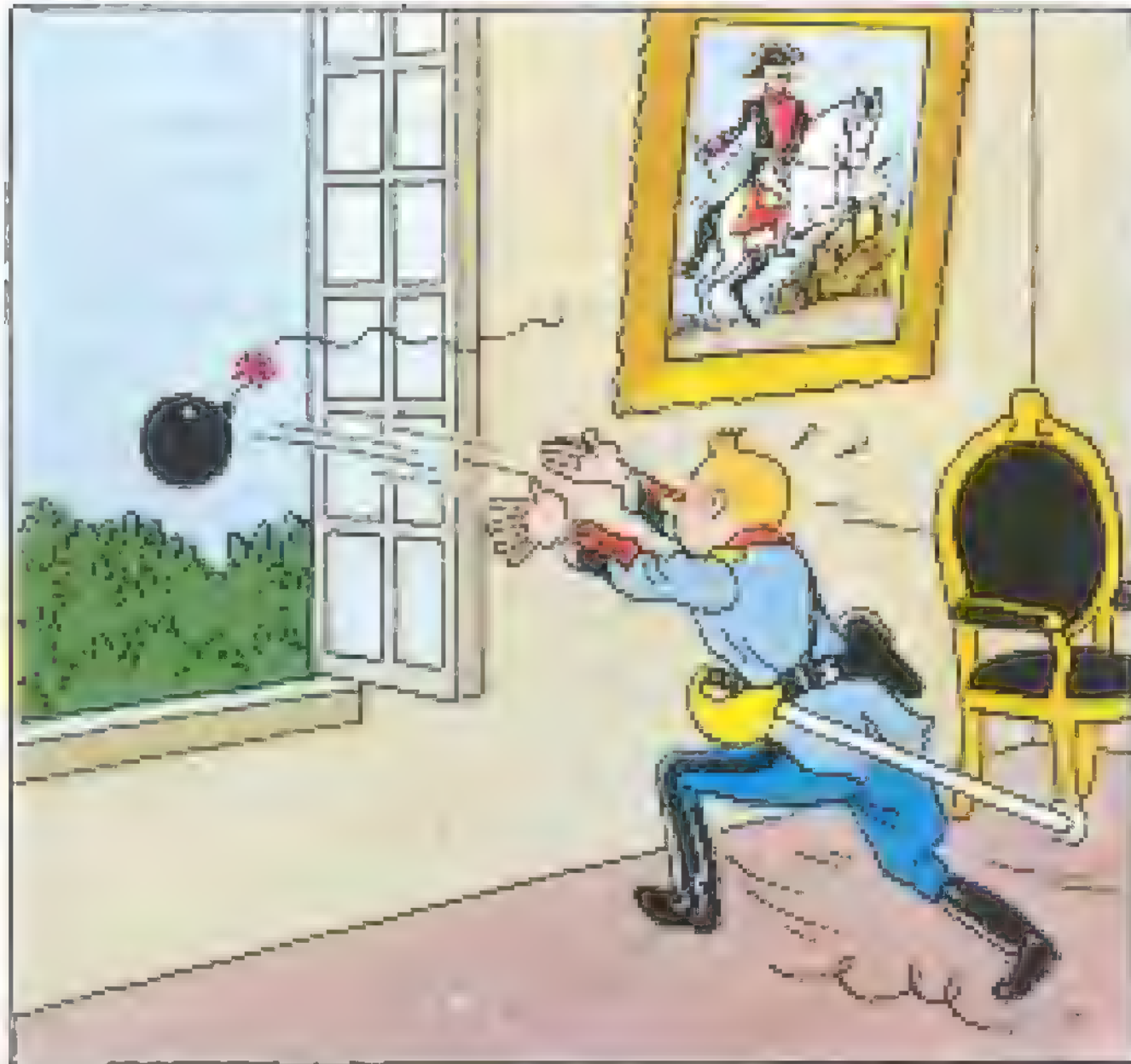
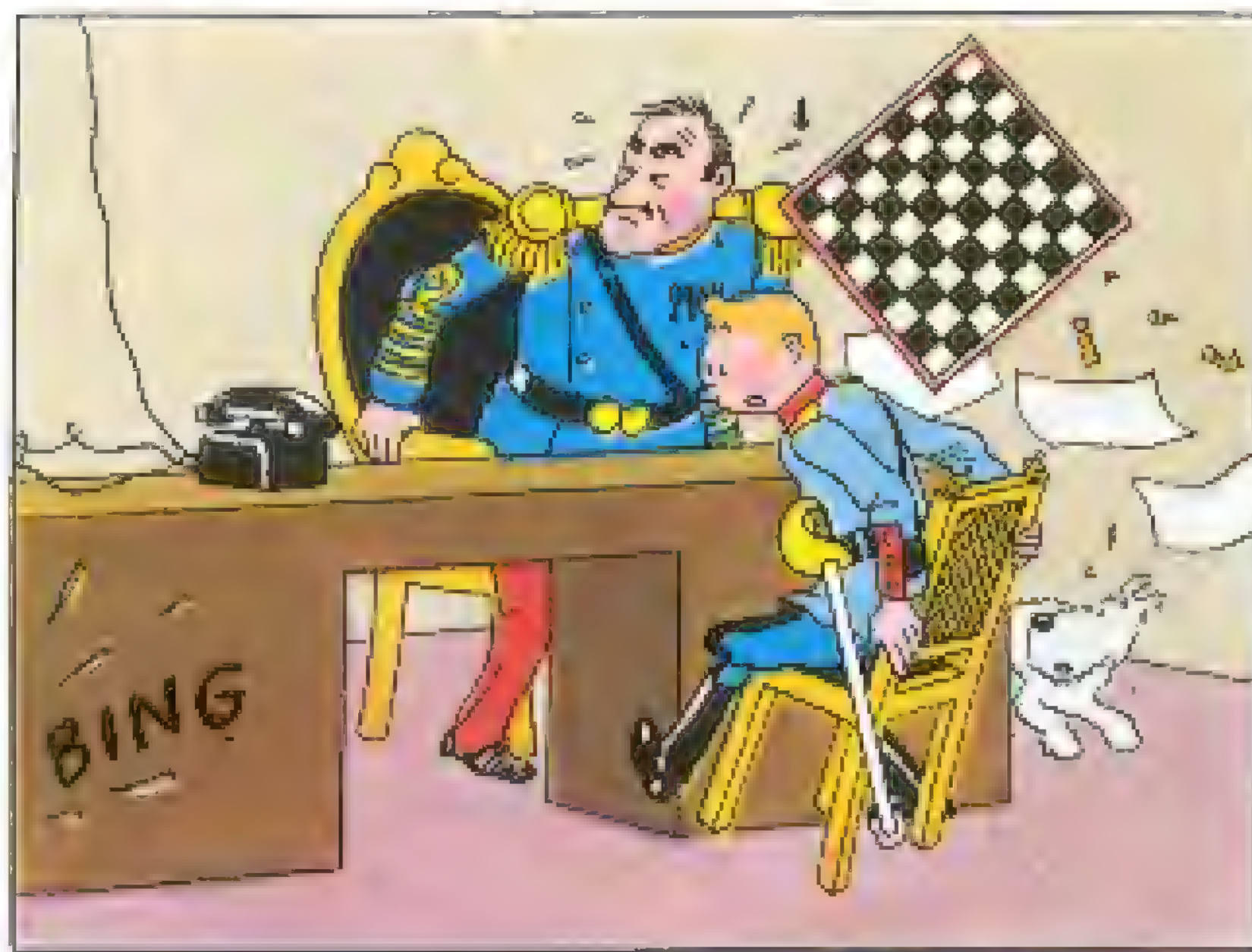
I'm sorry, Your Excellency, but the General can't see you this morning. The General is extremely busy...

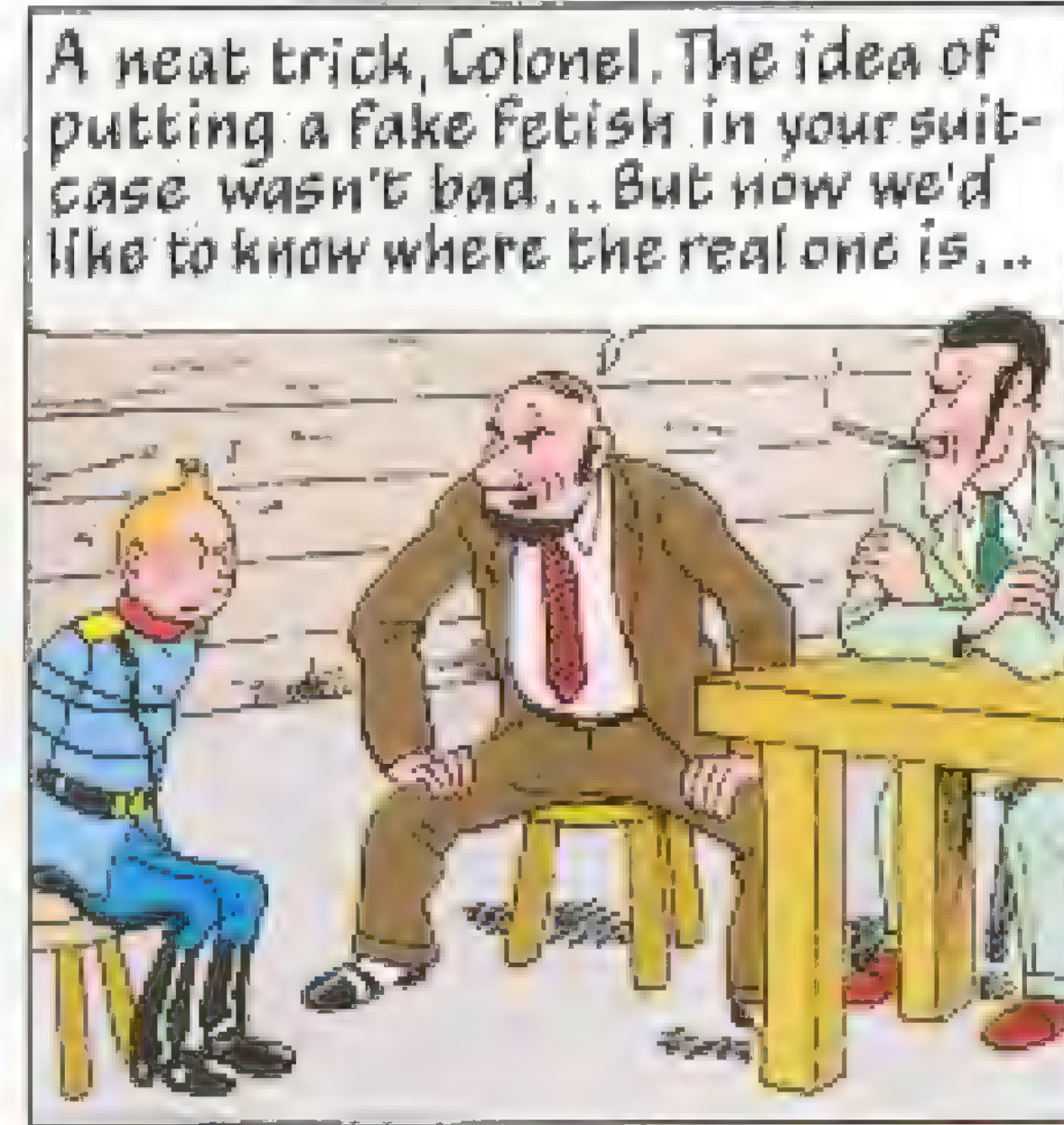
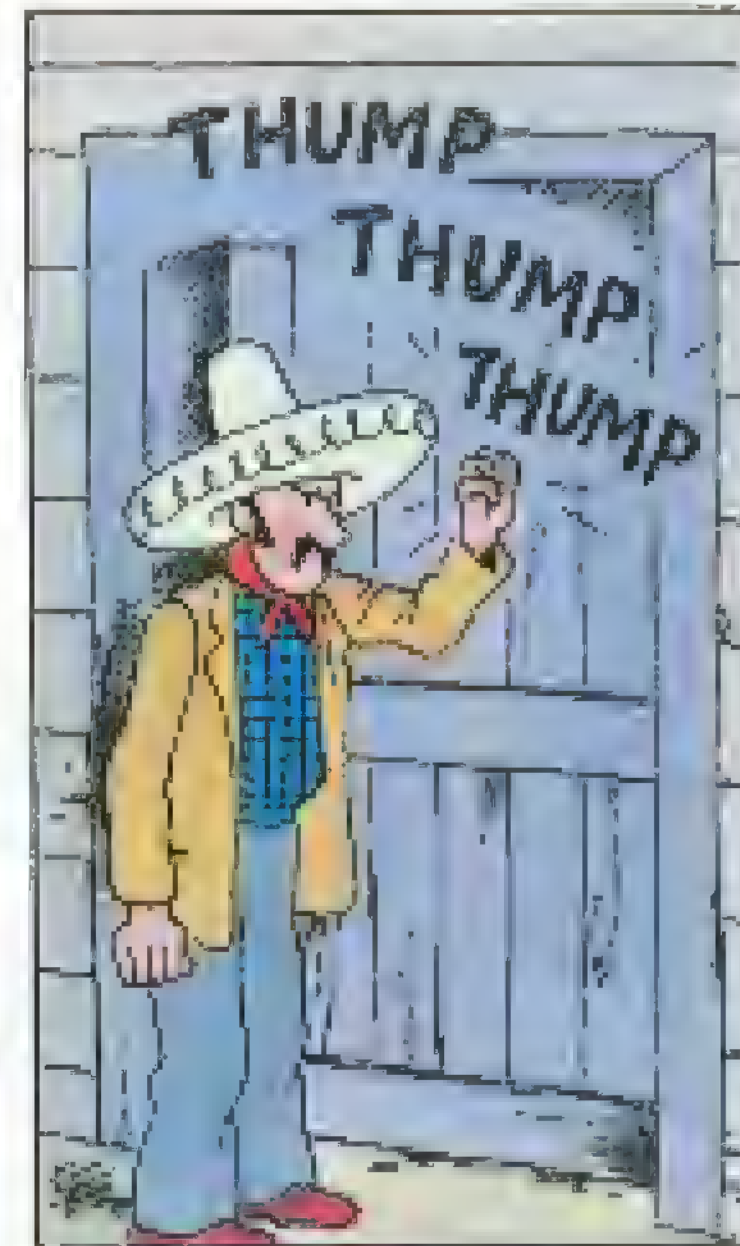
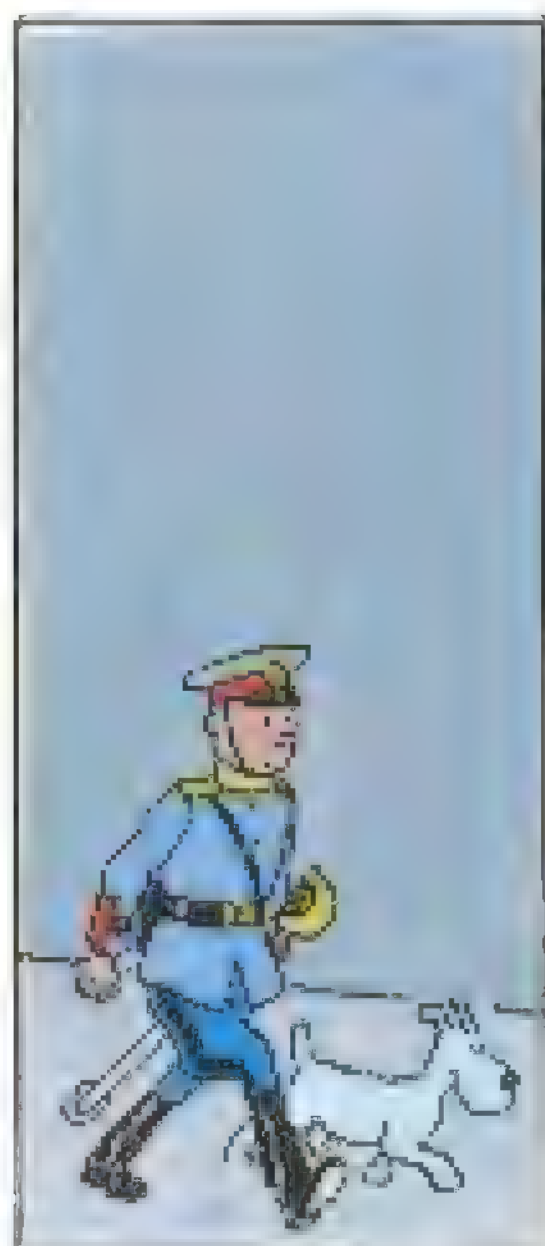


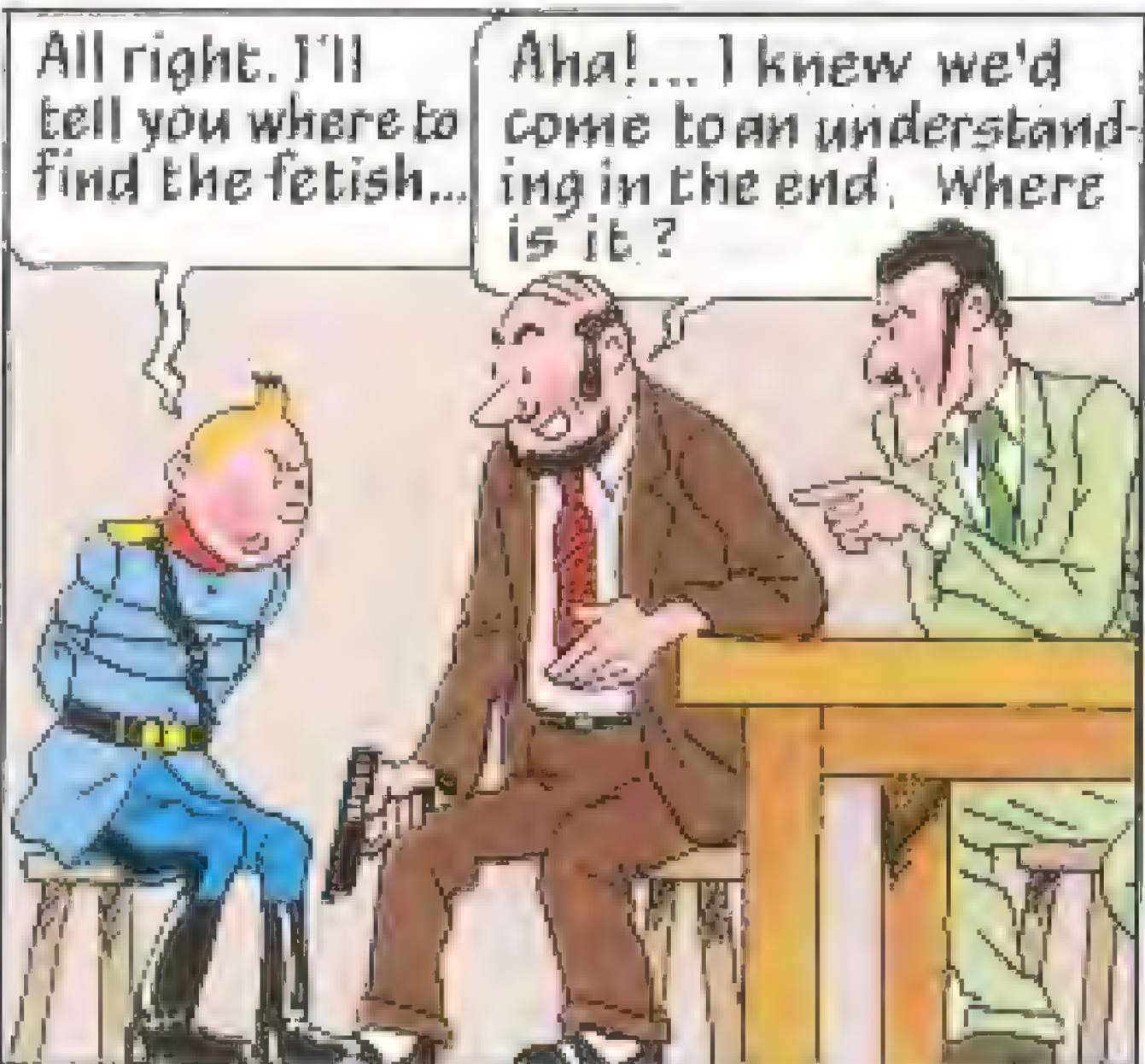
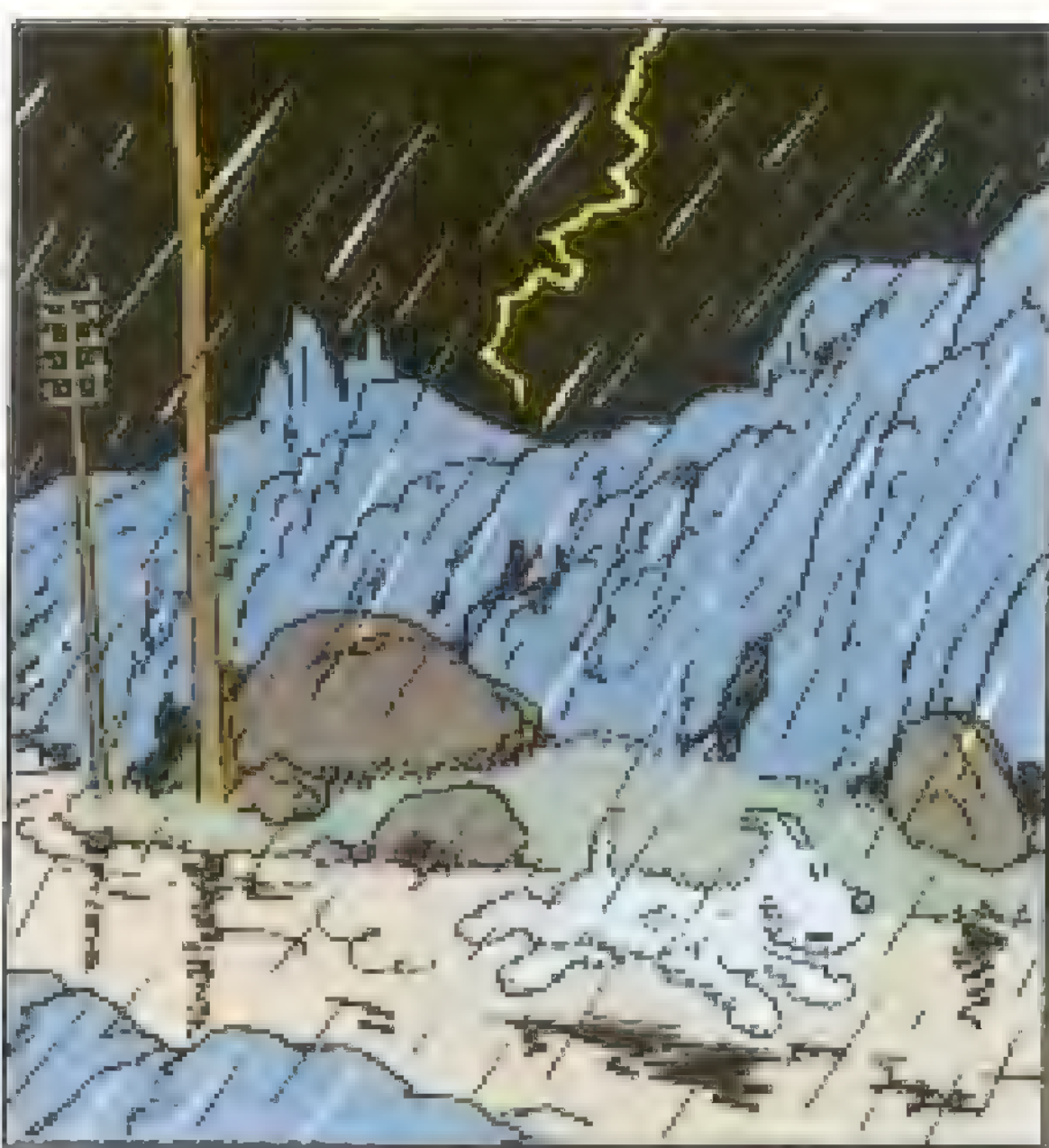
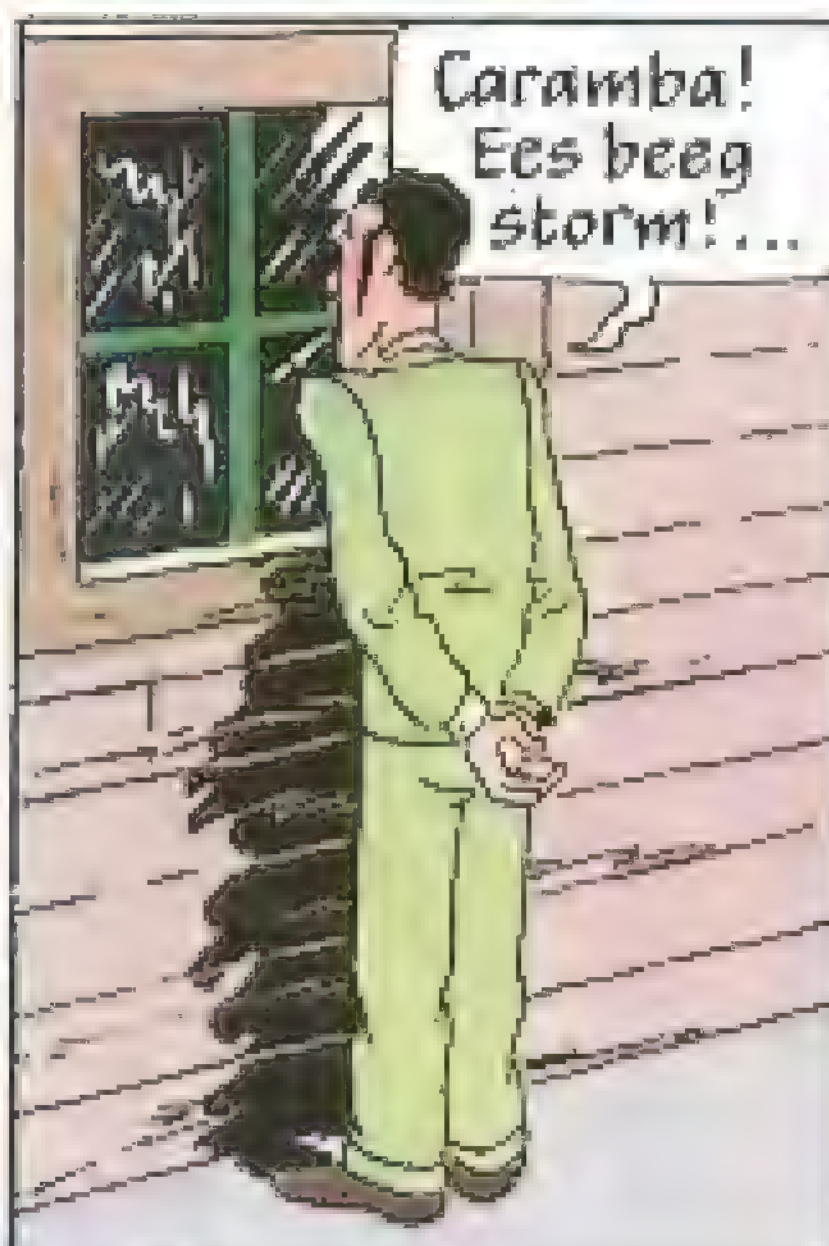
Checkmate, my dear Colonel!

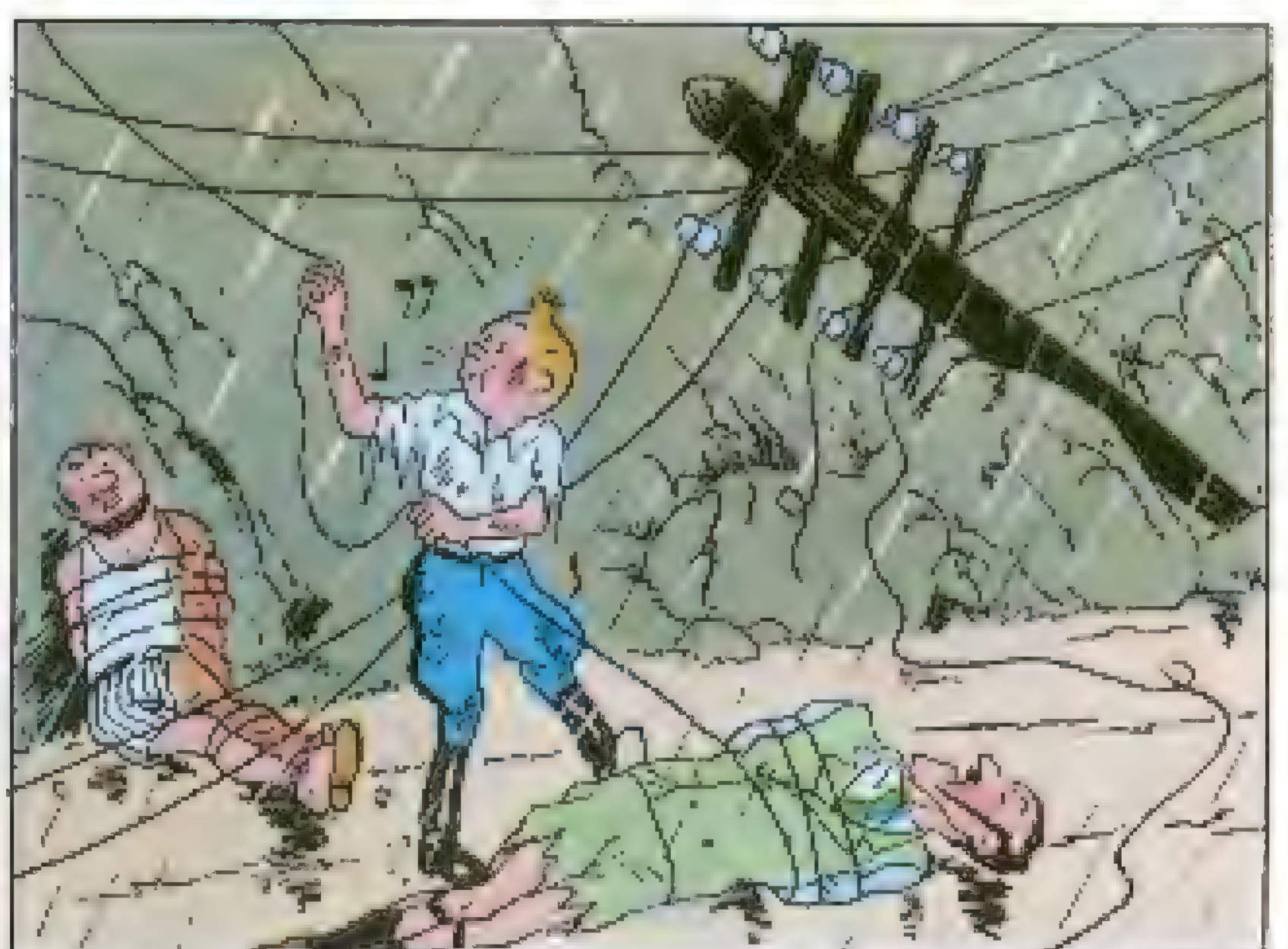
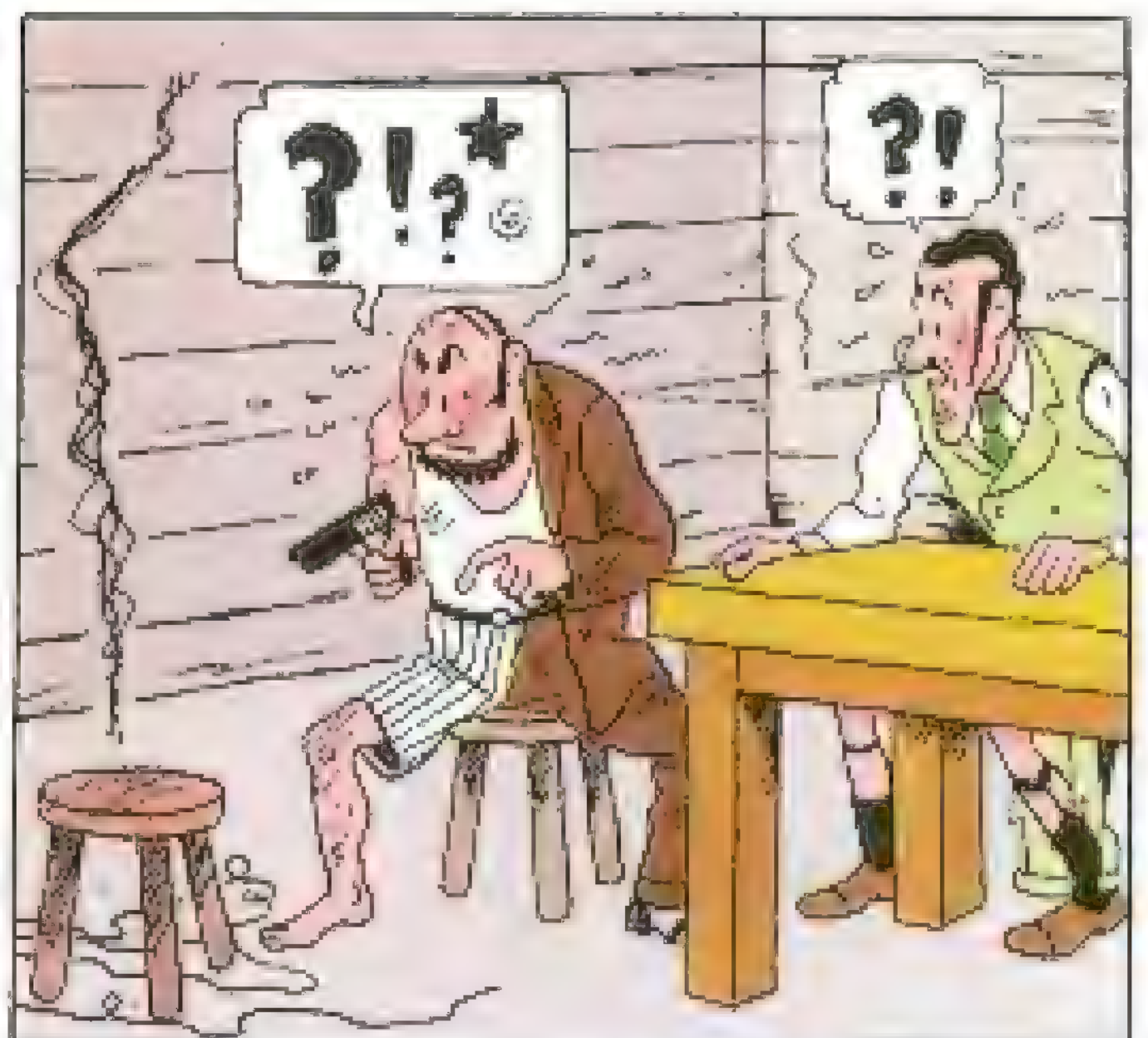
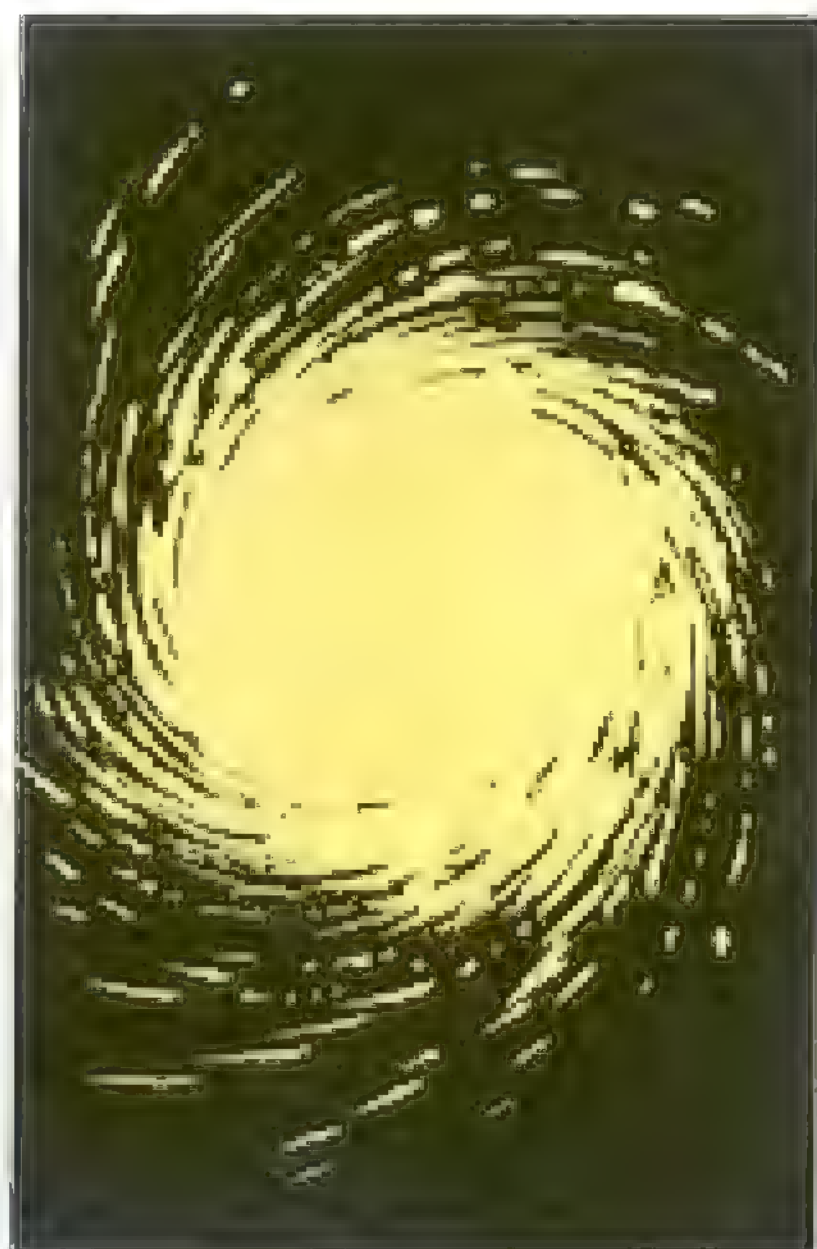
Goodness! You're right!

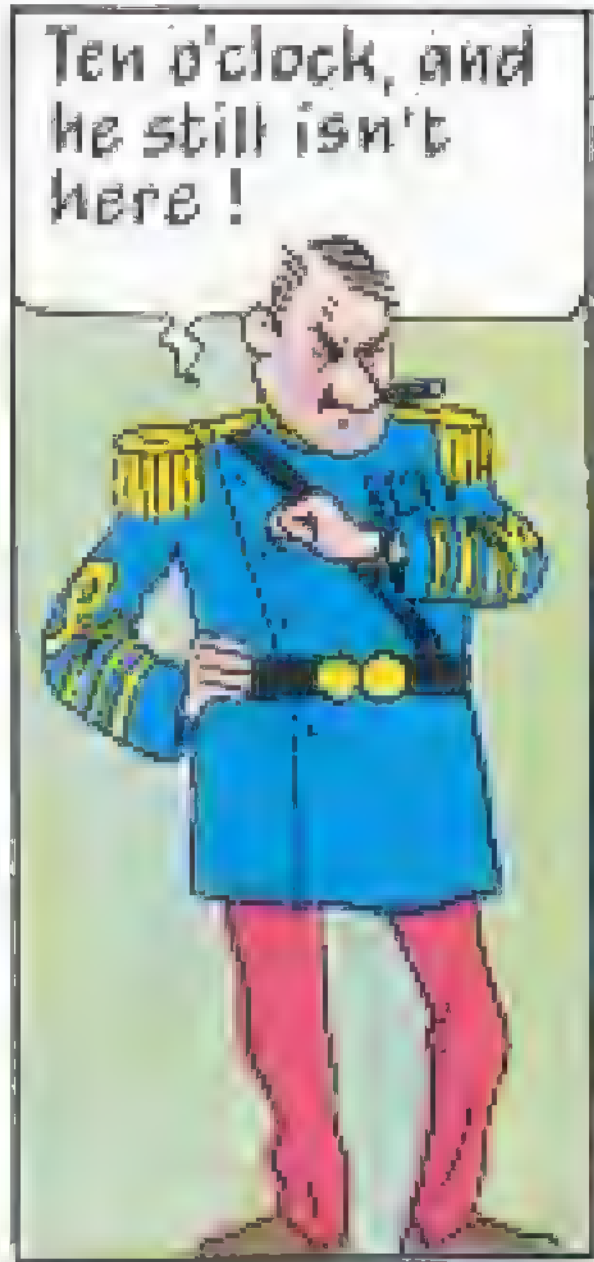


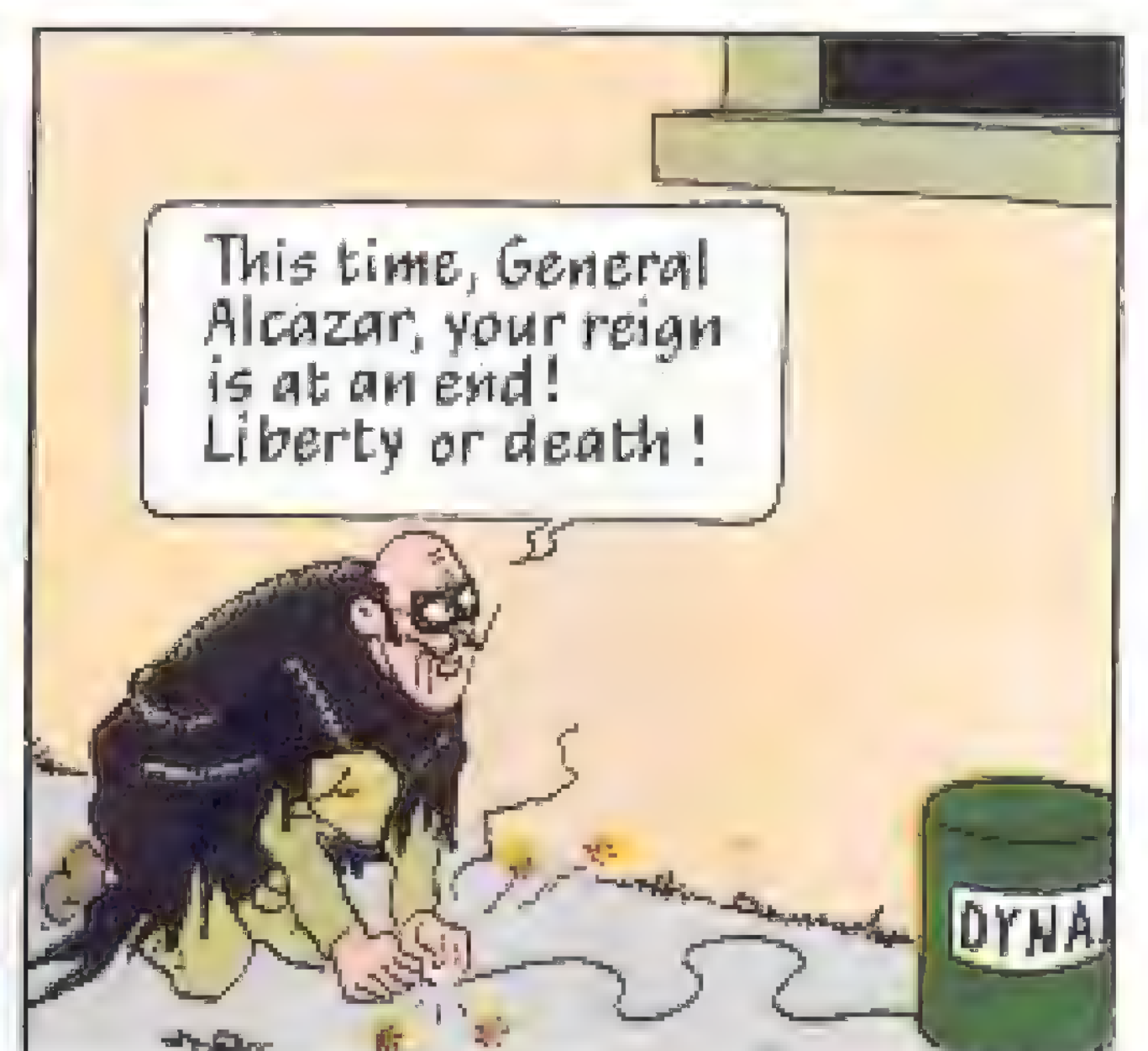
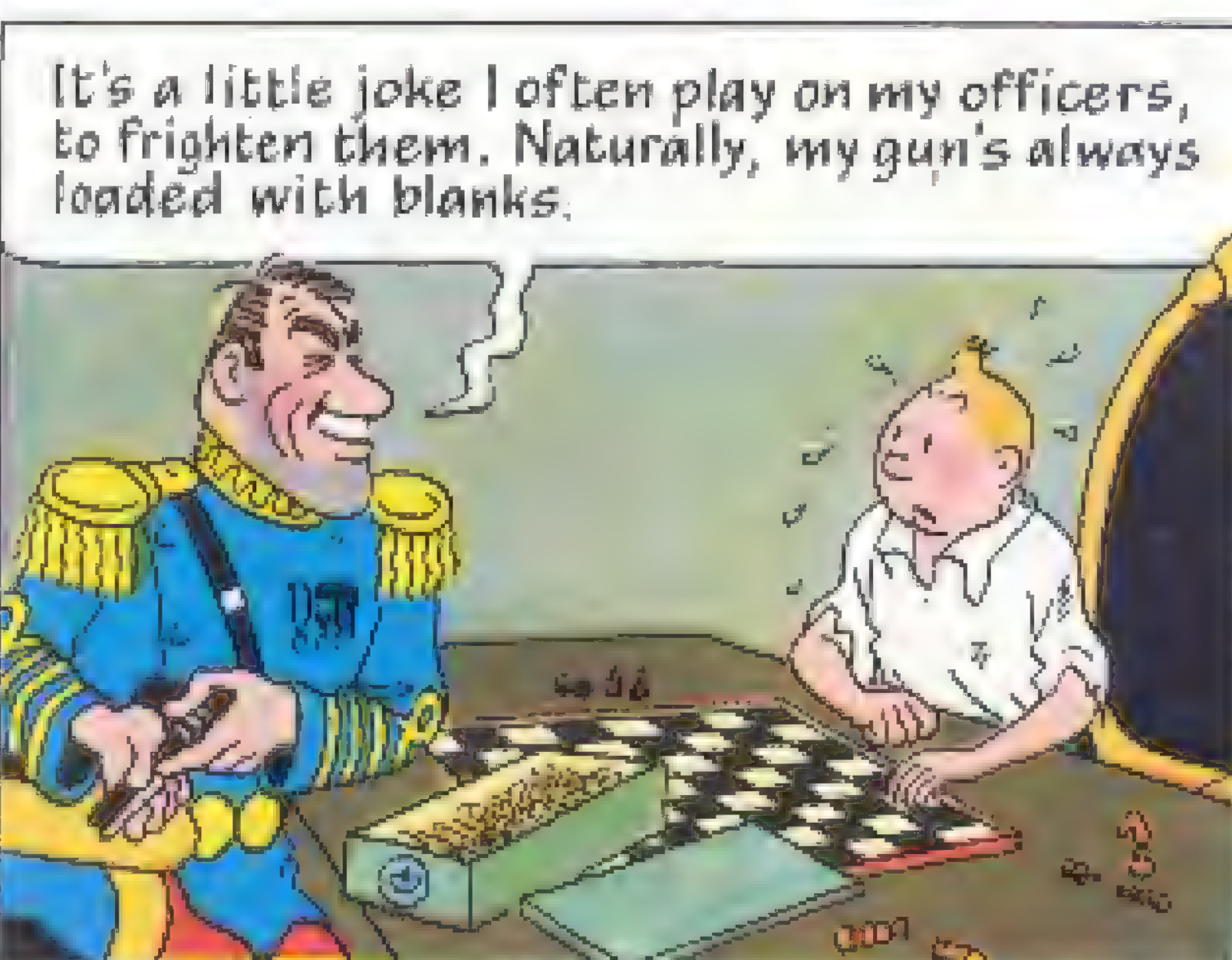
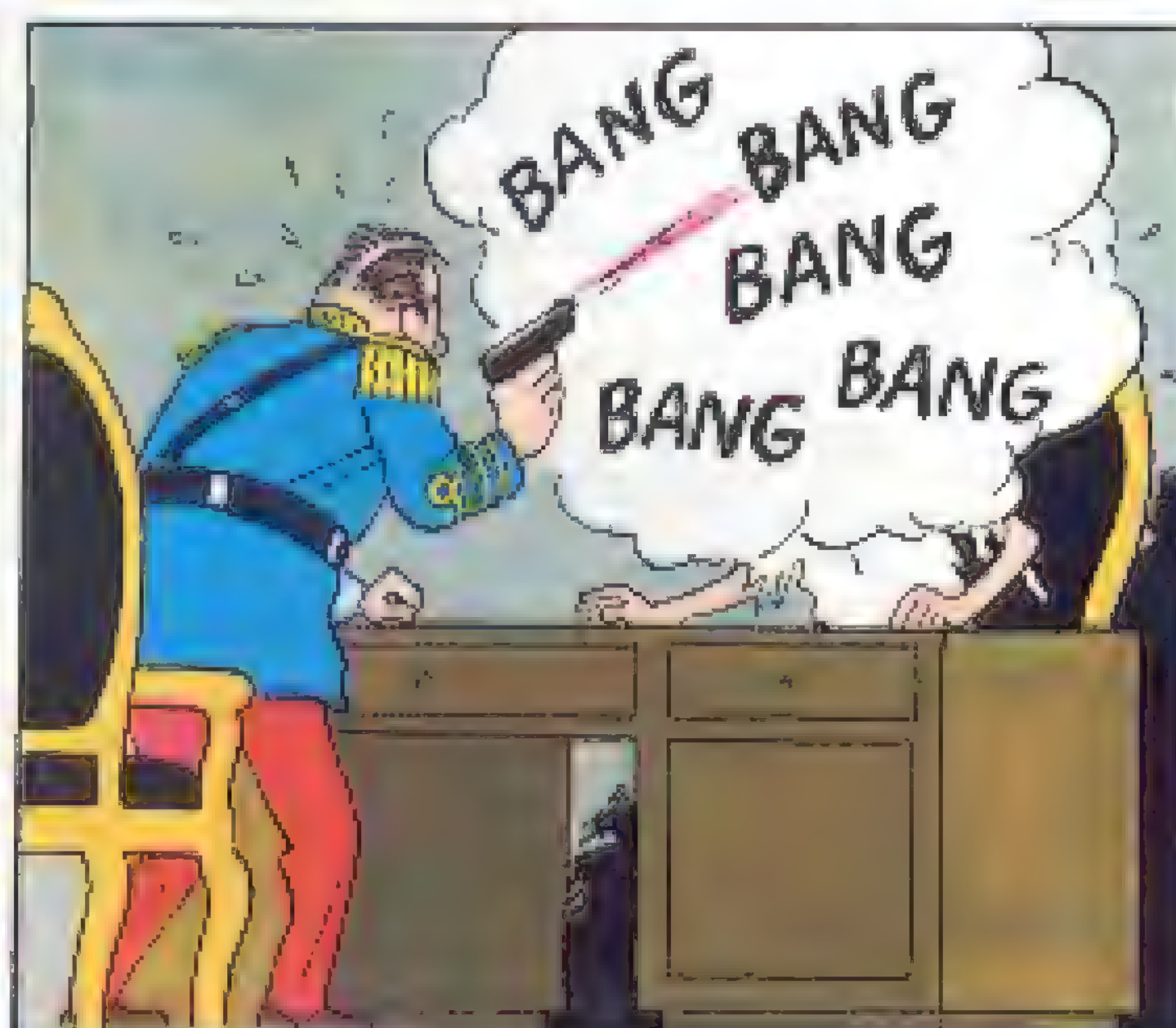
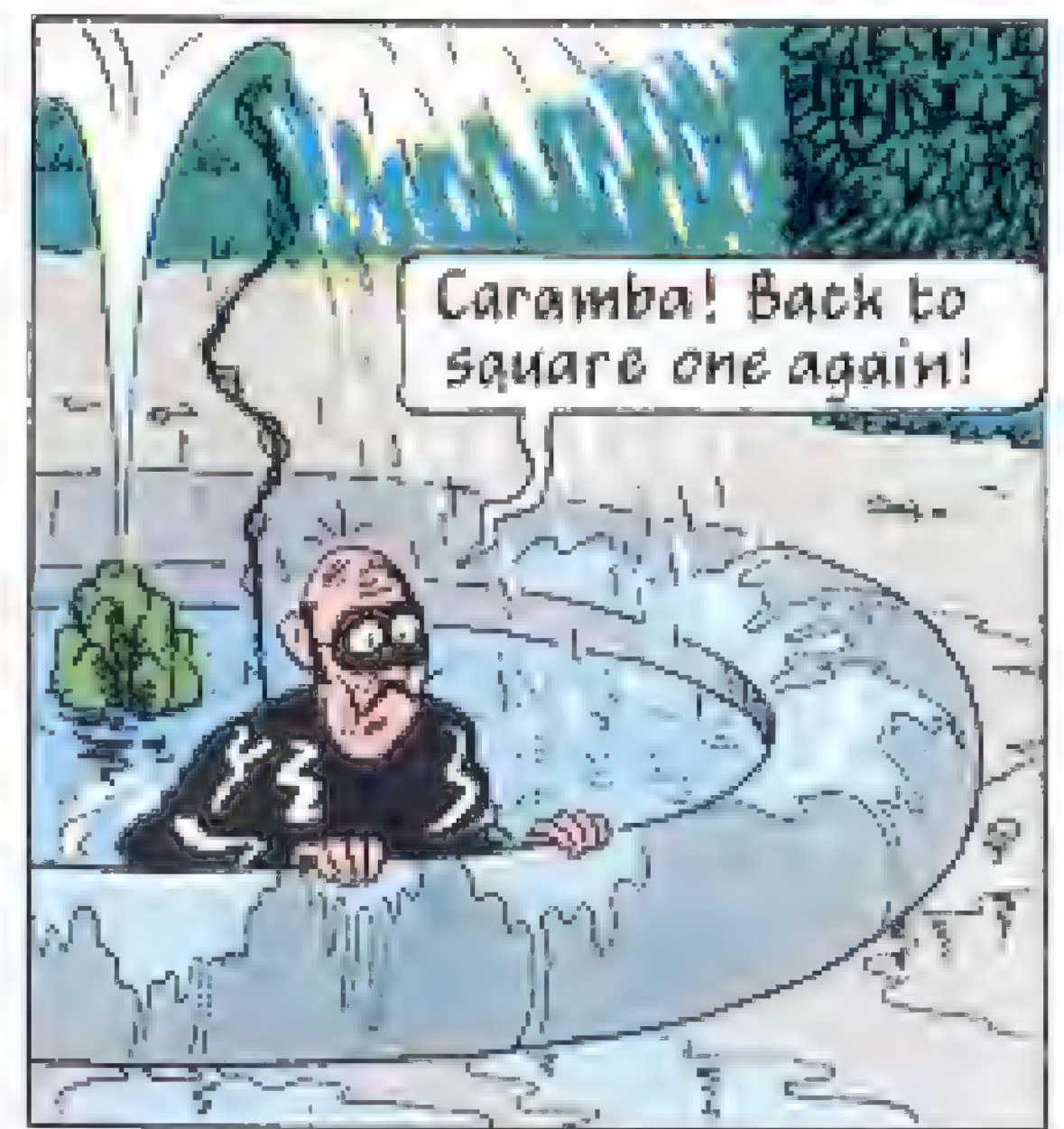
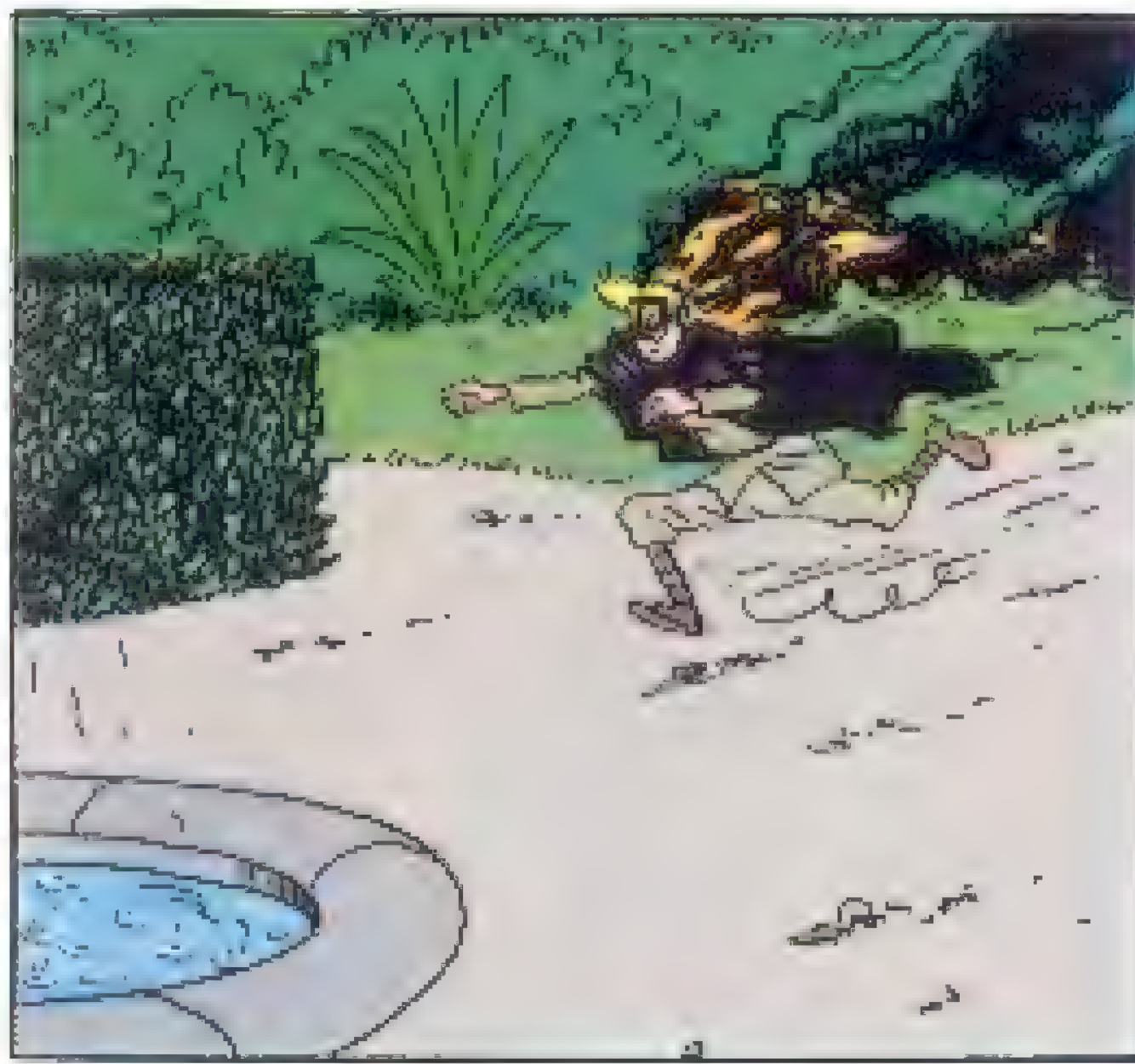


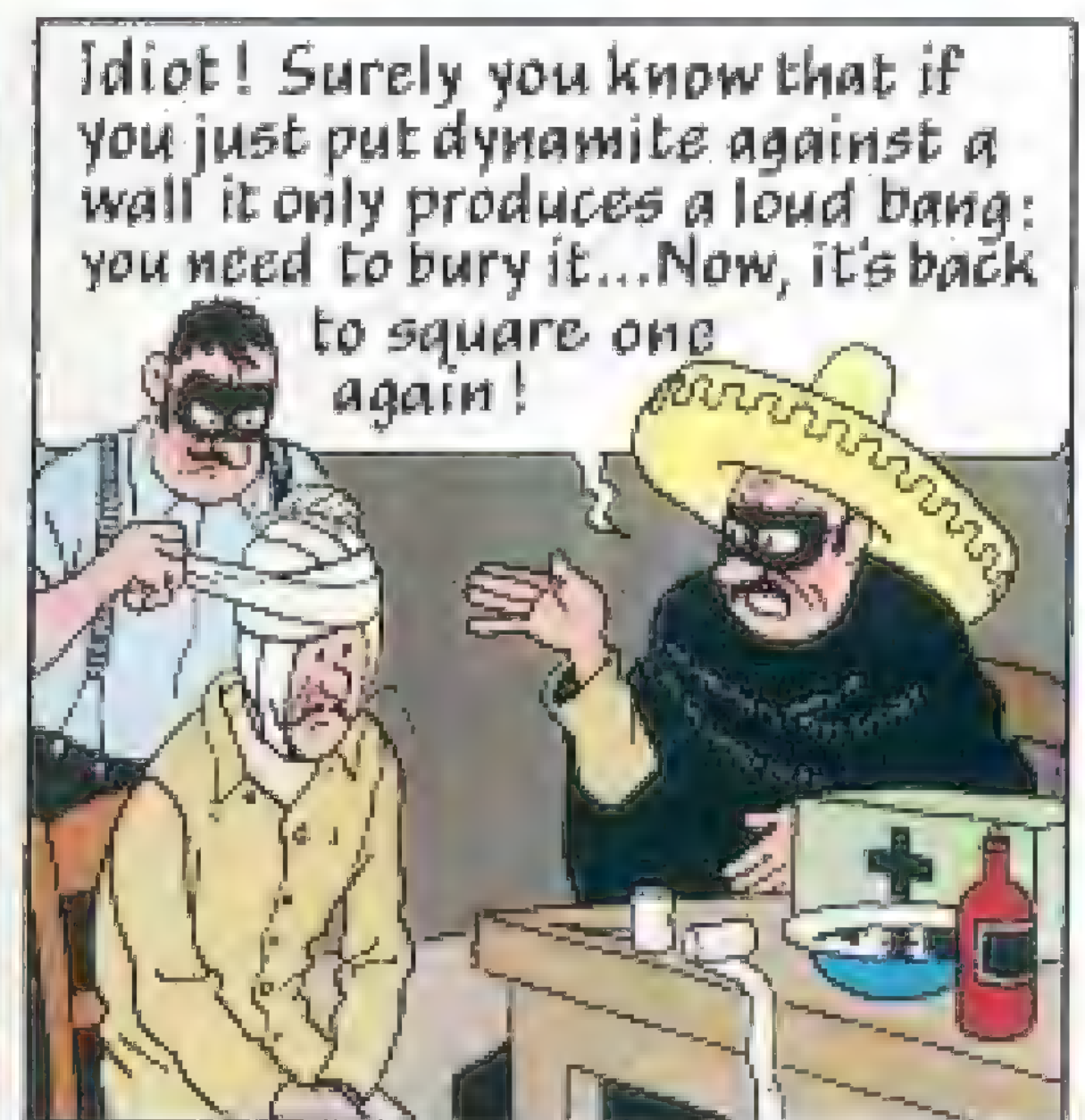
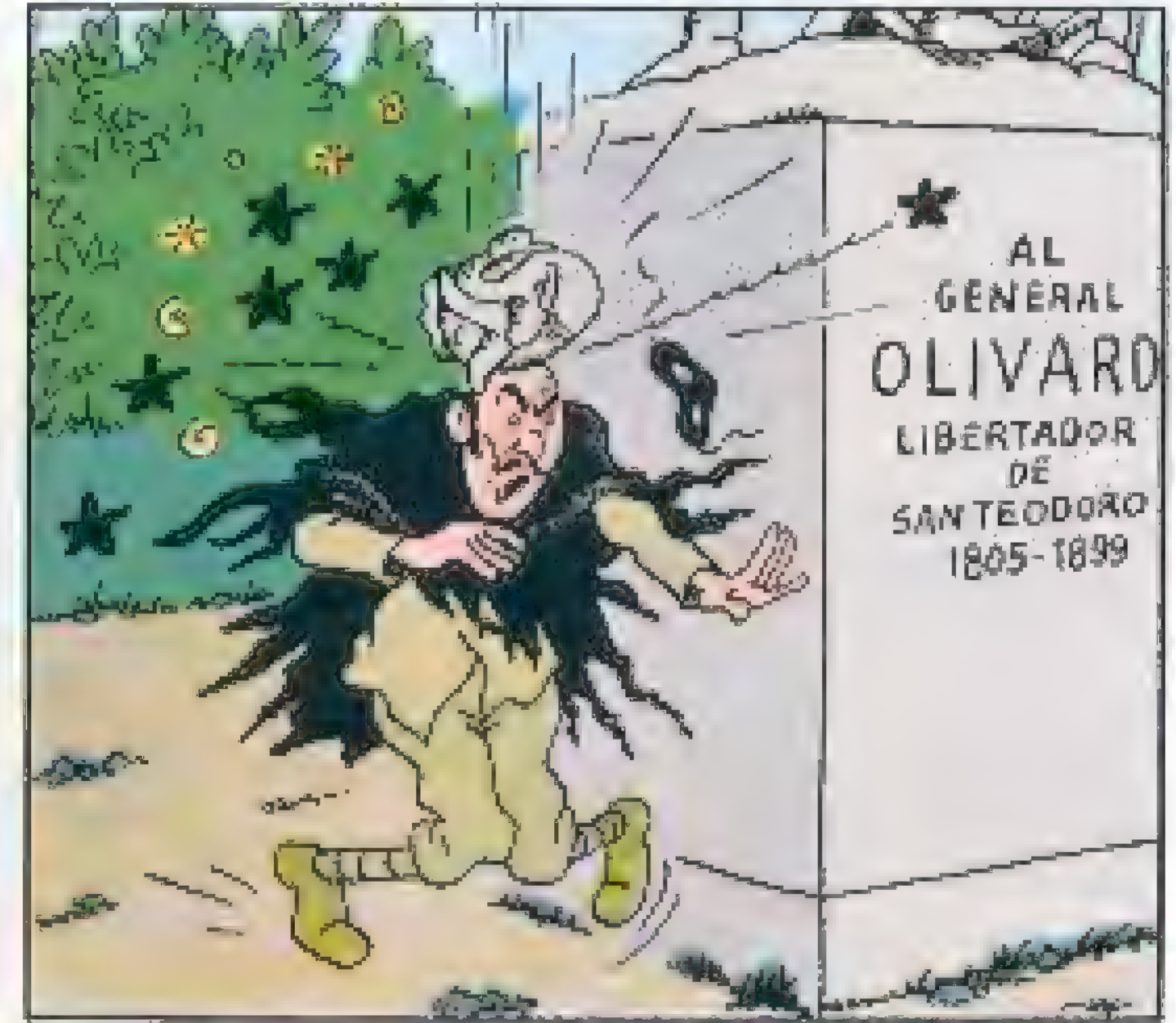
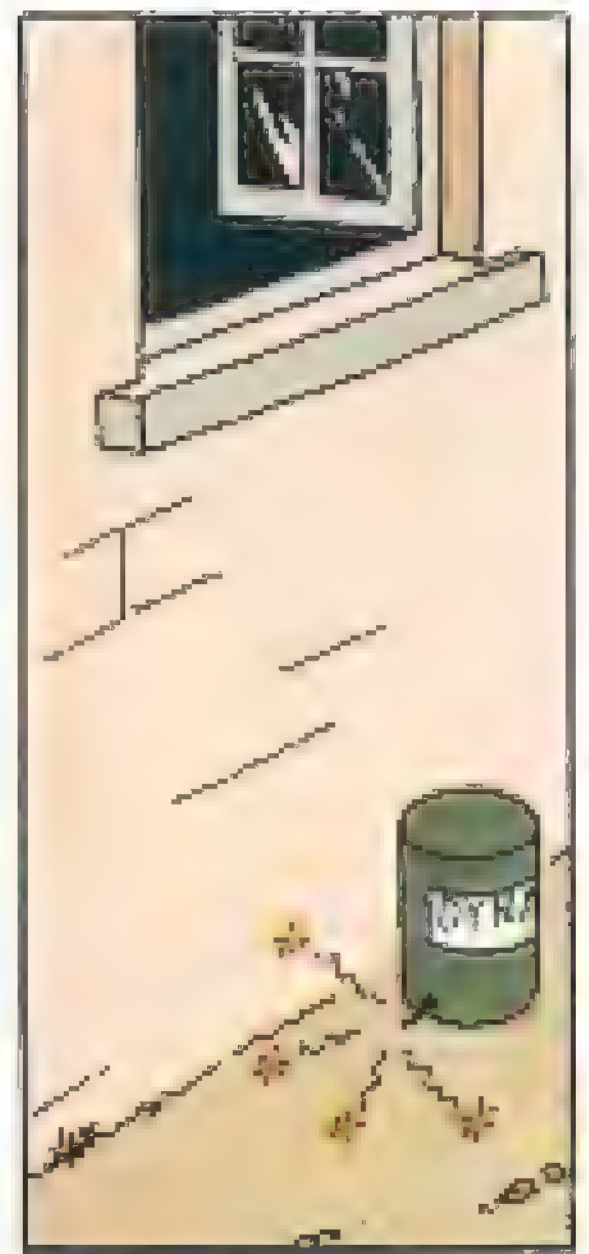


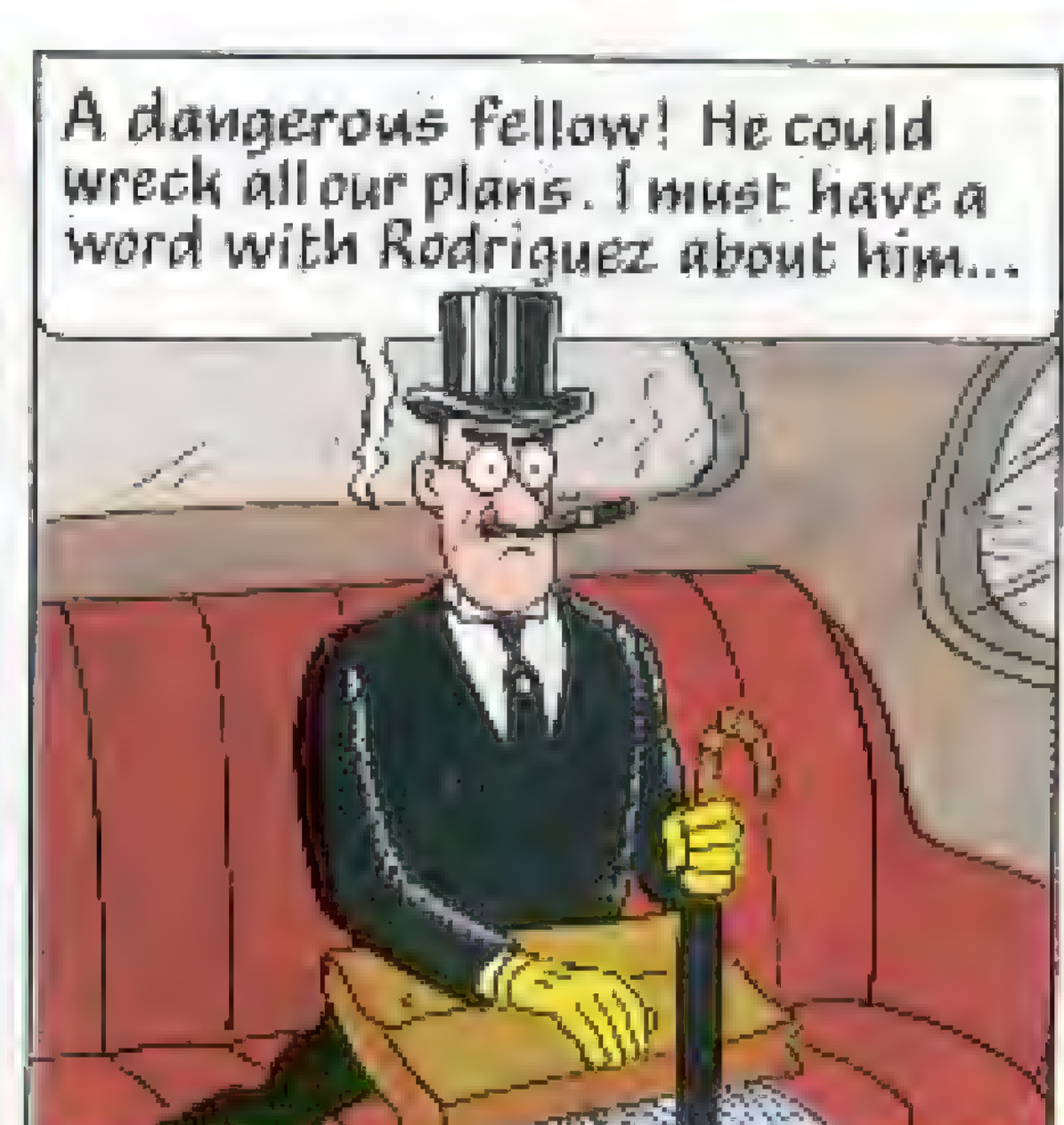
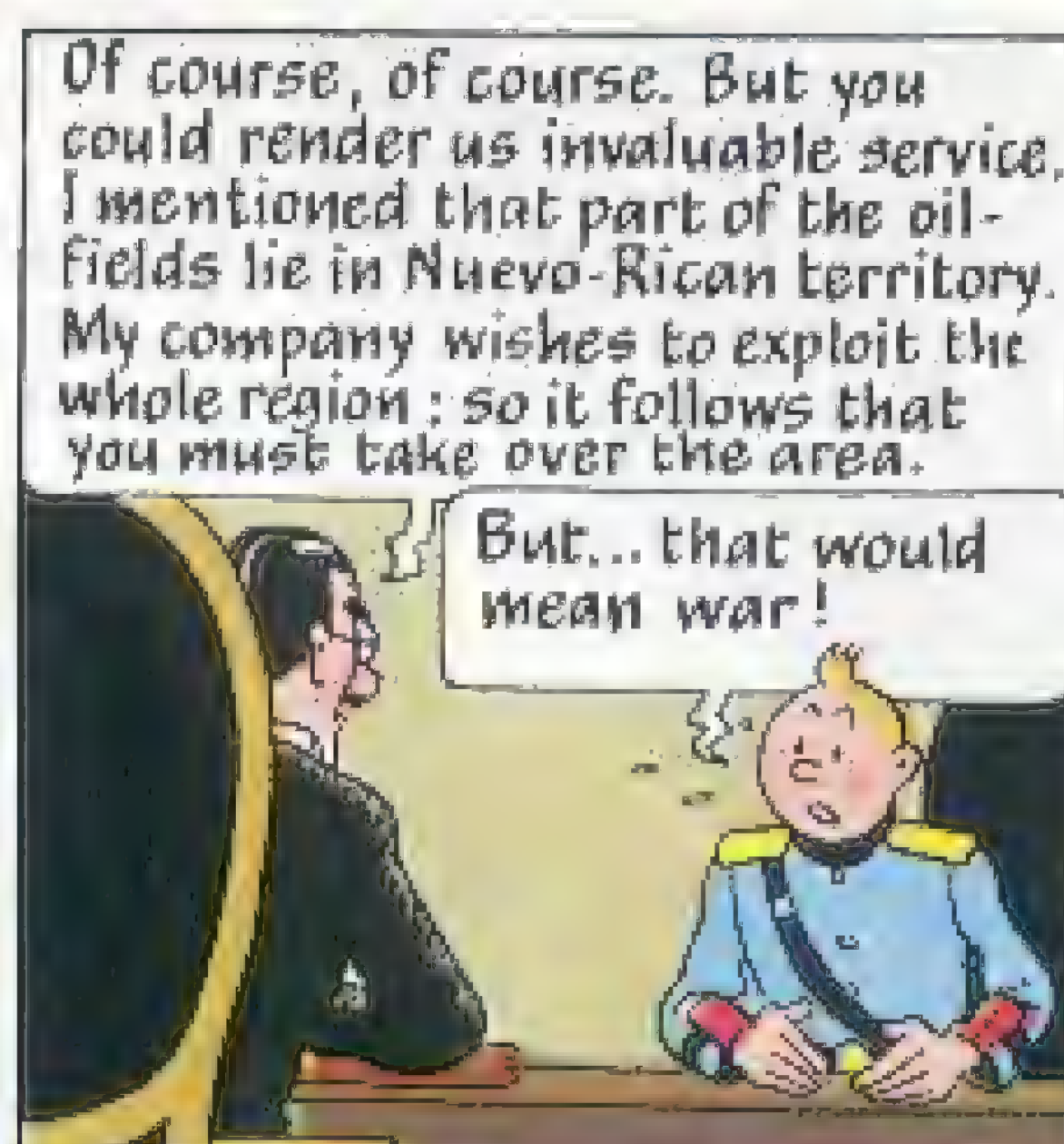
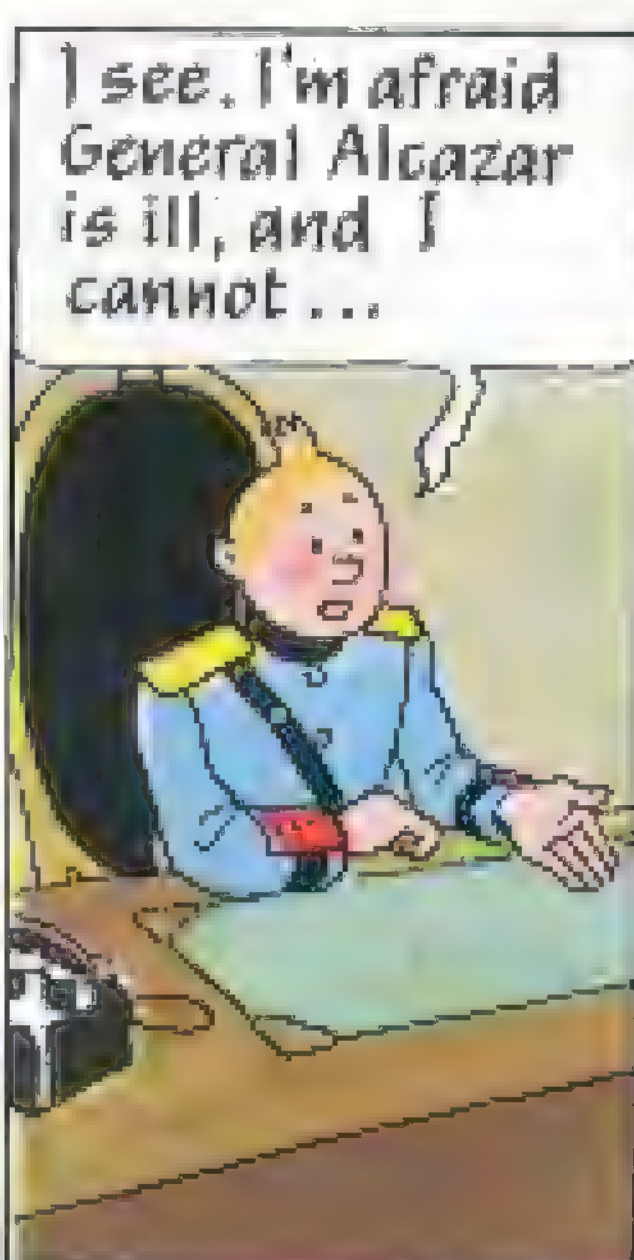
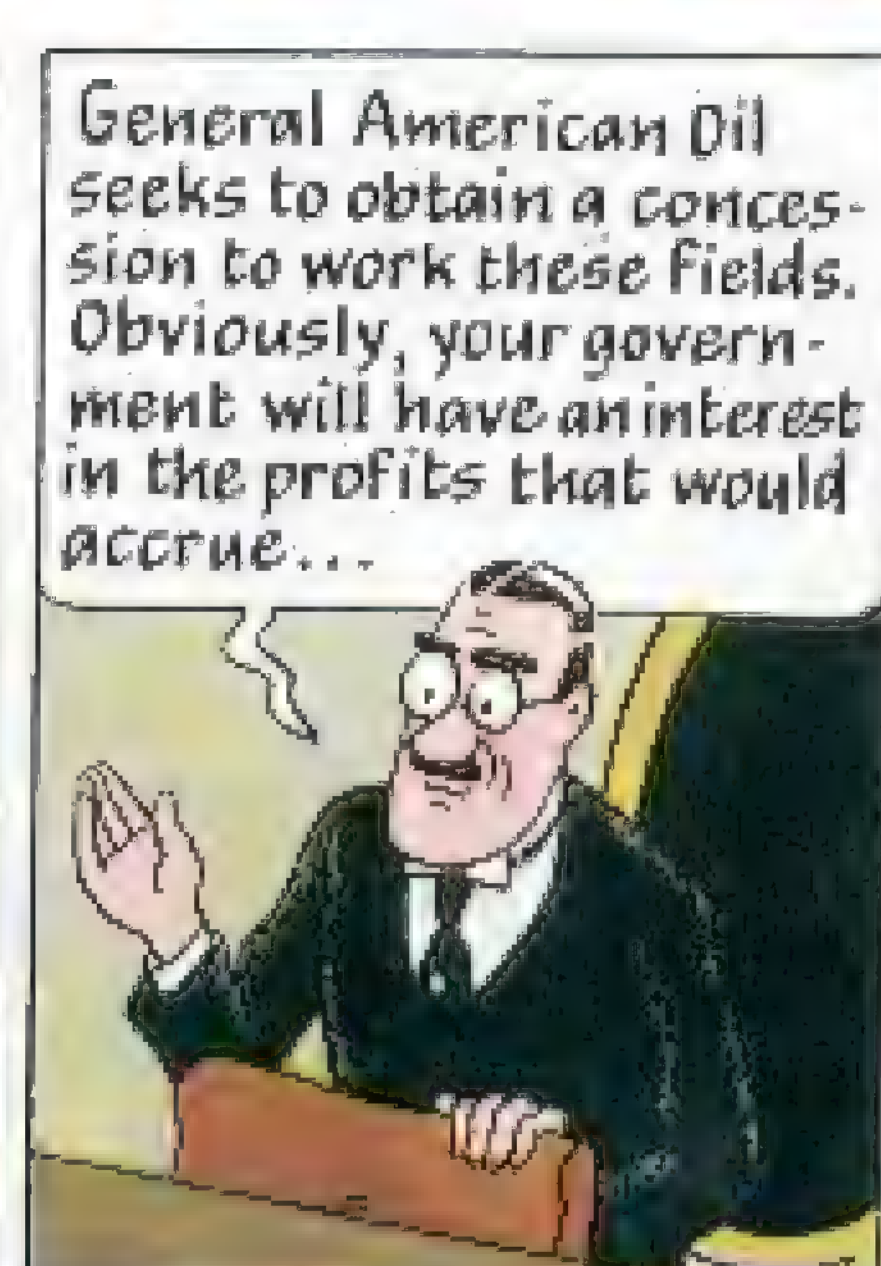
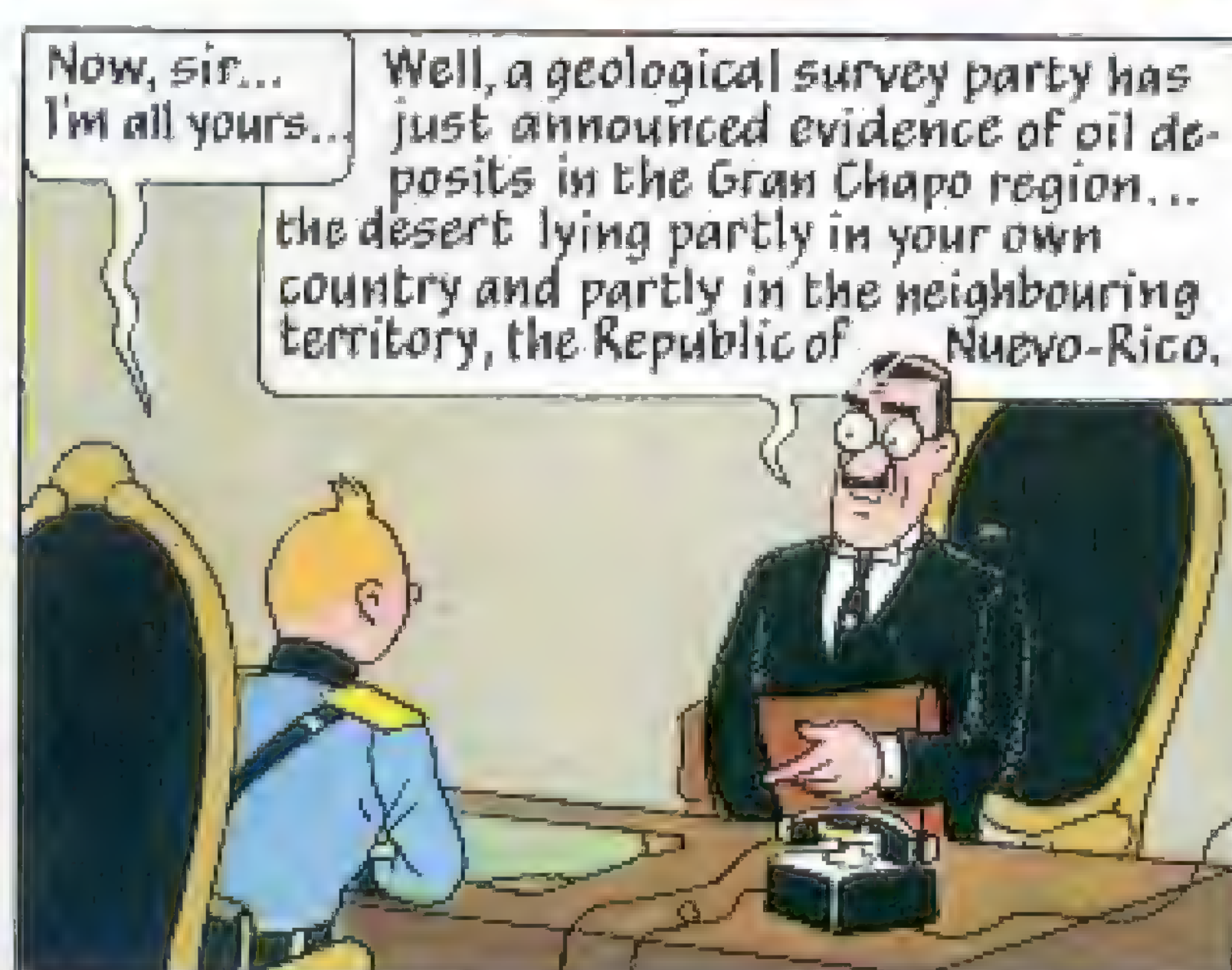
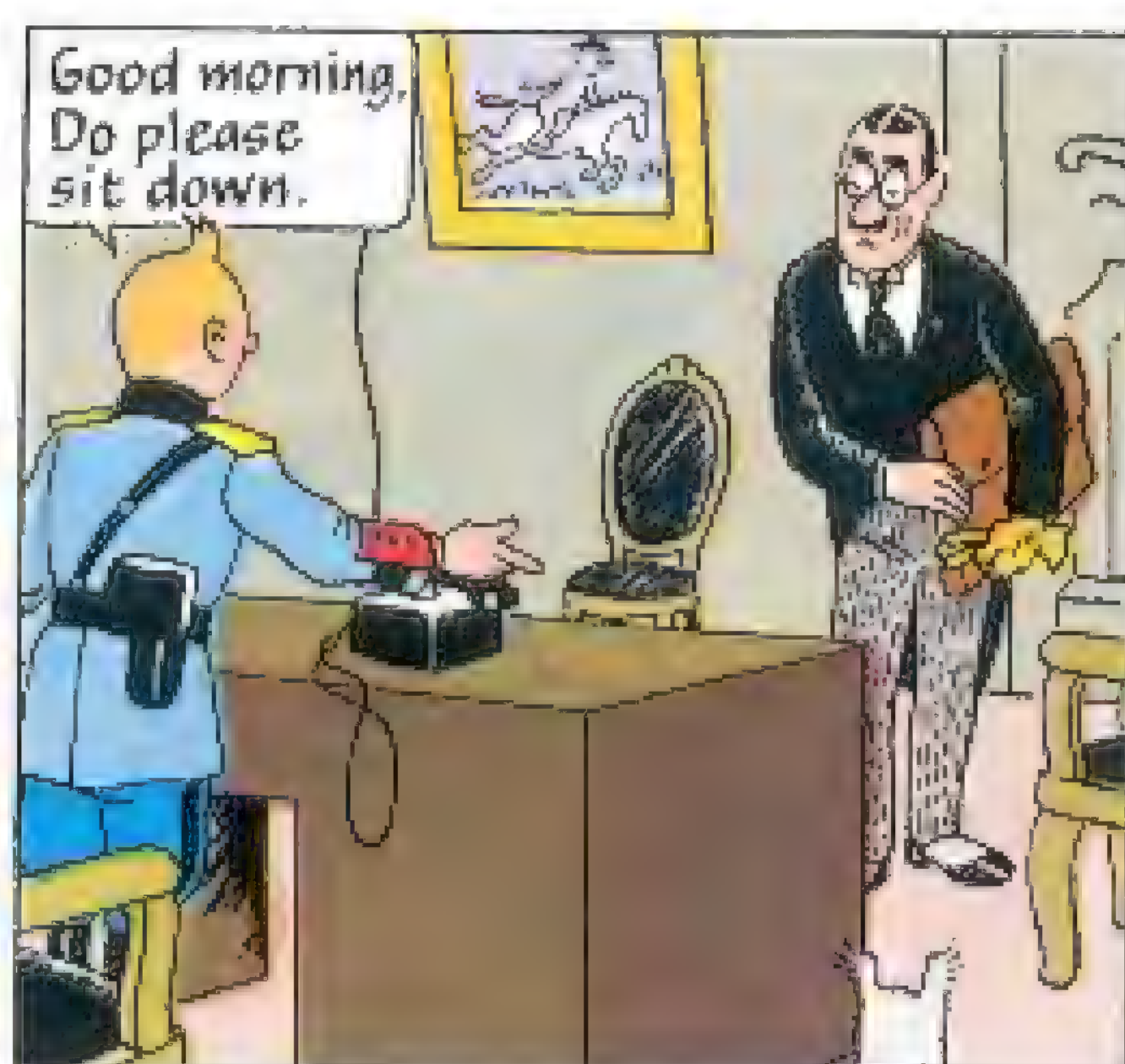








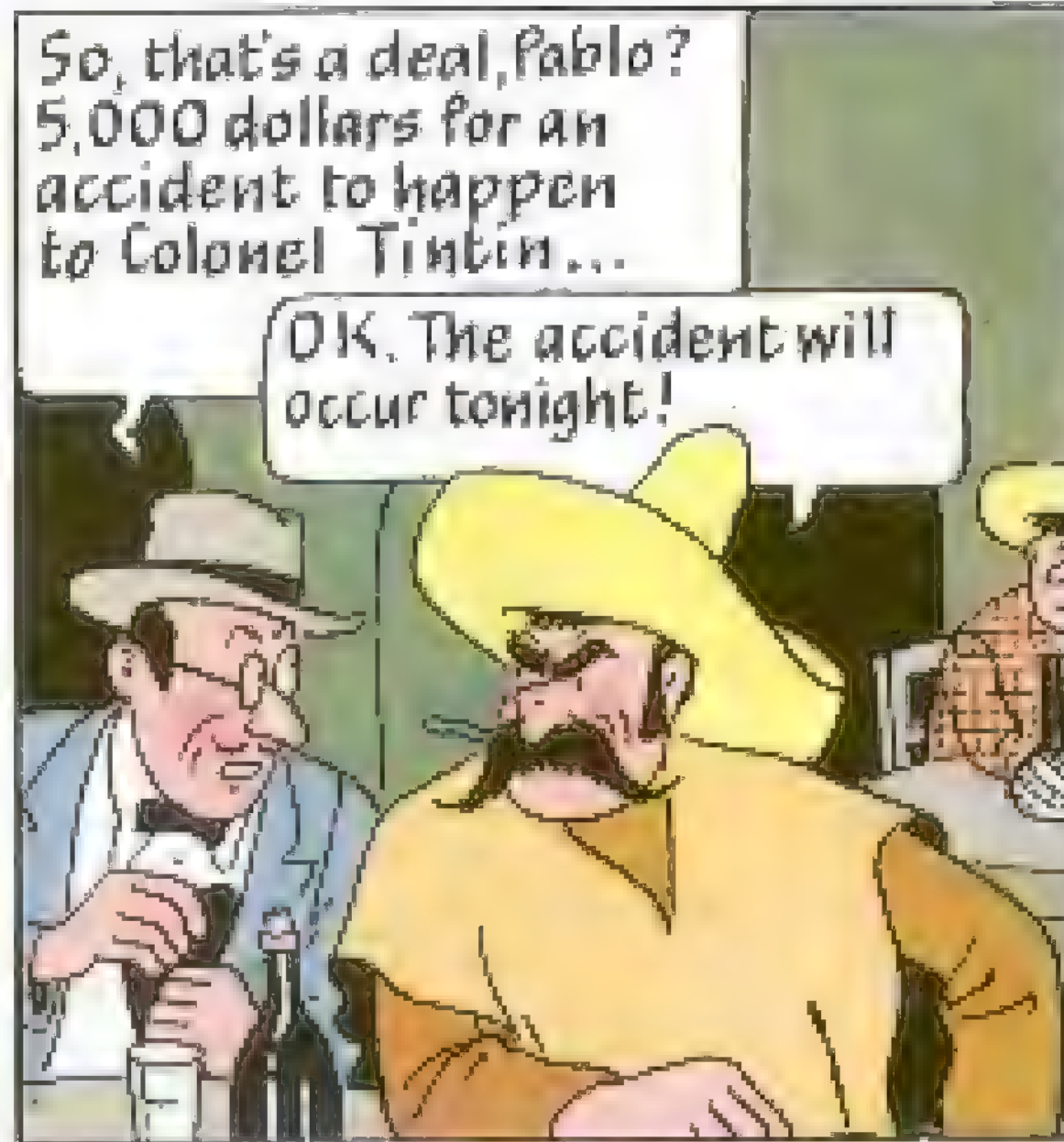






Yes, Rodriguez, I will offer 10,000 dollars to be rid of him...

If Your Excellency were so kind as to entrust the money to me I am sure matters could be arranged...

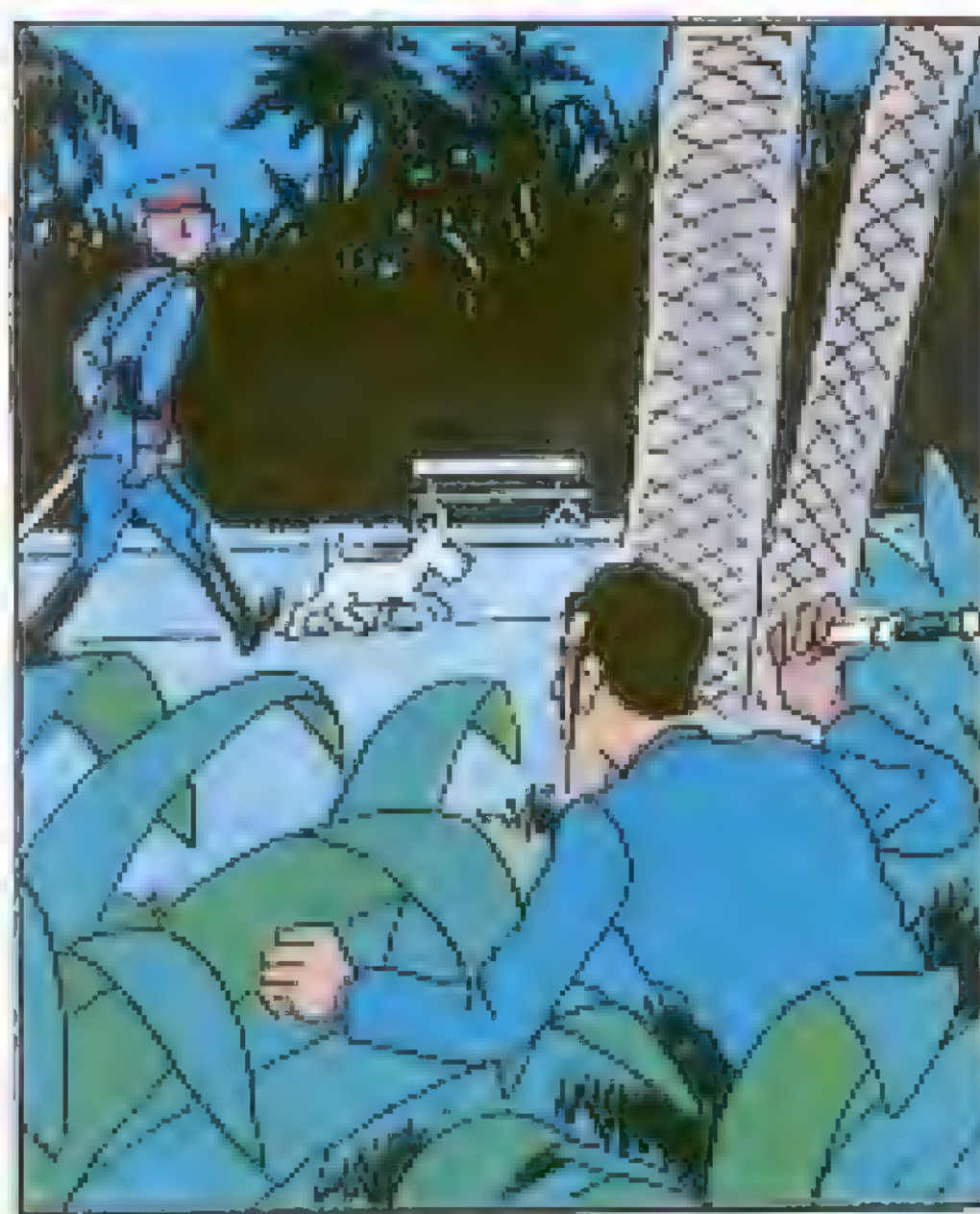


So, that's a deal, Pablo? 5,000 dollars for an accident to happen to Colonel Tintin...

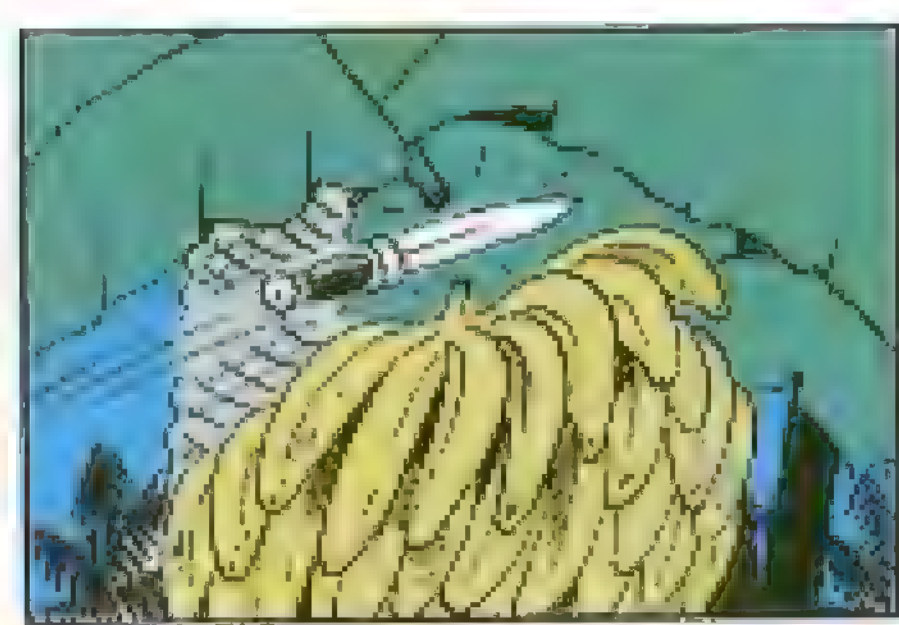
OK. The accident will occur tonight!



Bravo, Ramón! Aim like that tonight and Tintin will be no more than an unpleasant memory!



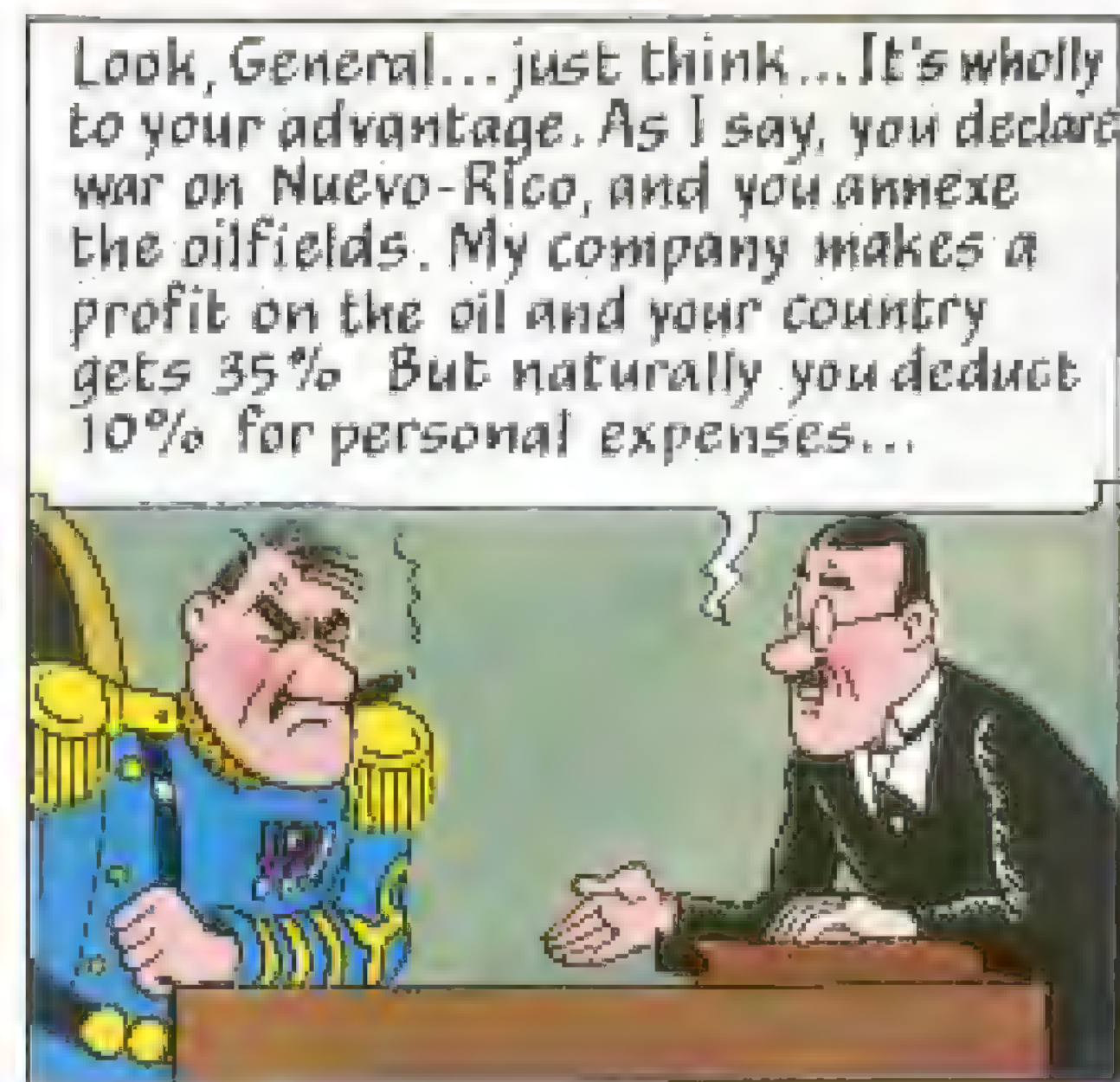
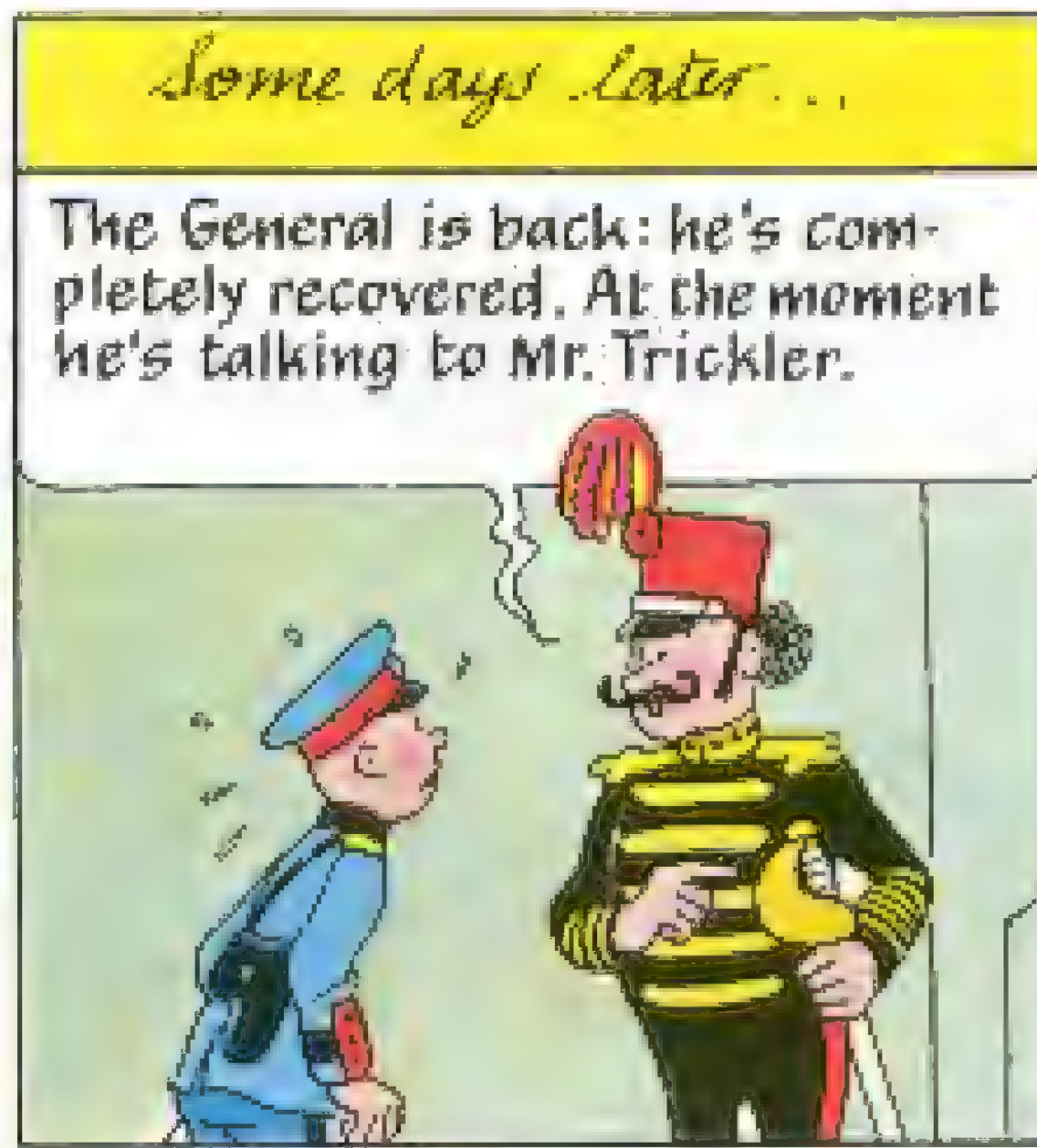
Caramba! Missed again!



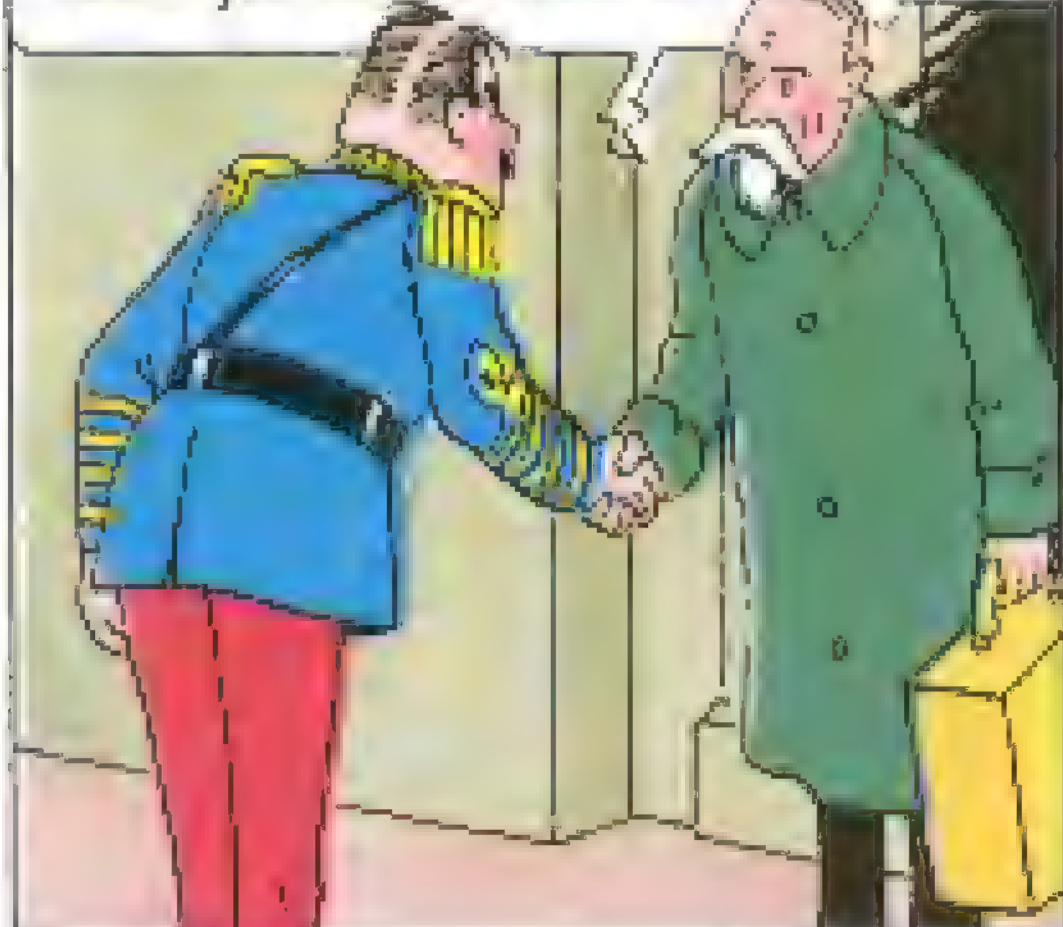
OOOOOOH!



Mercy, señor Colonel! Mercy! I will tell everything ...



Good morning, General Alcazar. I happened to be passing through your country, and thought I'd show you our latest models.



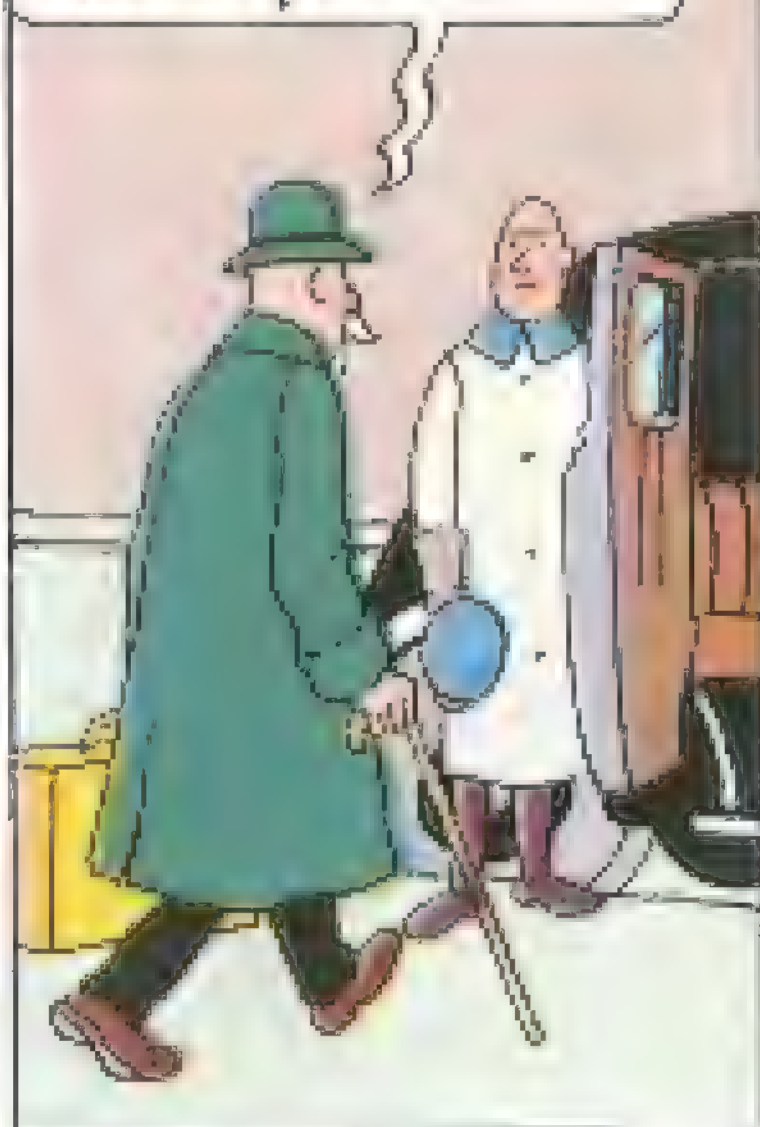
This is our very newest line: the 75 TRGP. It's a really high-quality product: flexible, easy to handle, strong, and it will toss a nice little nickel-plated shell for you over a distance of 15 kilometres.



Oho! This could be serious. Listen, Ramón, Las Dopicos. A detachment of Nuevo-Rican soldiers crossed into the territory of San Theodoros and opened fire on a border post. Guards returned the fire and a violent battle ensued. The Nuevo-Ricans were forced to retire across the frontier, having sustained heavy losses. The only casualty on our side was a corporal, wounded by a cactus spine.

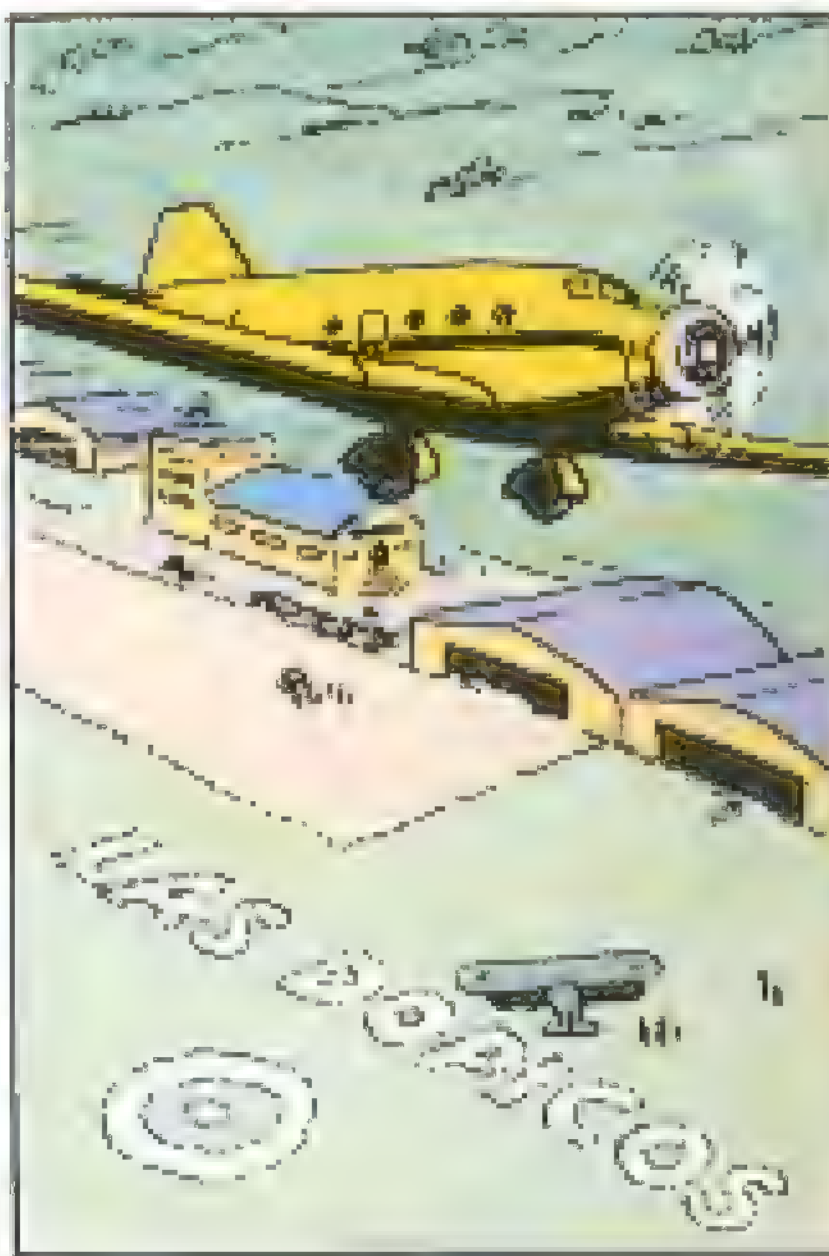


The airport...

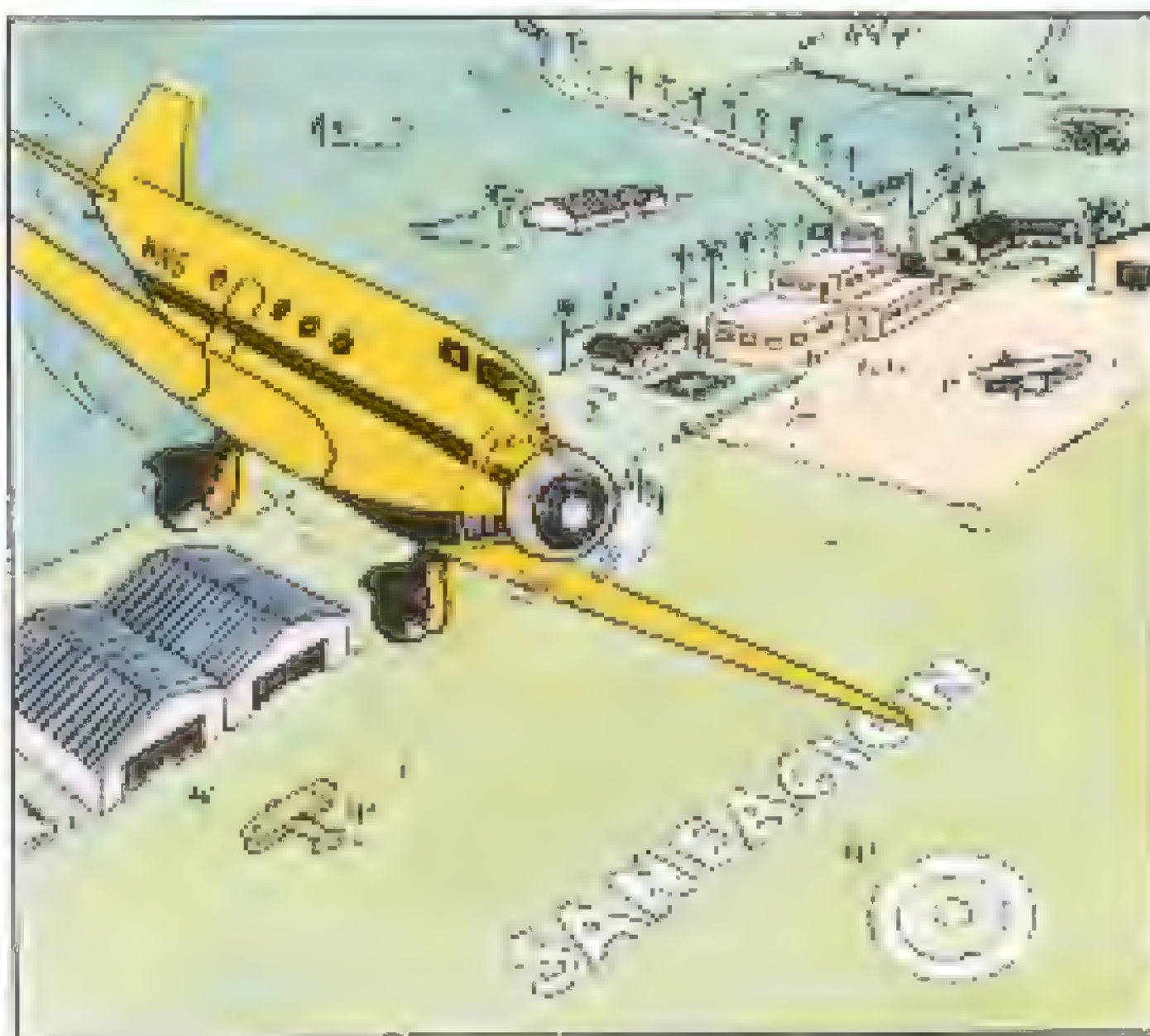


Now we are off to San-facion... the Nuevo-Rican capital.

Very good, sir.

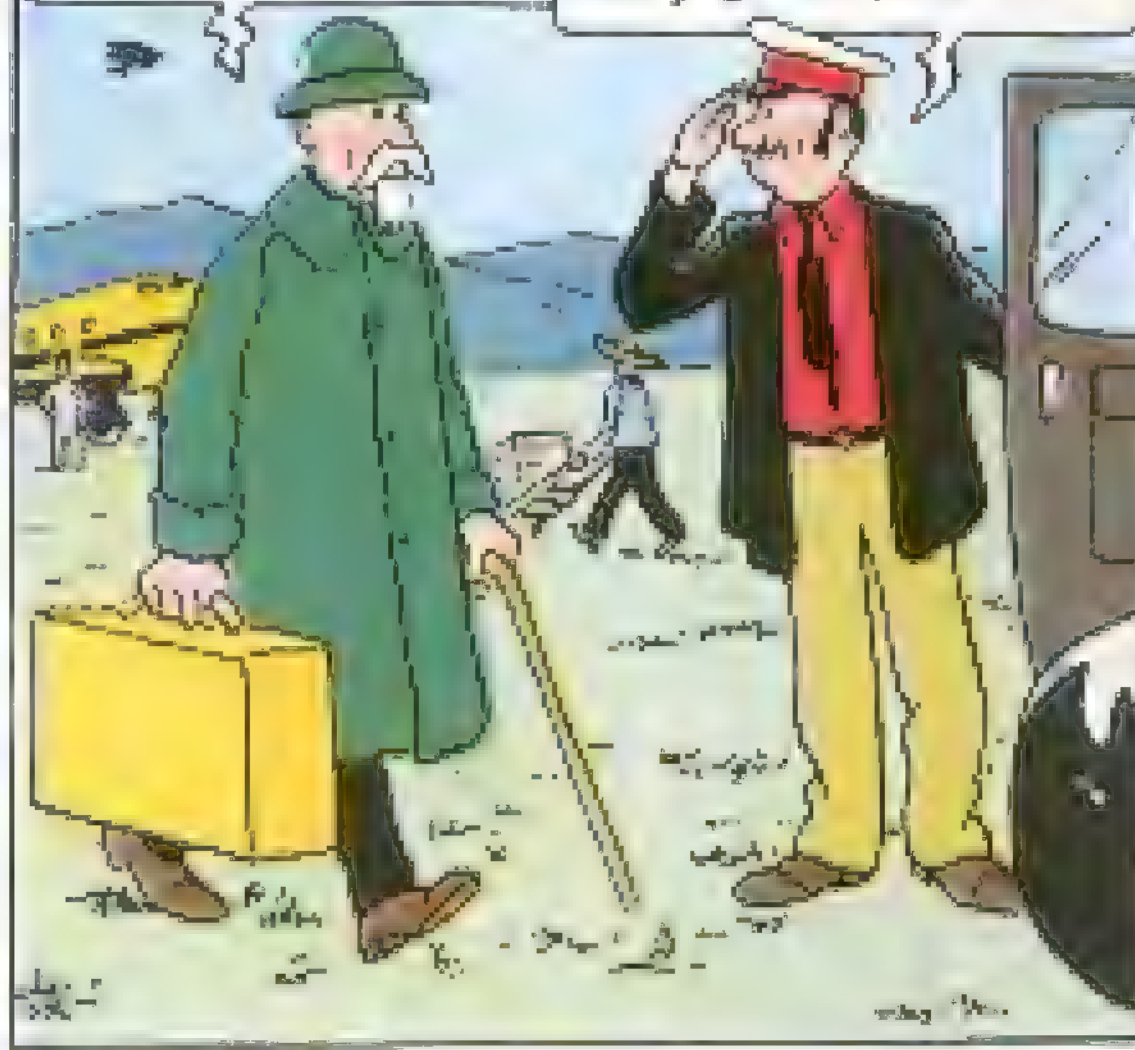


... and six dozen 75 TRGP, with 60,000 shells, for the government of San Theodoros. Payable in twelve monthly instalments.



To General Mogador's palace.

Very good, señor.



Half an hour later...



Back to the airport.

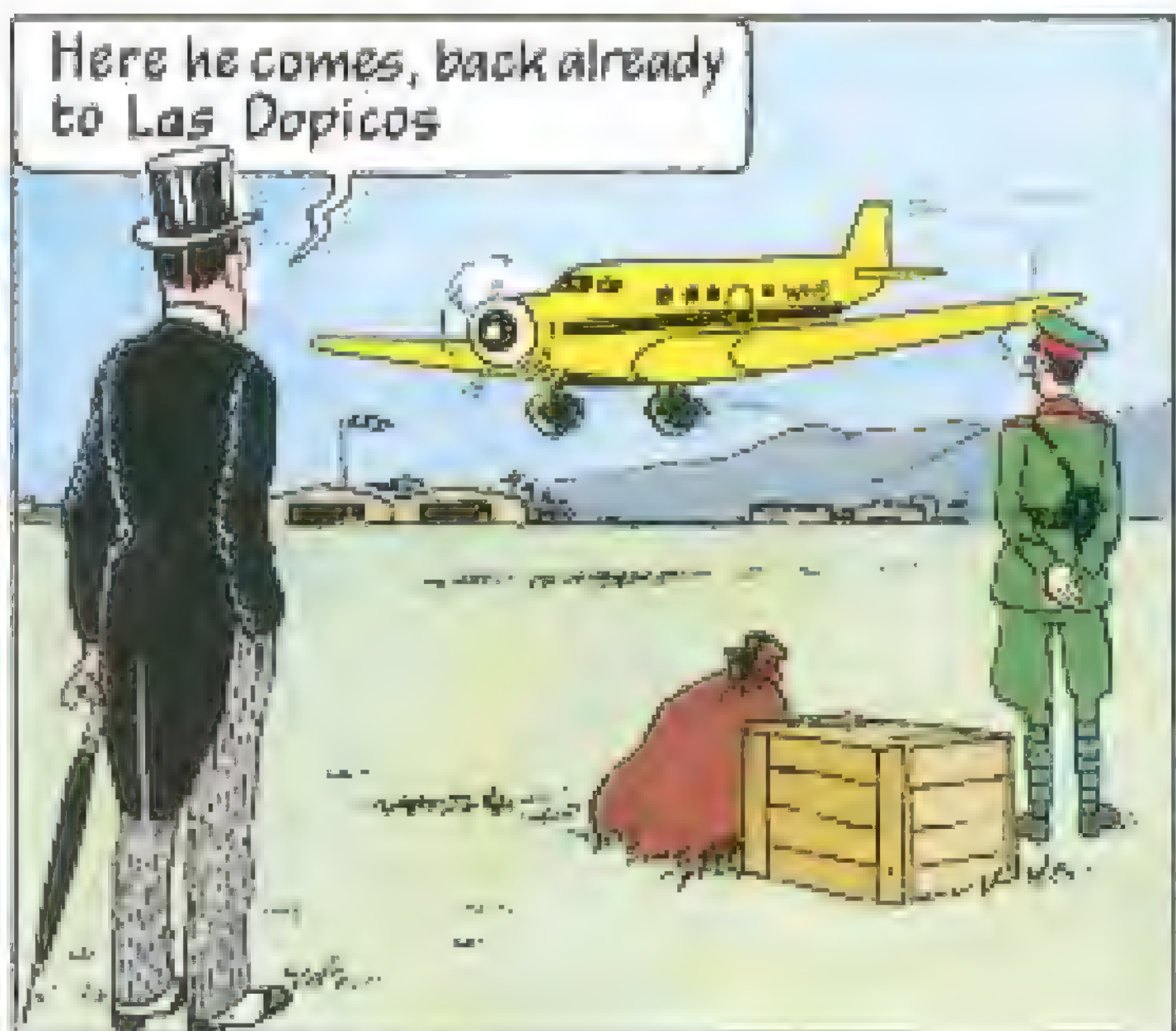
Si, señor.



That's Señor Bazarov's private plane

... and six dozen 75 TRGP, with 60,000 shells, for the government of Nuevo-Rico. Payment in twelve monthly instalments.



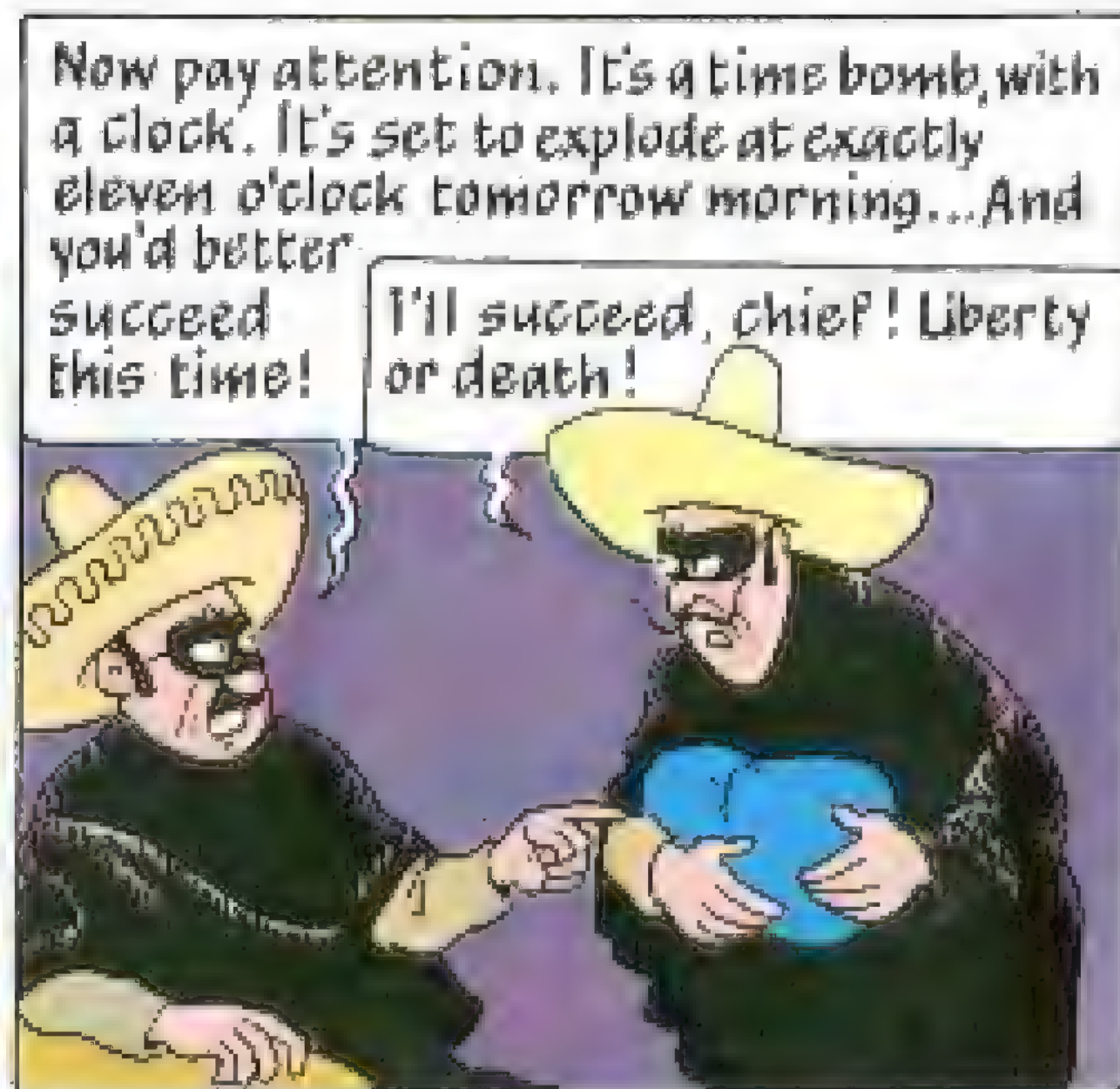


Here he comes, back already to Las Dopicos



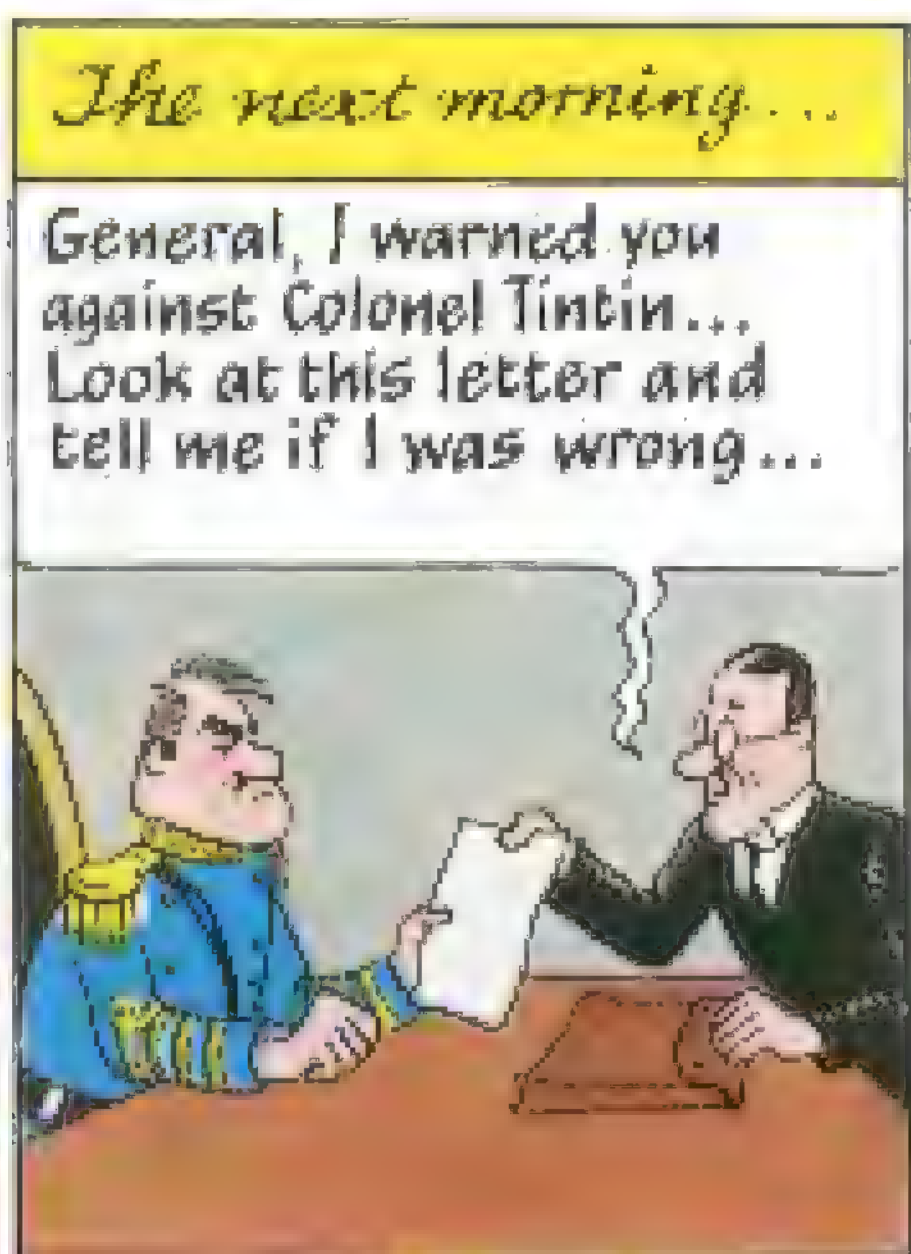
Well ?

All done. Another fat order...and something to fix Colonel Tintin too!



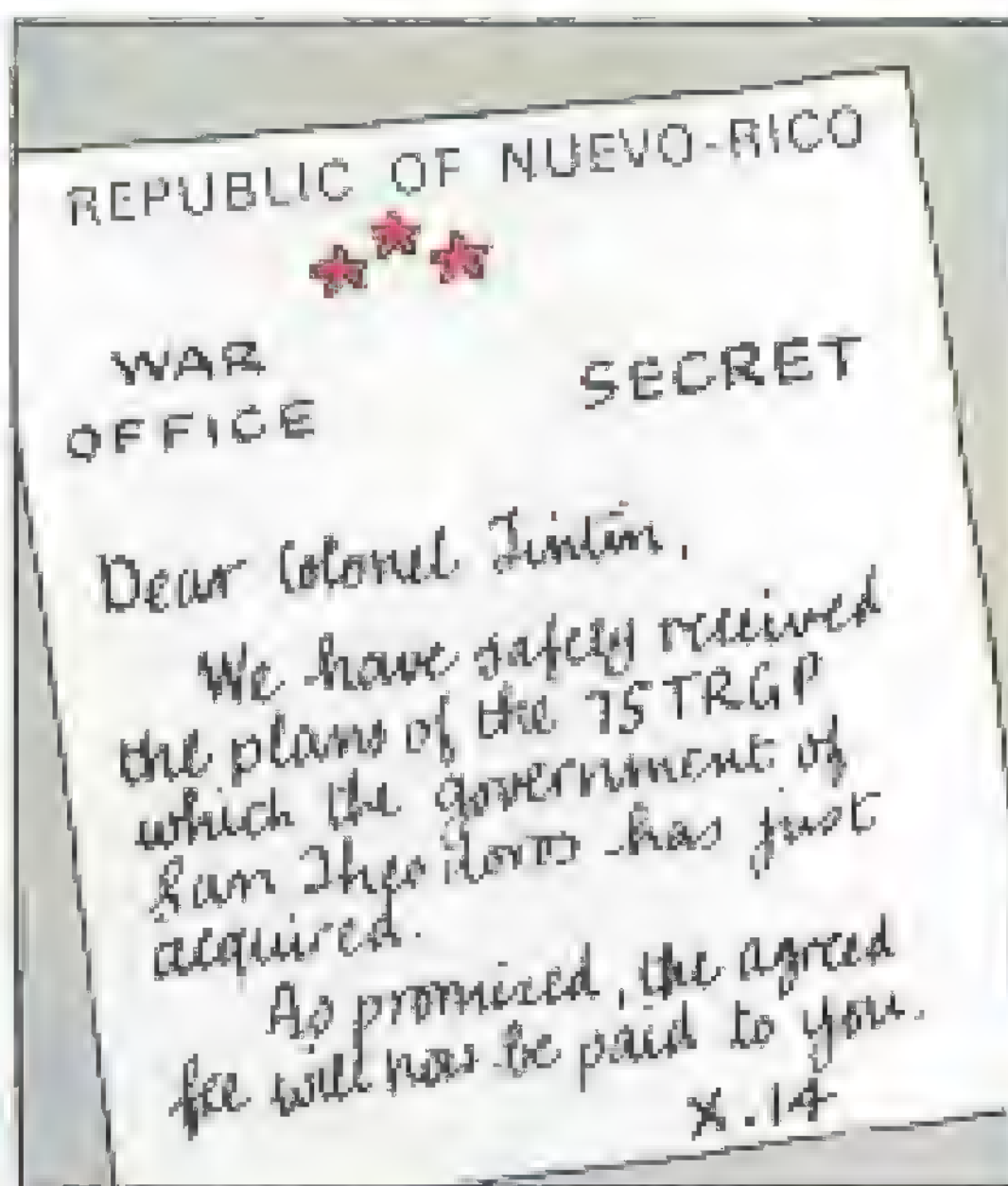
Now pay attention. It's a time bomb, with a clock. It's set to explode at exactly eleven o'clock tomorrow morning...And you'd better succeed this time!

I'll succeed, chief! Liberty or death!



The next morning...

General, I warned you against Colonel Tintin... Look at this letter and tell me if I was wrong...



REPUBLIC OF NUEVO-RICO
WAR OFFICE
SECRET

Dear Colonel Tintin,

We have safely received the plans of the 75TRGP which the government of San Jheo Iloto has just acquired.

As promised, the agreed fee will now be paid to you.

X.14



A spy!... ¡Mil bombas! Planted as a spy!...The traitor!... The rat! ... He'll pay dearly for this!



Hello!... Hello!... Colonel Juanitos?... Take ten men and go and arrest Colonel Tintin at once!... Eh? What?... That's an order, Colonel! ... Move!



Meanwhile...

The explosion is set for 11 a.m. ... What's the time? ... Hello, my watch has stopped!



Now, let's put it right ...



Come in!

RAT
TAT
TAT



Good morning, Colonel Juanitos. Good to see you...

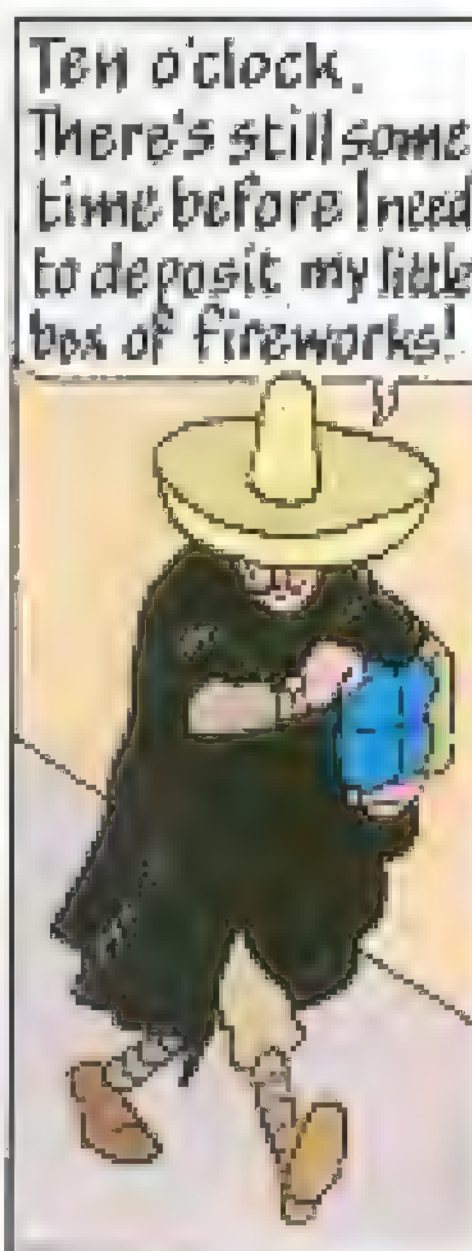


I'm terribly sorry, Colonel Tintin, but I've been ordered to arrest you!

Arrest me?... Me??...



There's been a power cut this morning, so all the municipal clocks have stopped. Go and put them right.



Ten o'clock. There's still some time before I need to deposit my little box of fireworks!

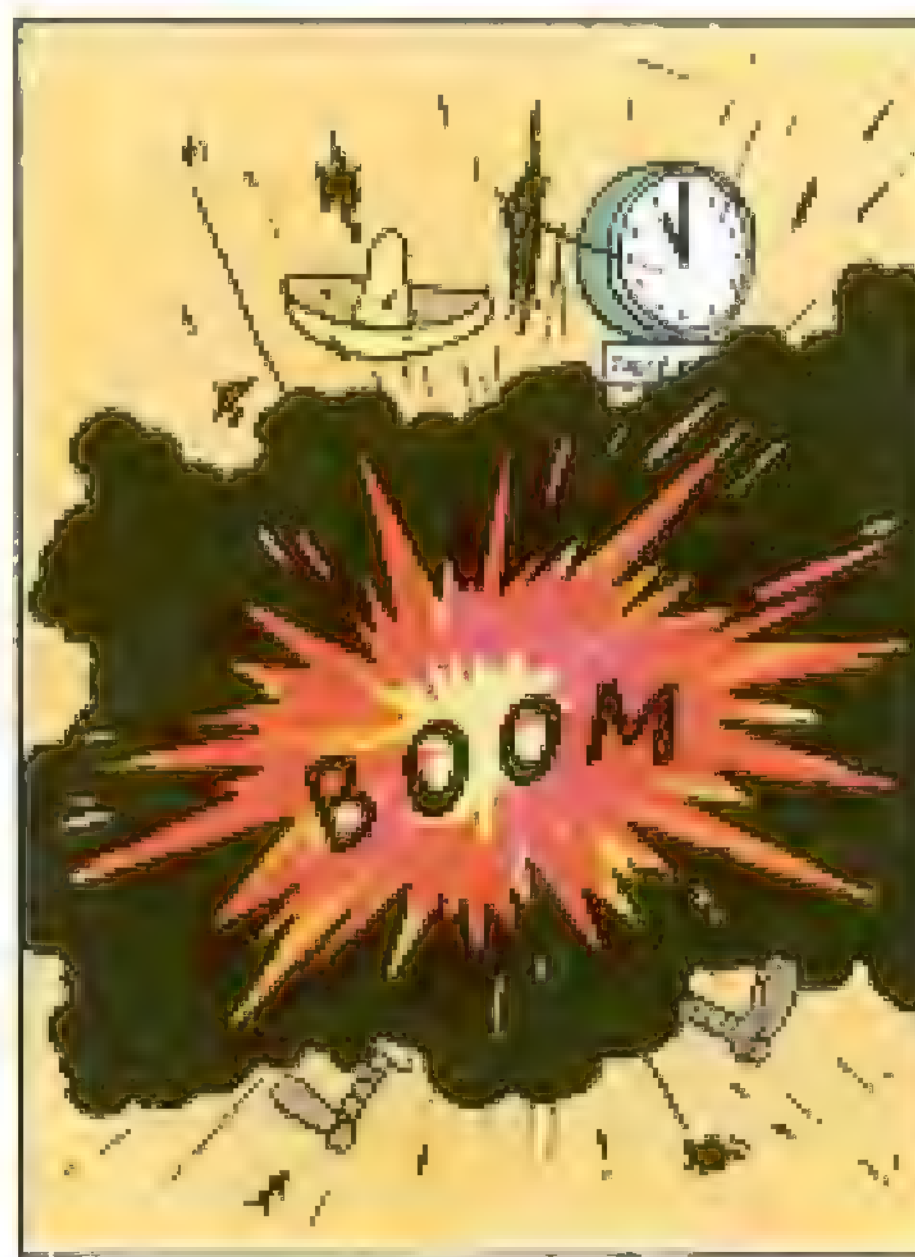


Ah, General Alcazar, you're going to repent making me a corporal! Insult me at your peril! Corporal Diaz takes his revenge!





Yes, you can take these: they're my orders. The first concerns Colonel Tintin; he will be shot at dawn tomorrow. The other is for Corporal Diaz, my former aide-de-camp. I've made him a colonel again. He can resume his duties at once.



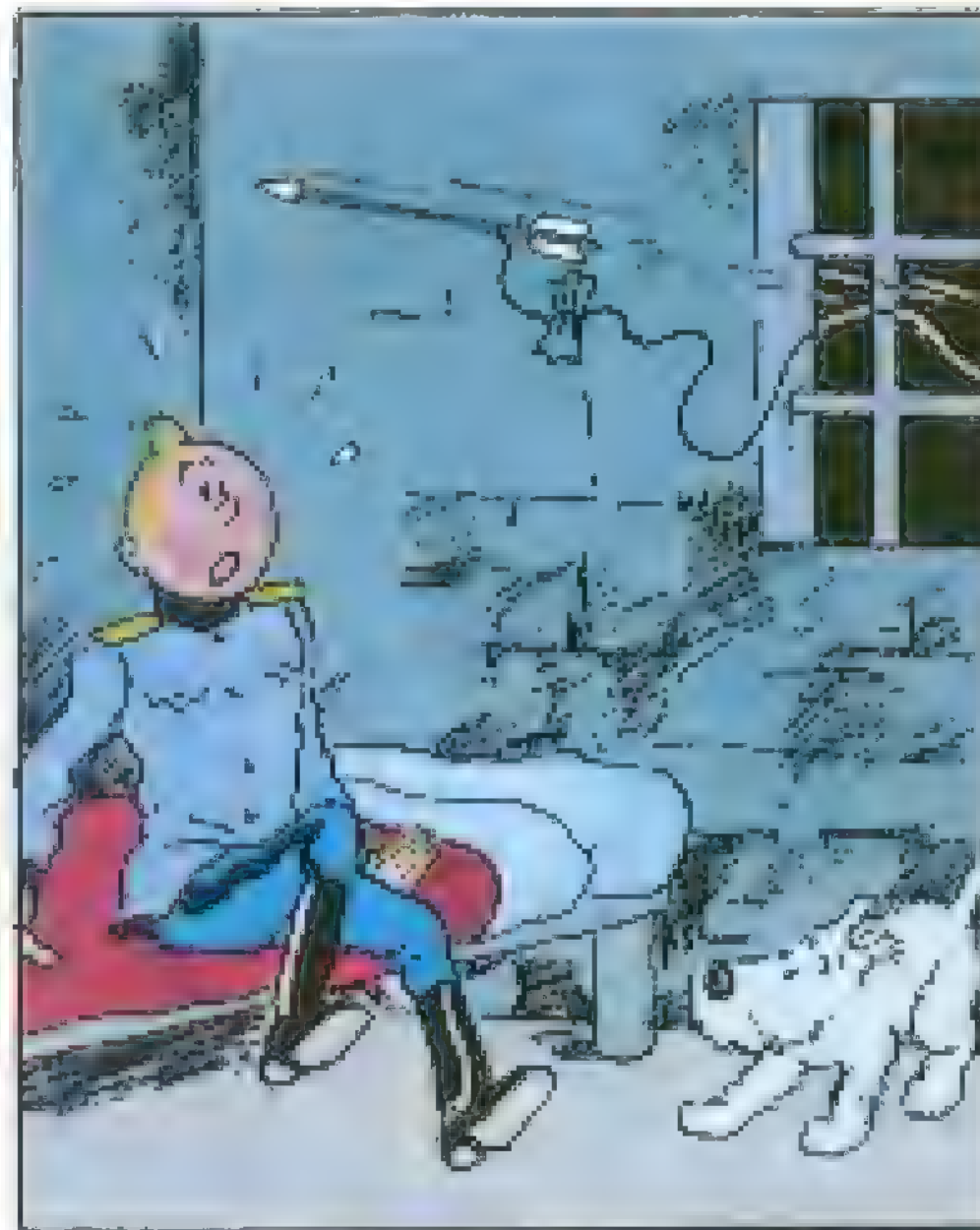
Back in gaol again! Unless I'm much mistaken, friend Trickler has cooked this one up to get rid of me.



Oh!... It won't be easy to escape...



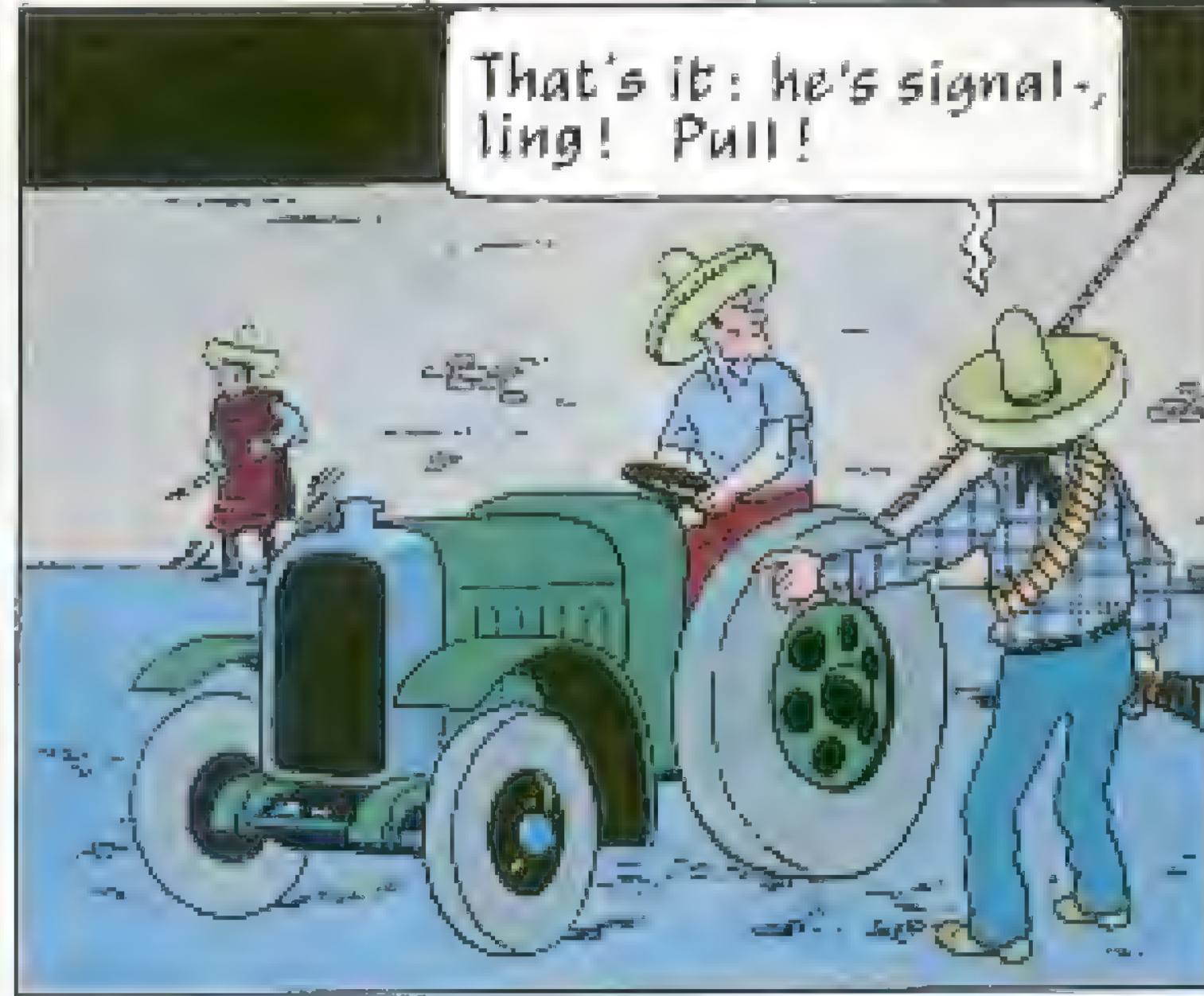
Nightfall, and I still can't see any way out... There must be something...



Pull up the string: a rope is attached to it. Tie the rope firmly to the bars. When you're ready, wave your handkerchief. As soon as the bars have gone, jump out of the window.



Ah, here comes the rope...

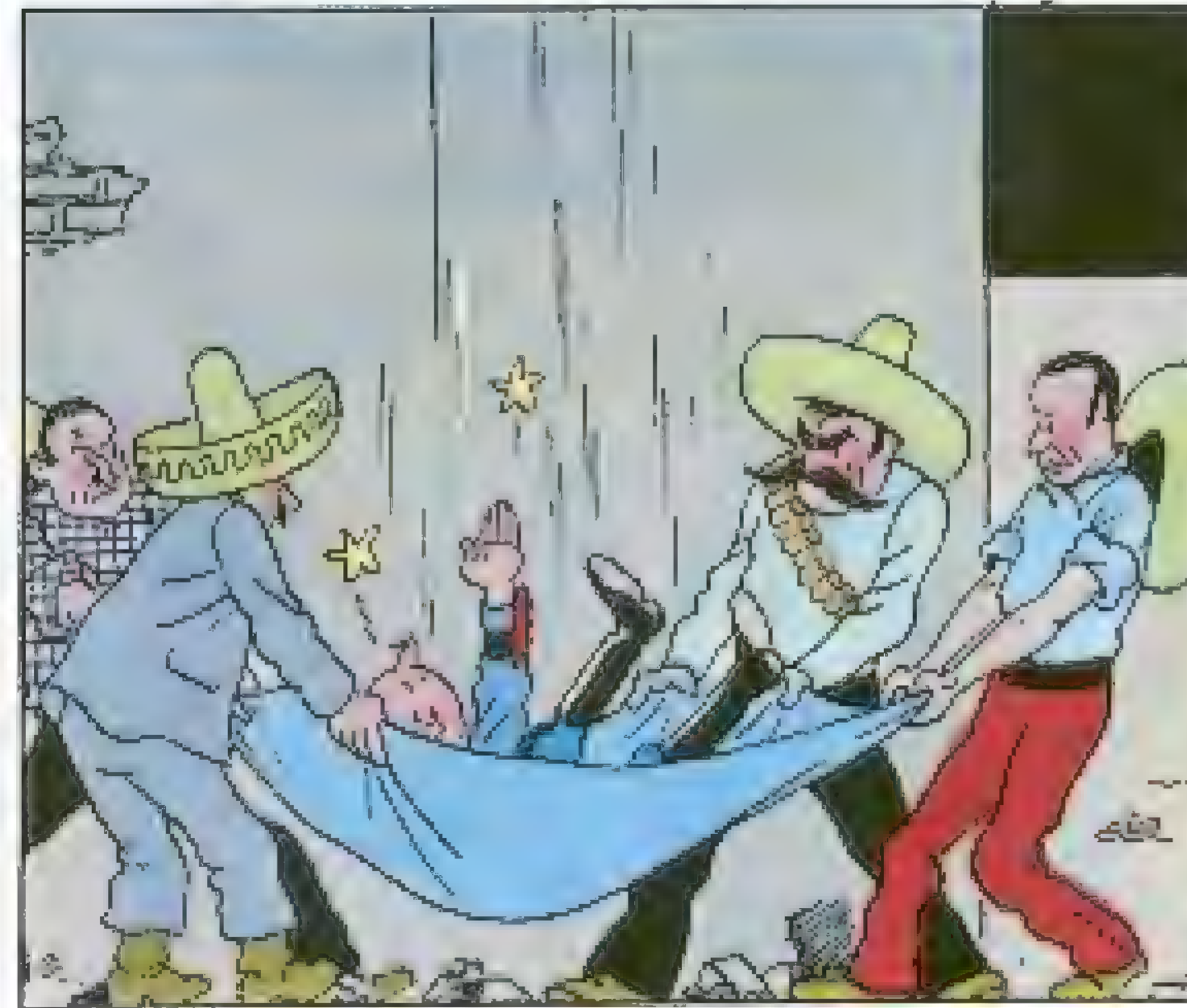


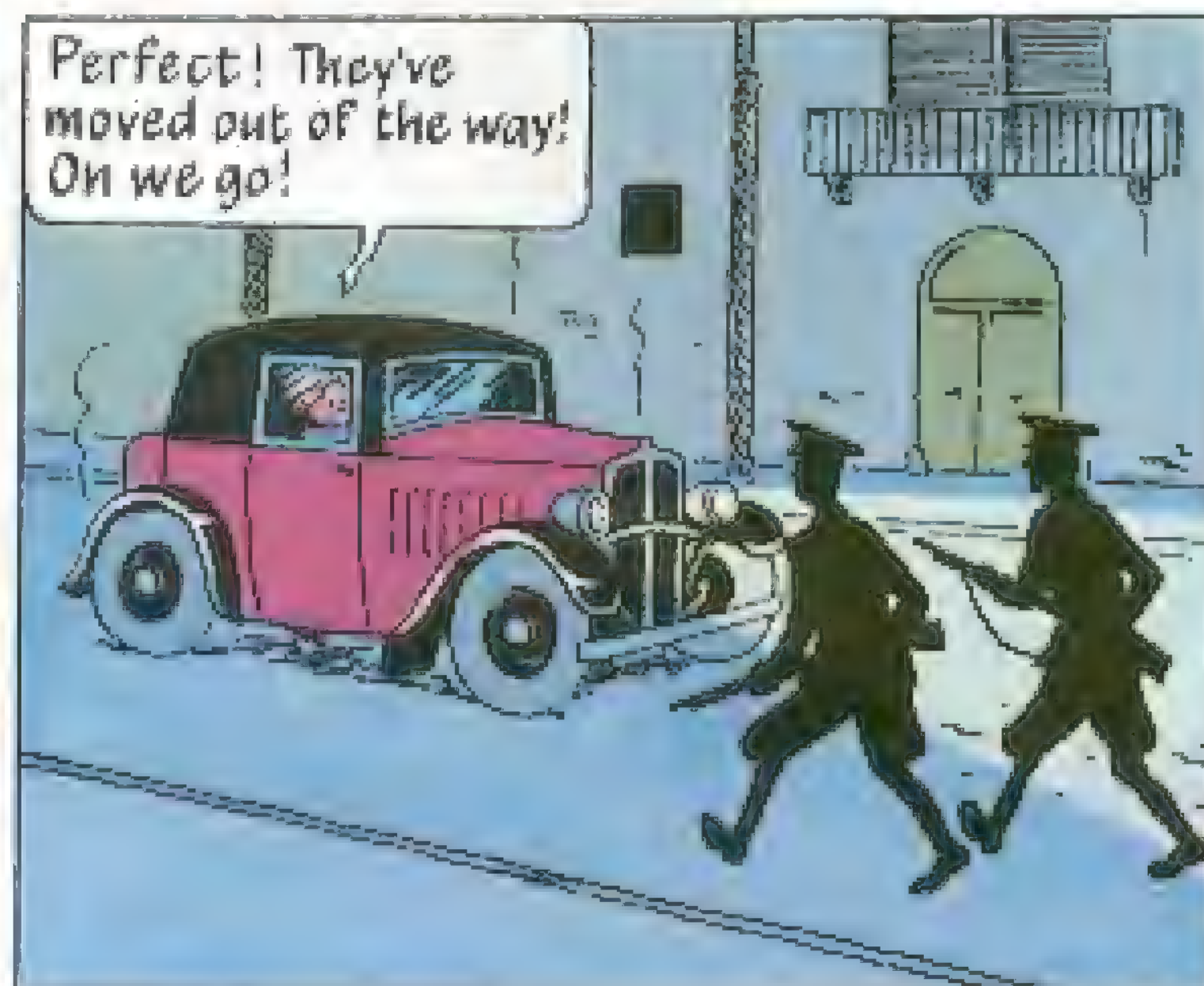
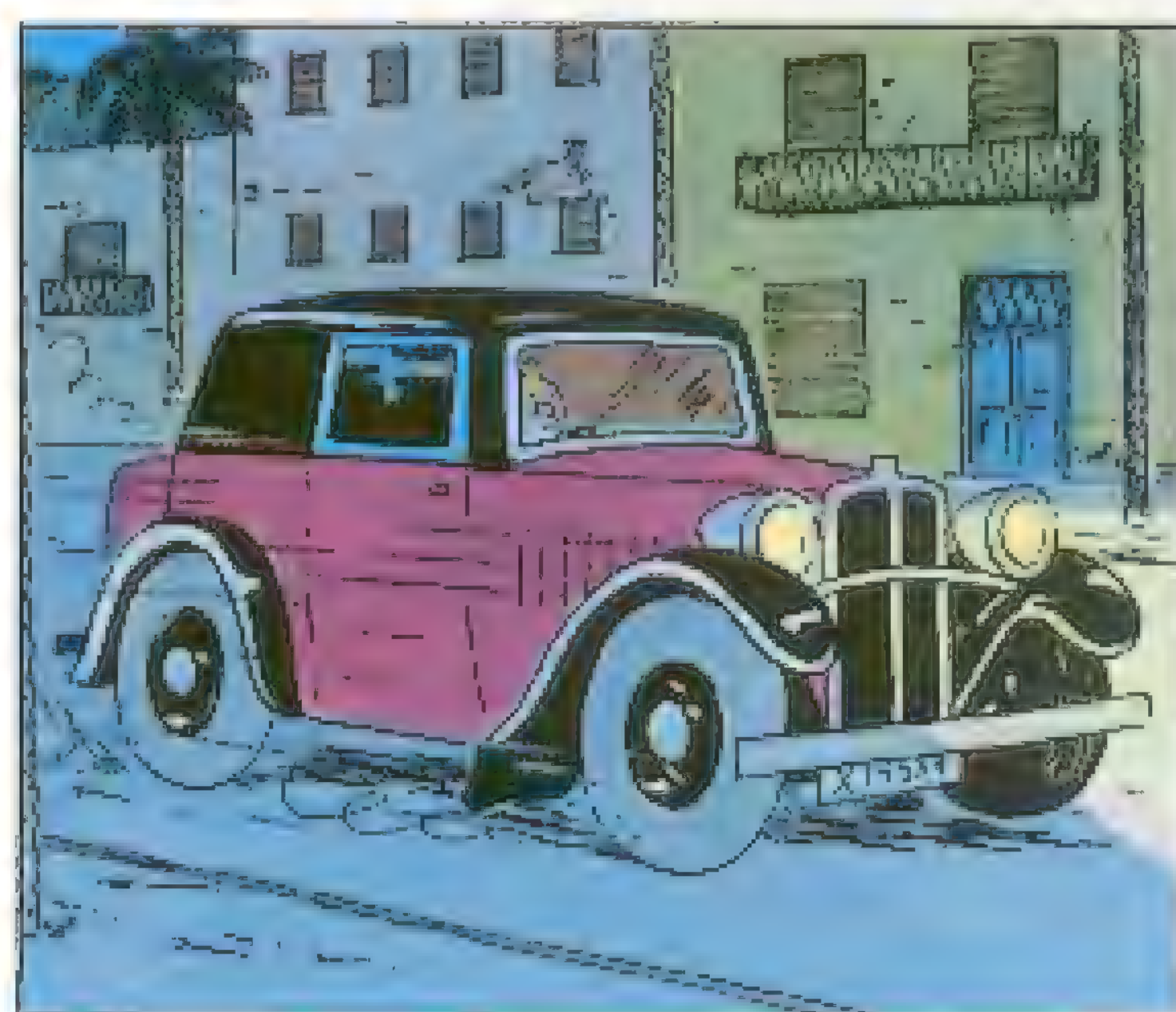
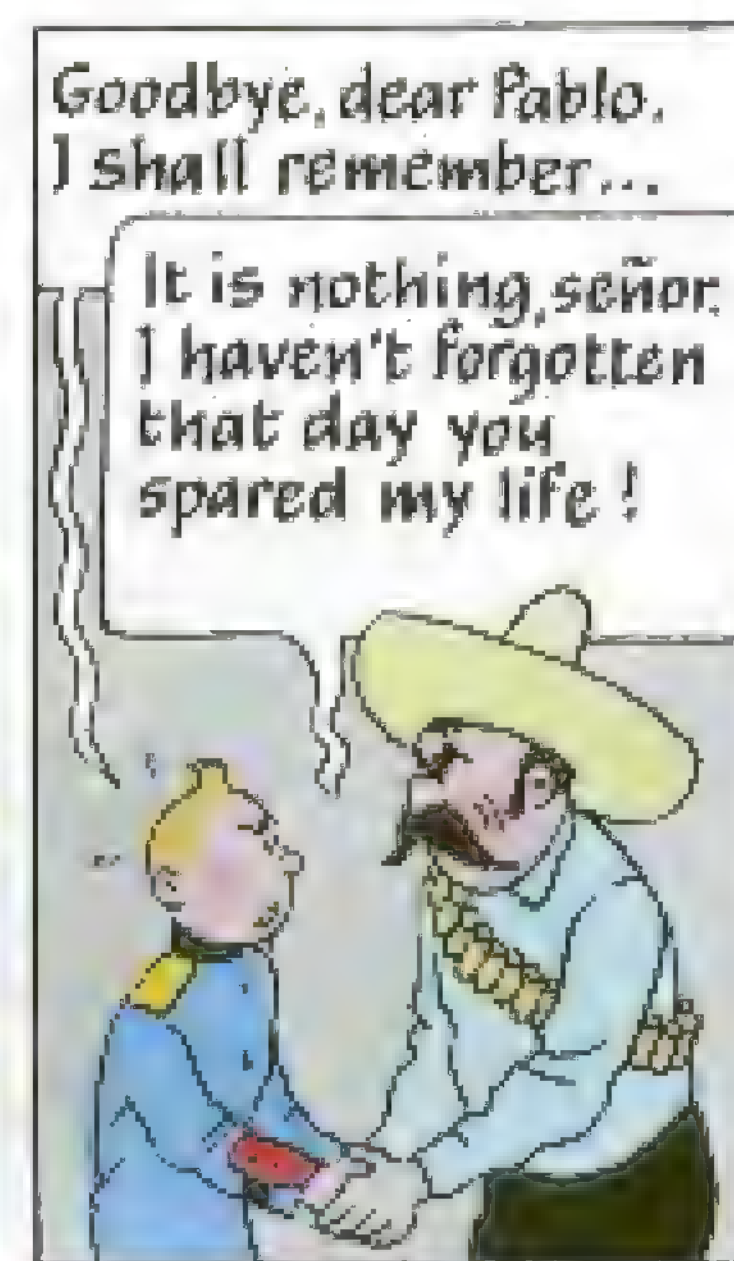
That's it: he's signalling! Pull!

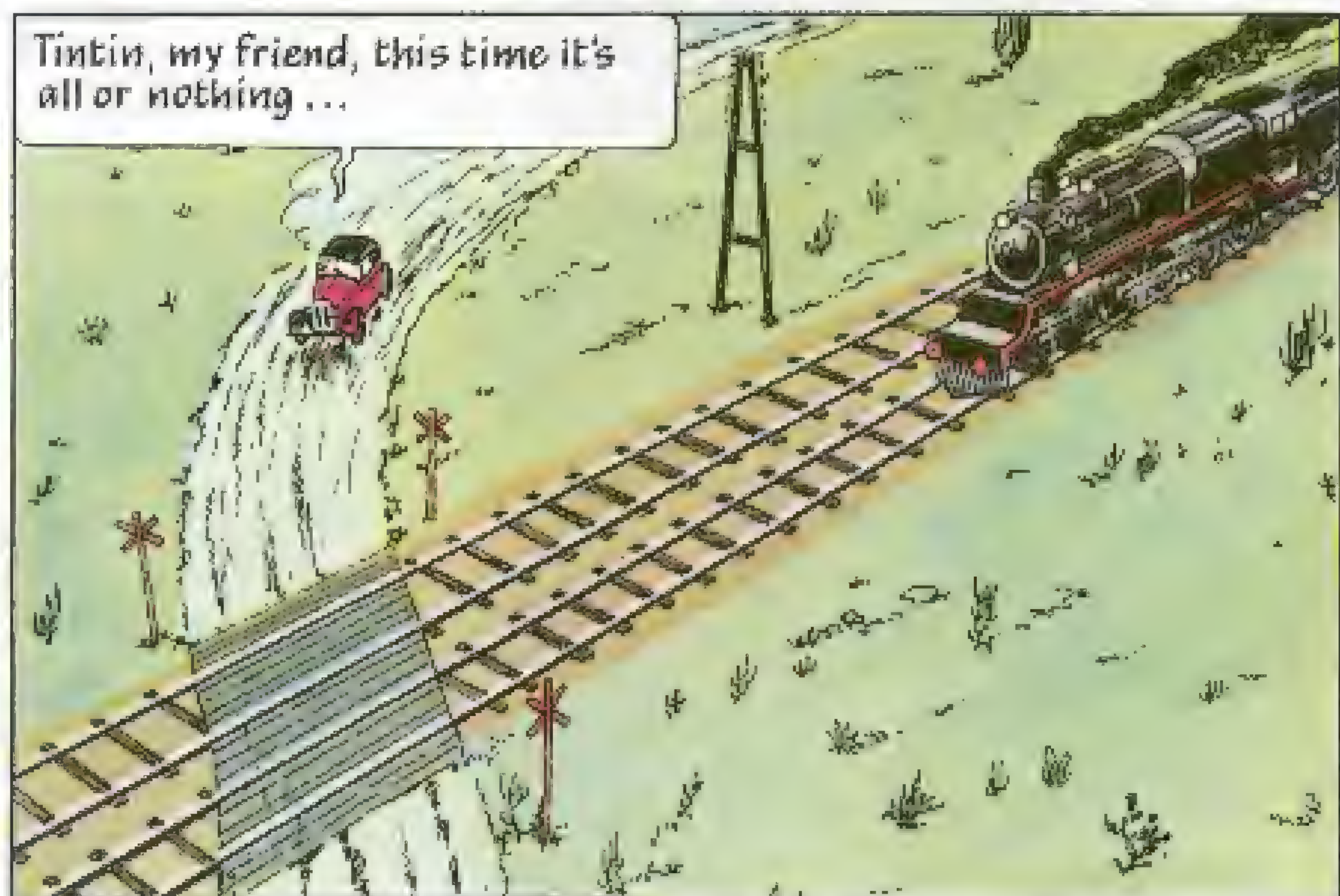
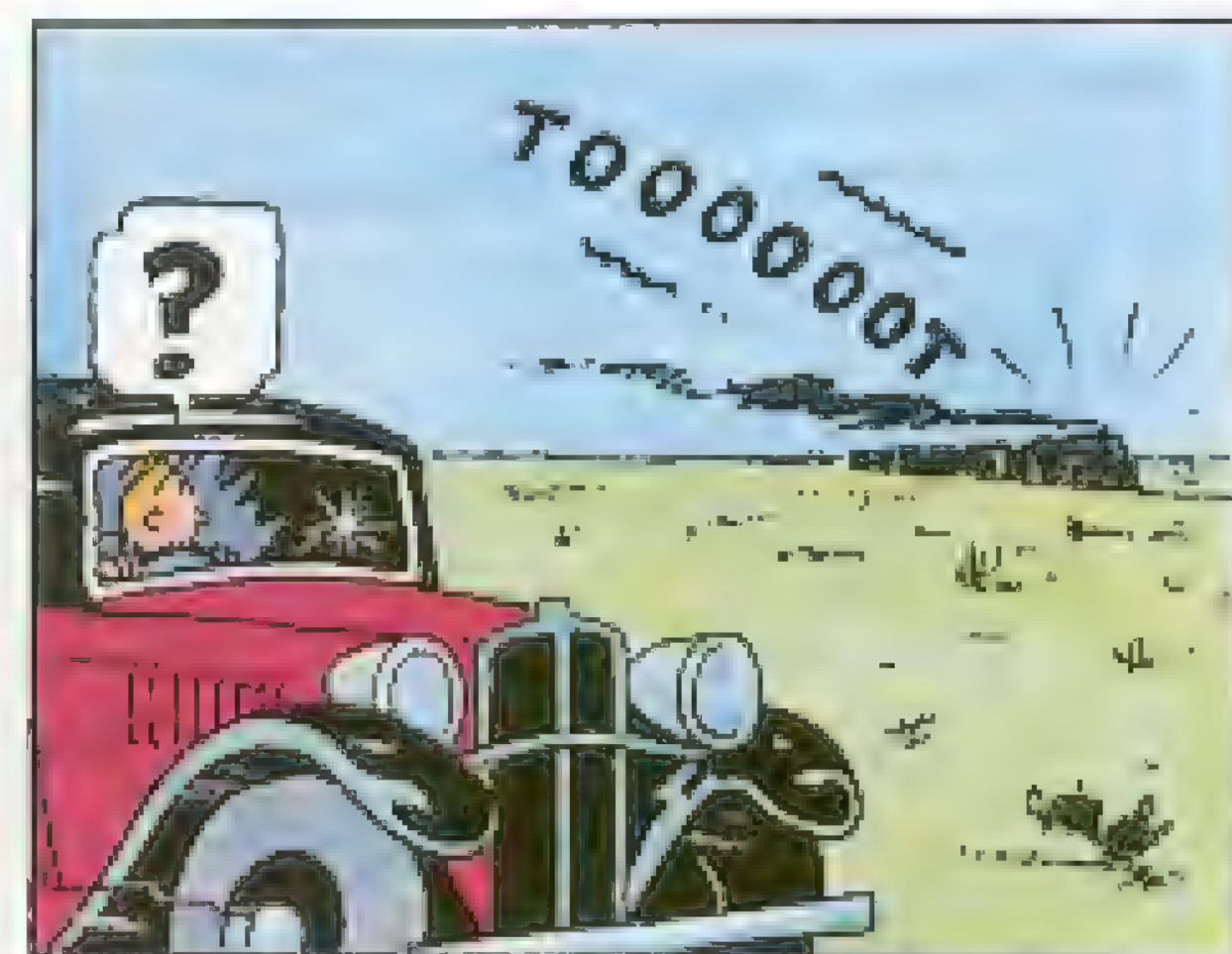
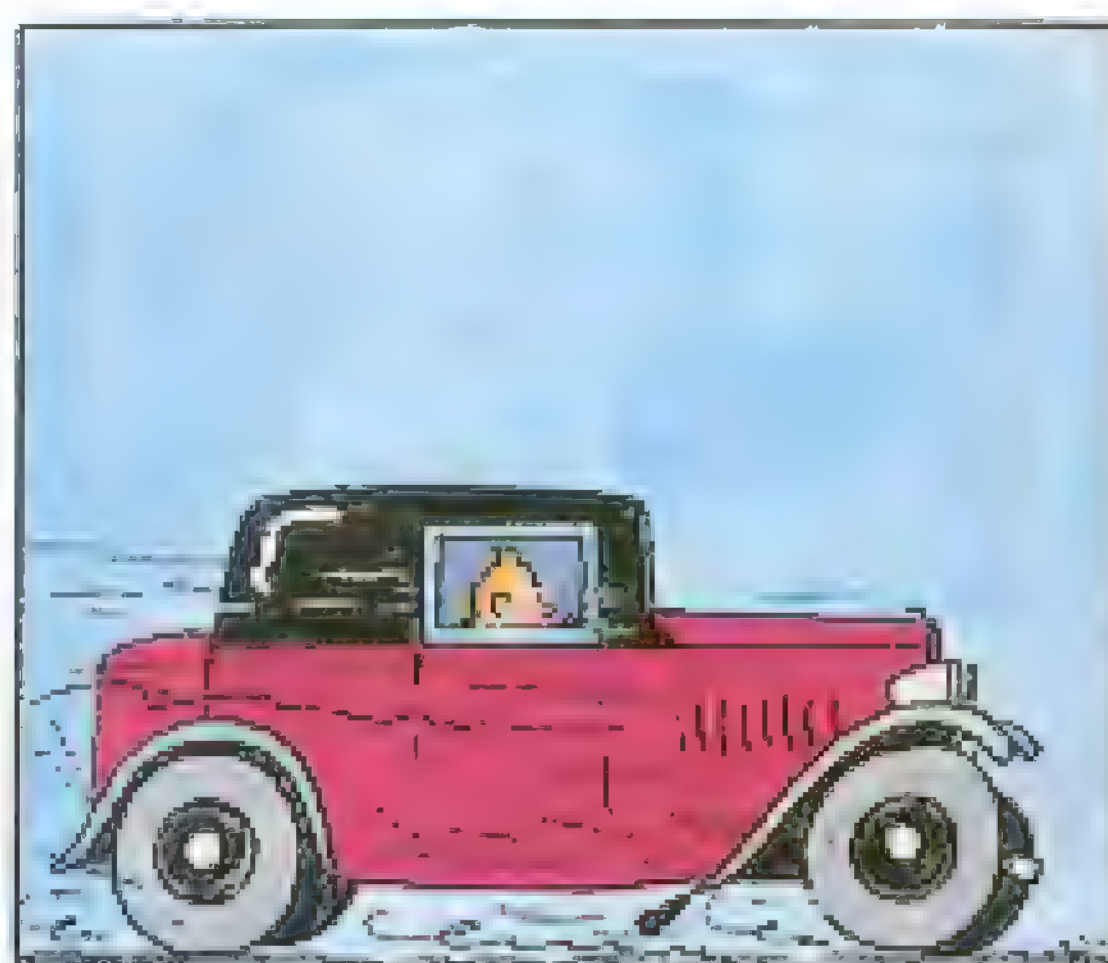
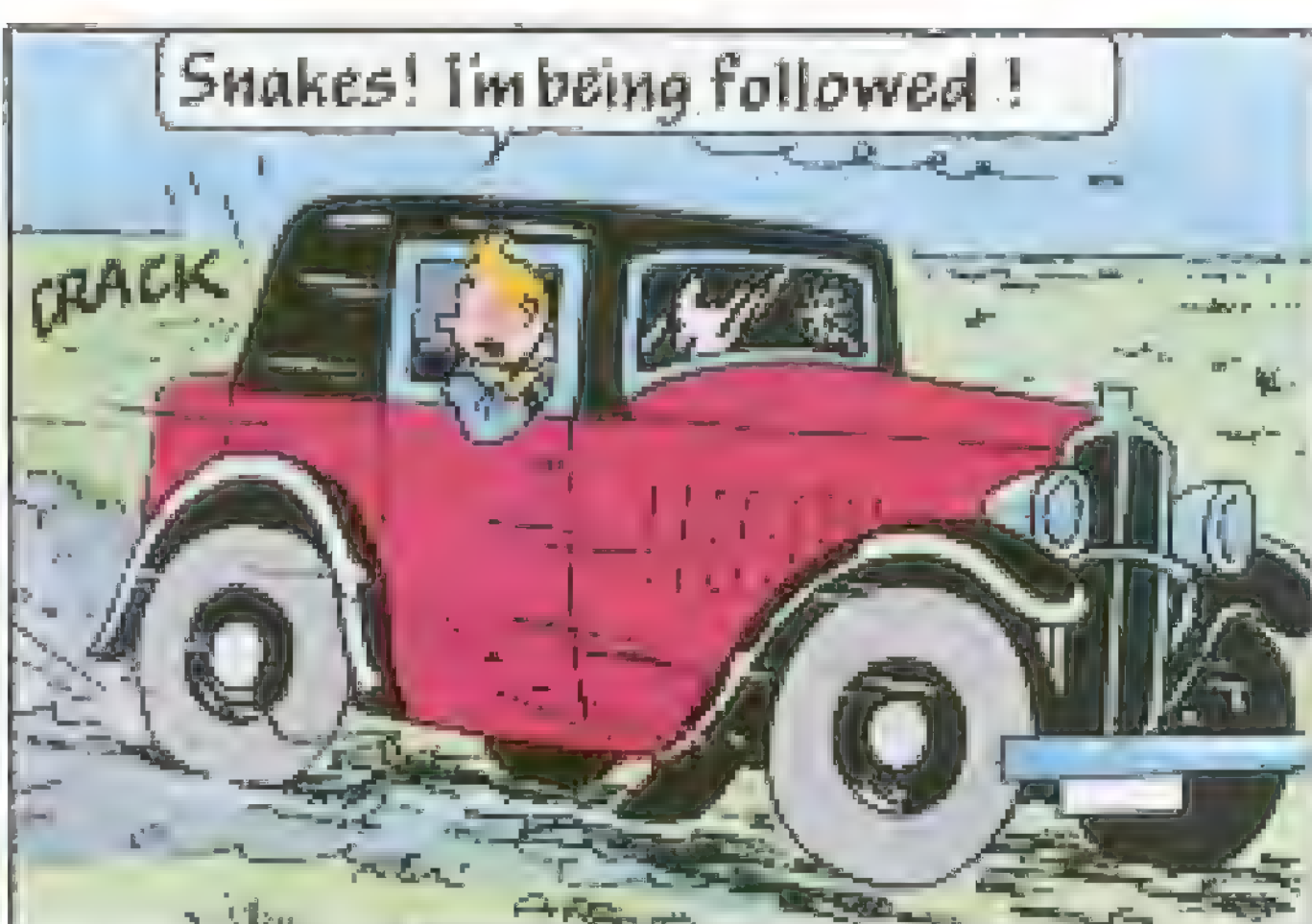
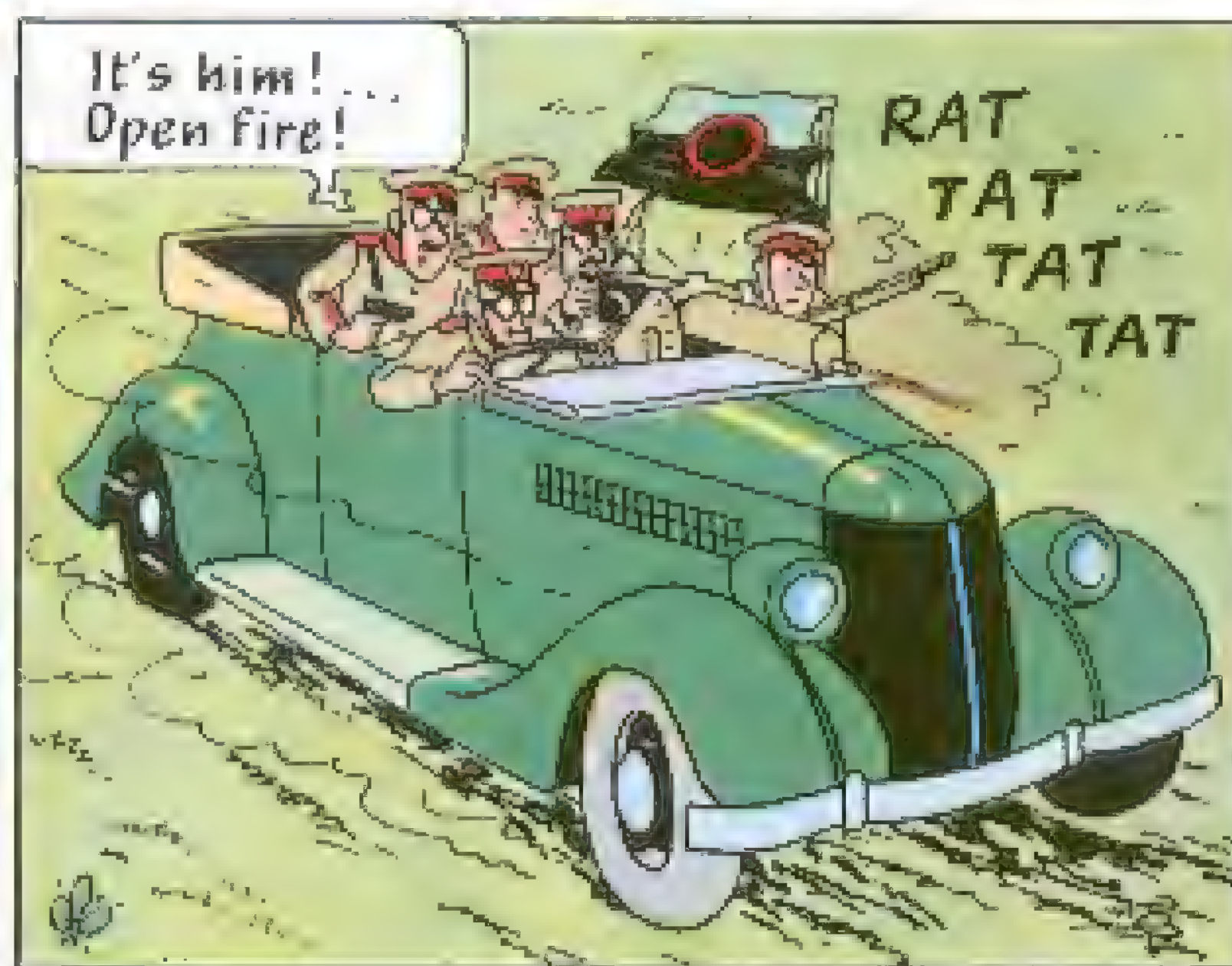
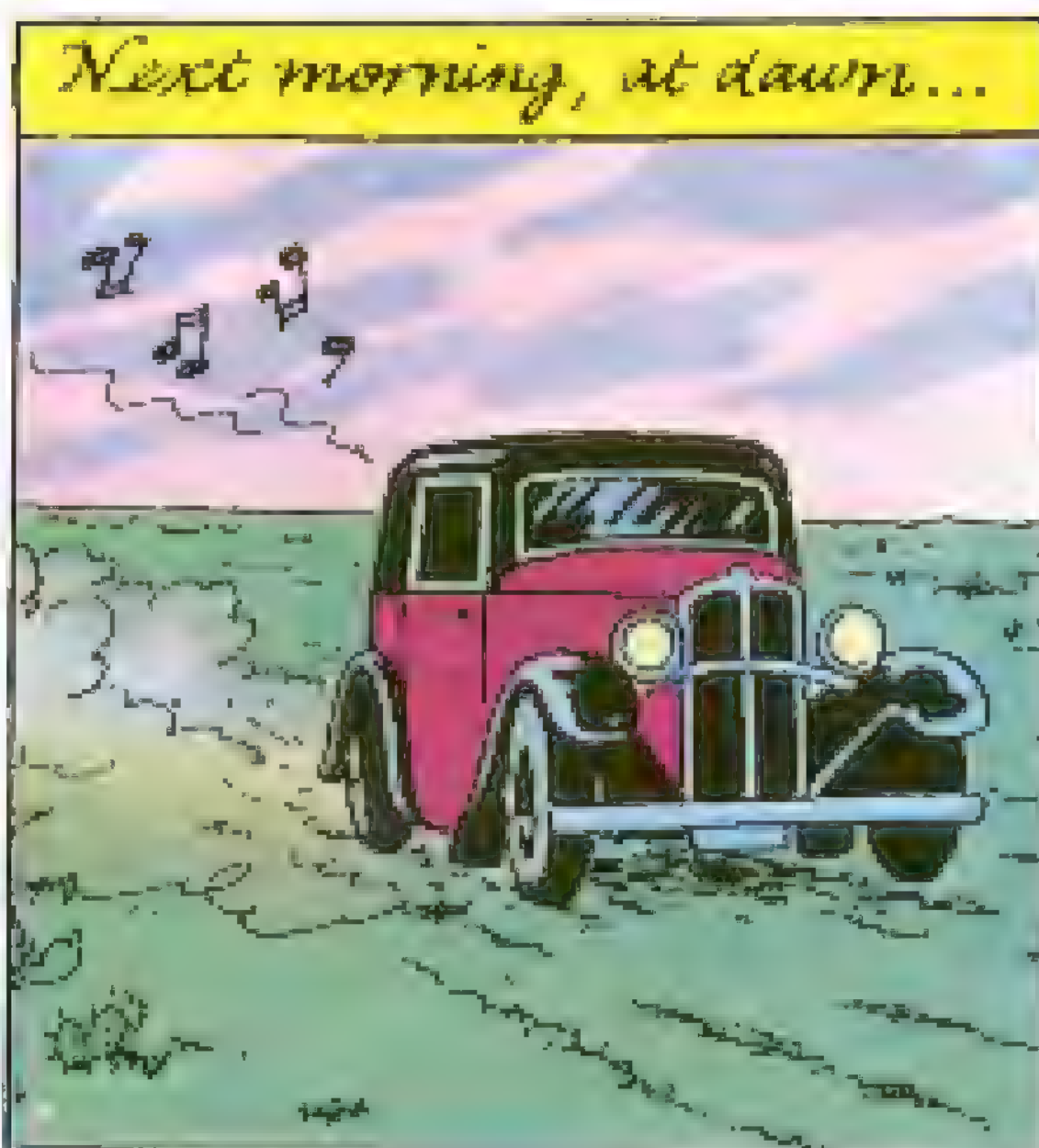
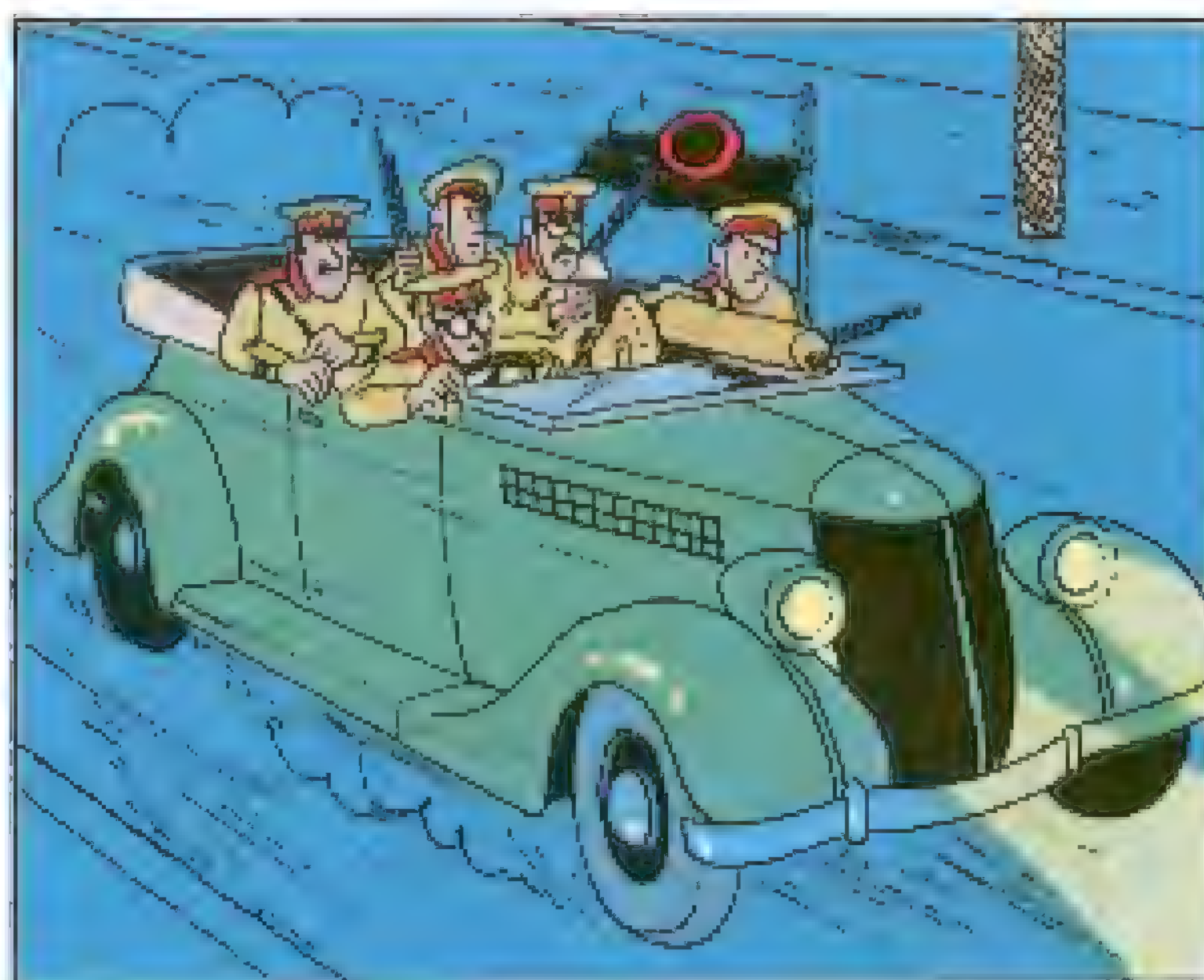


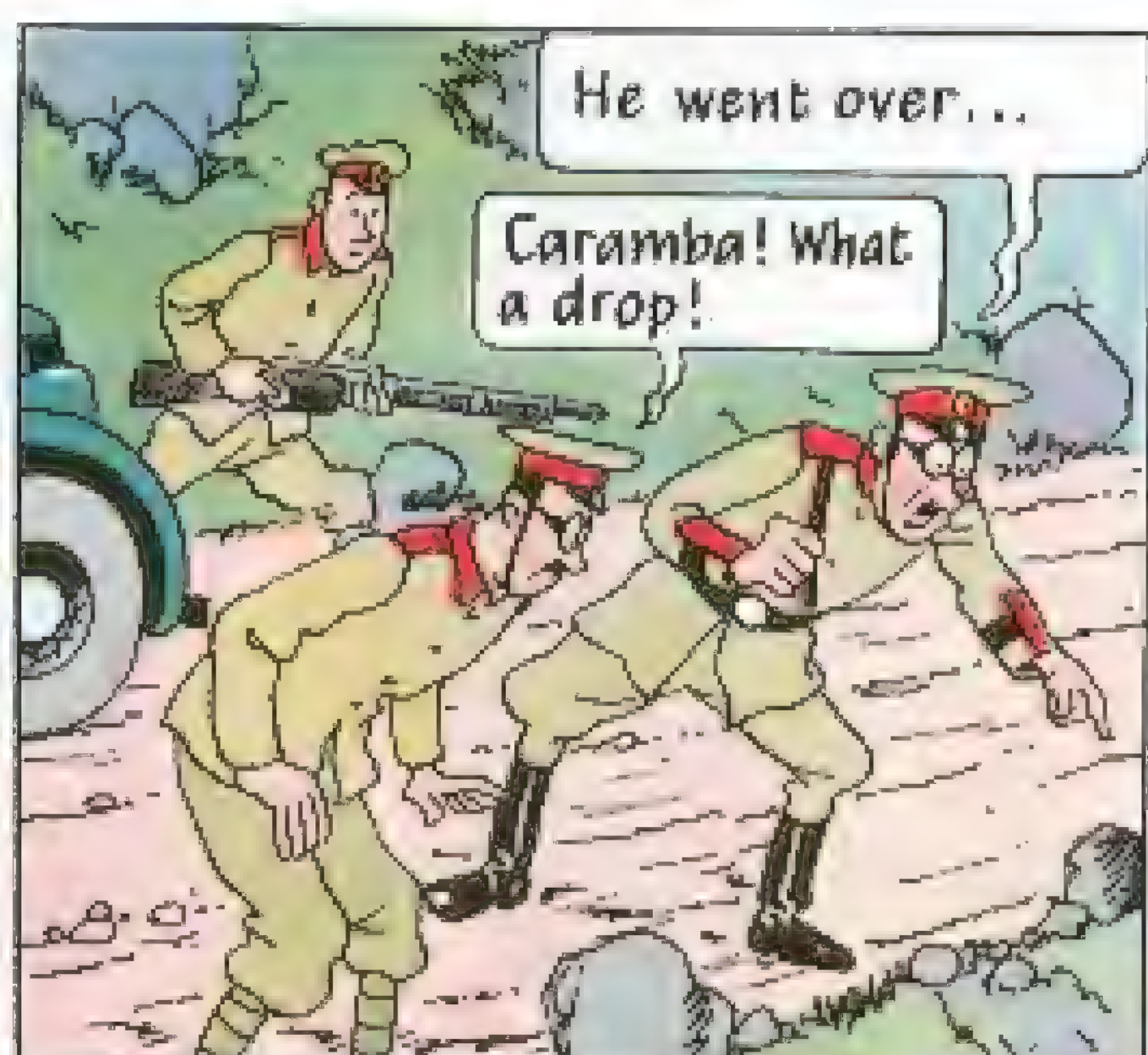
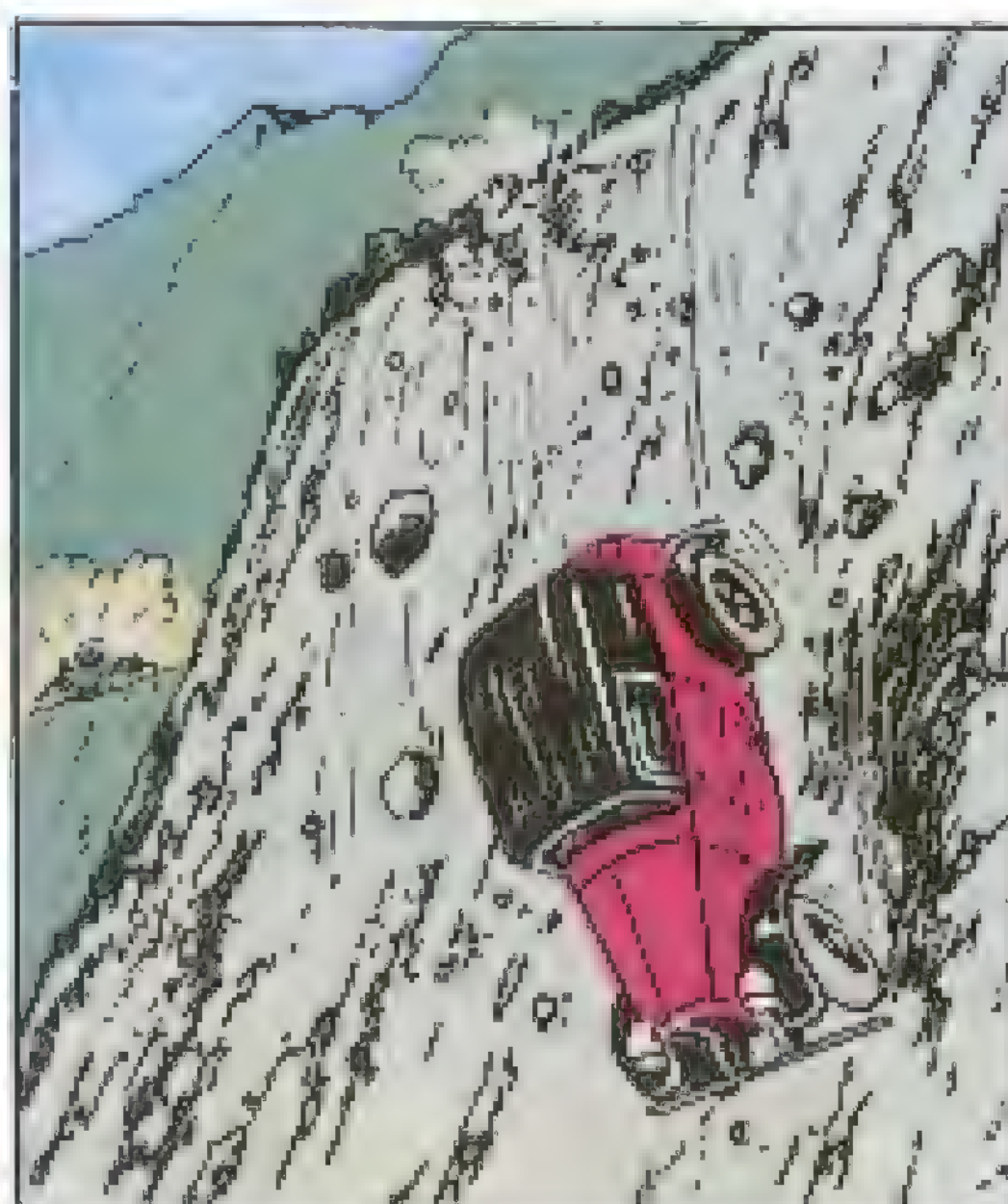
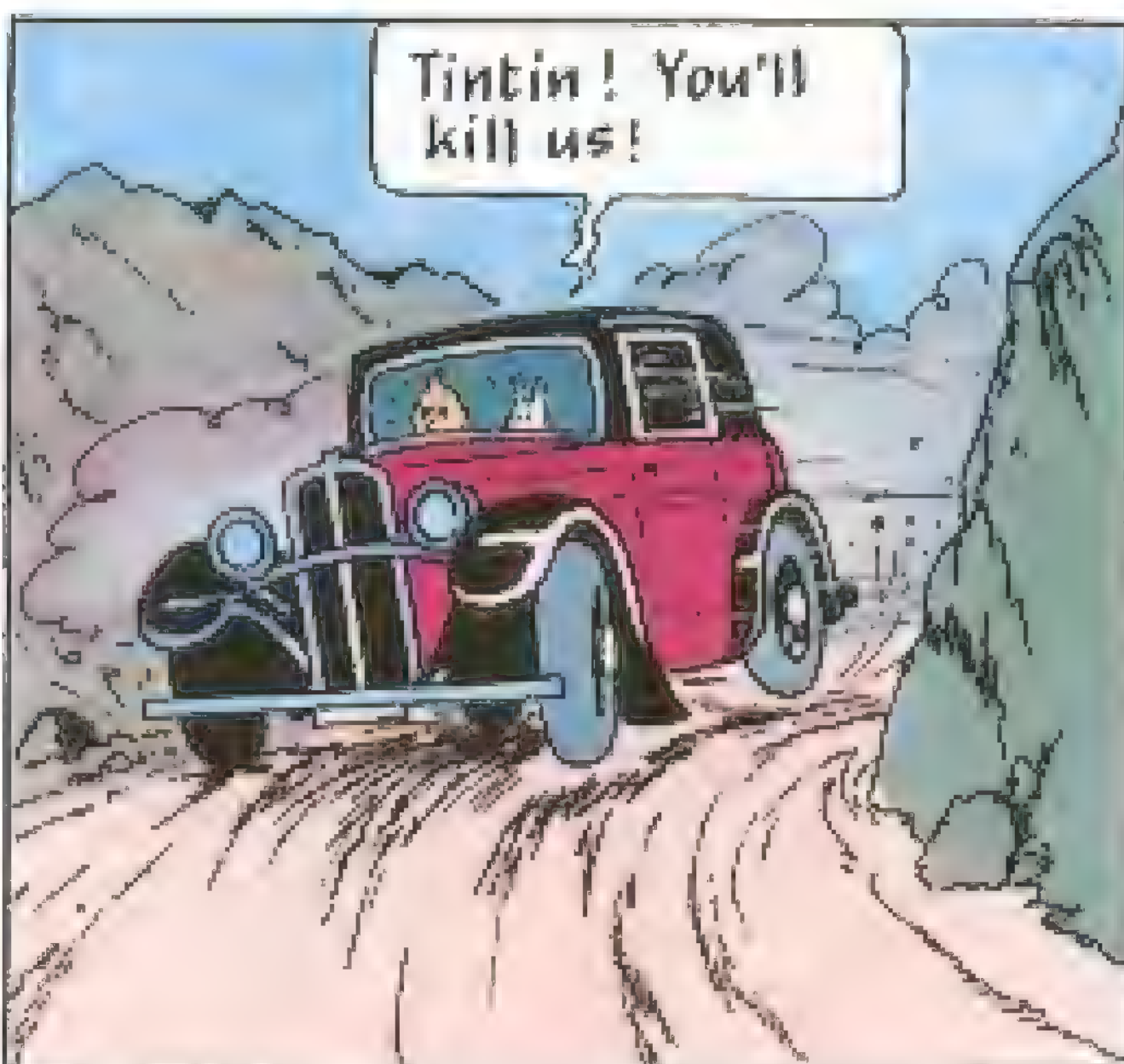
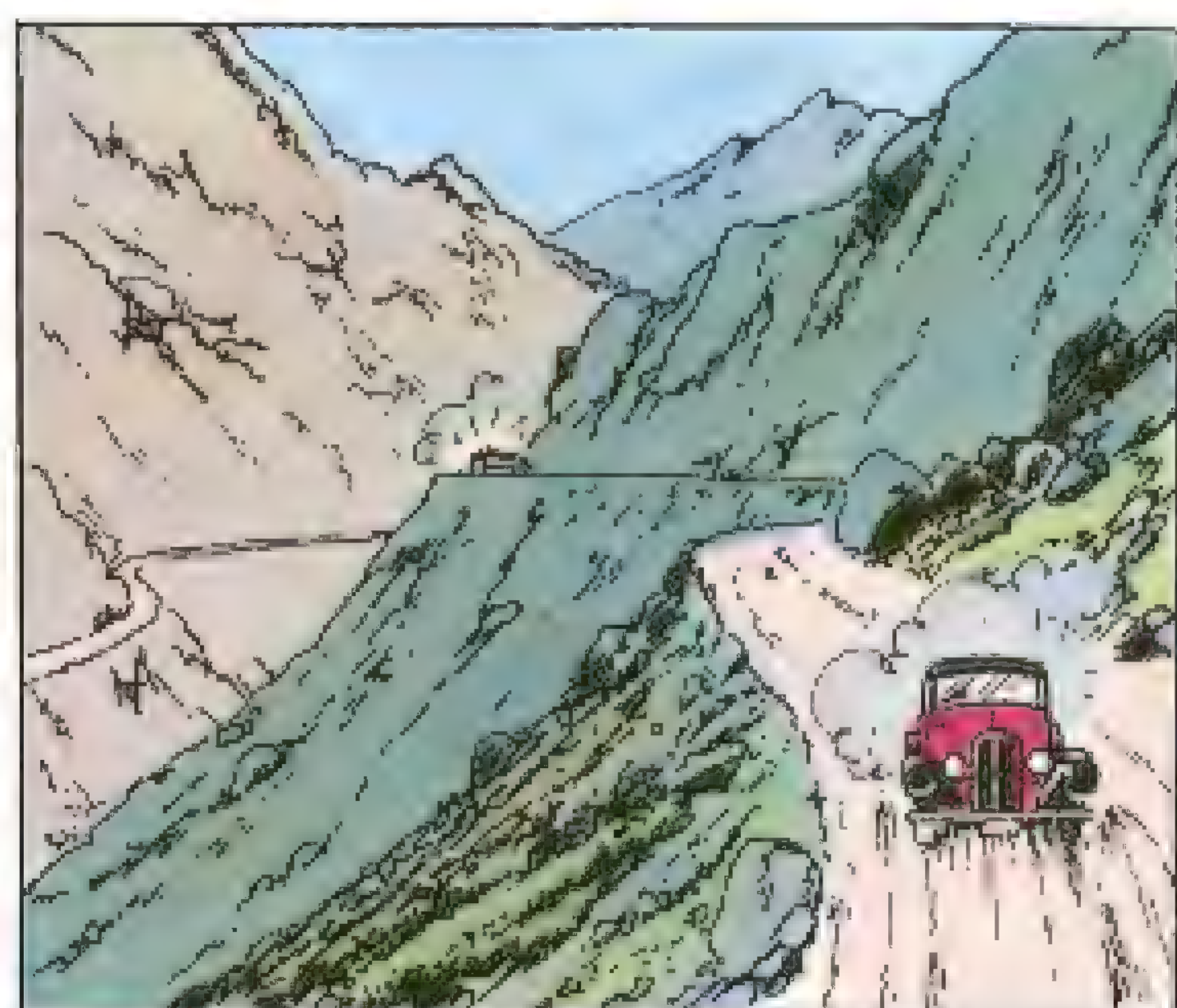
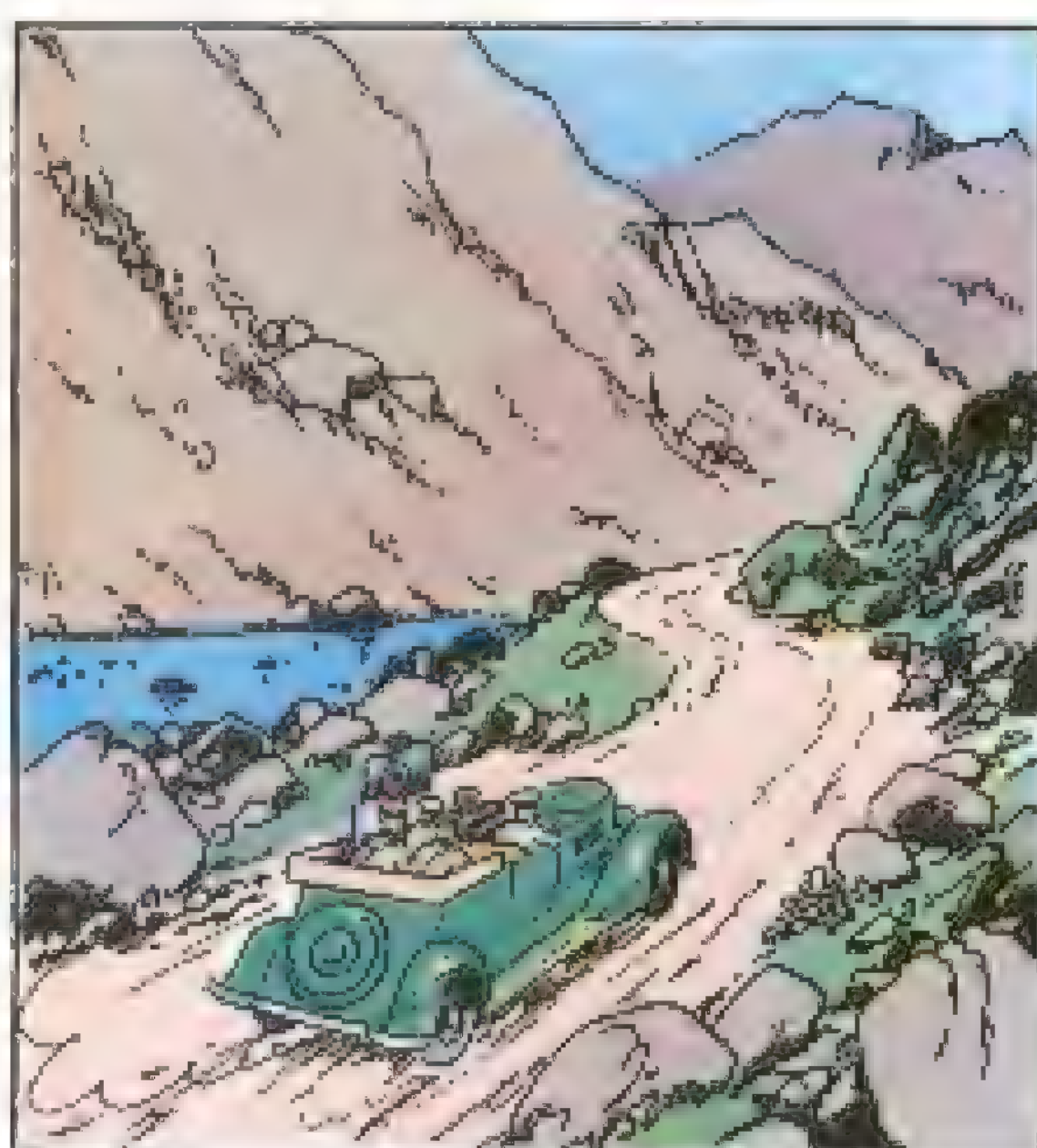
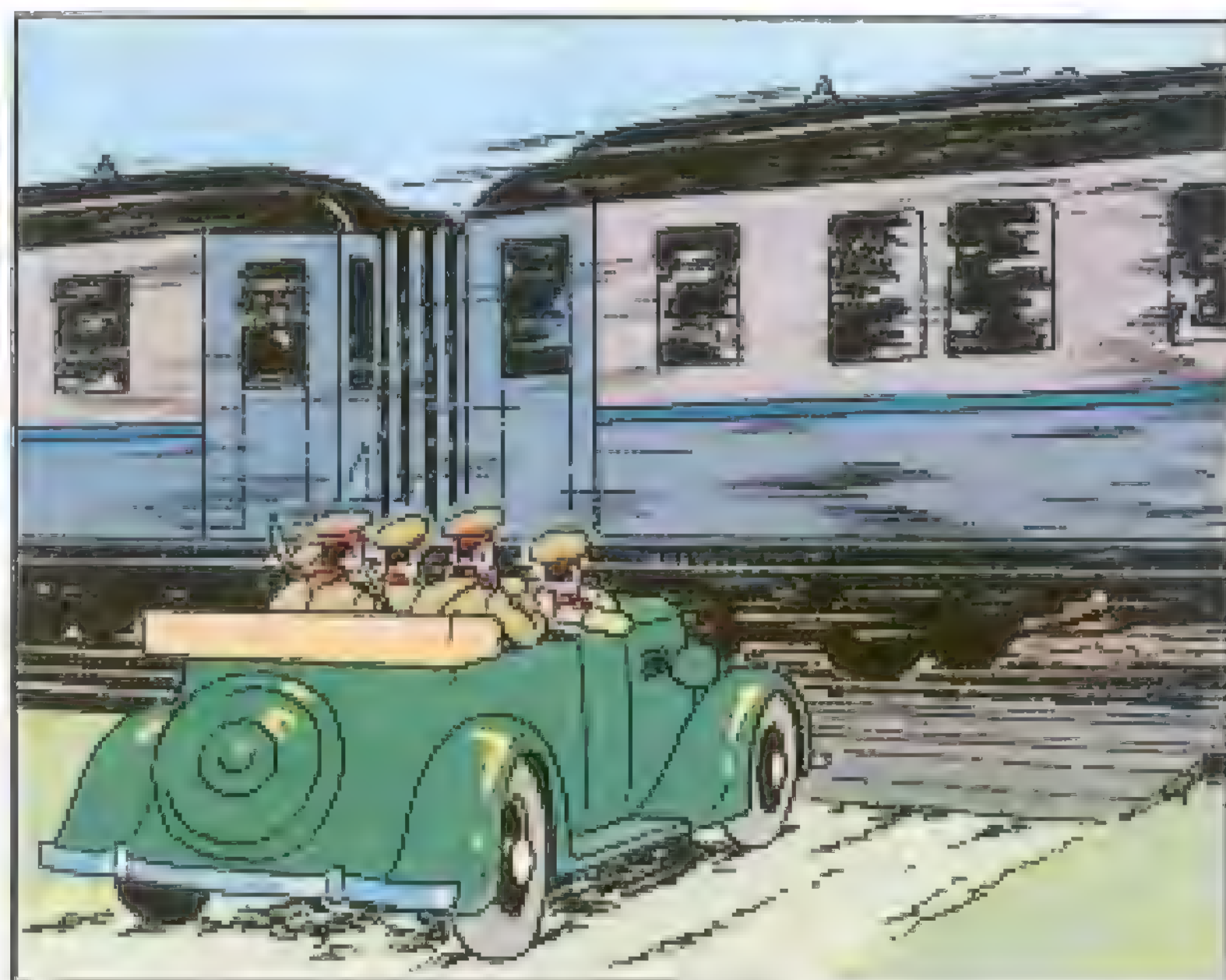
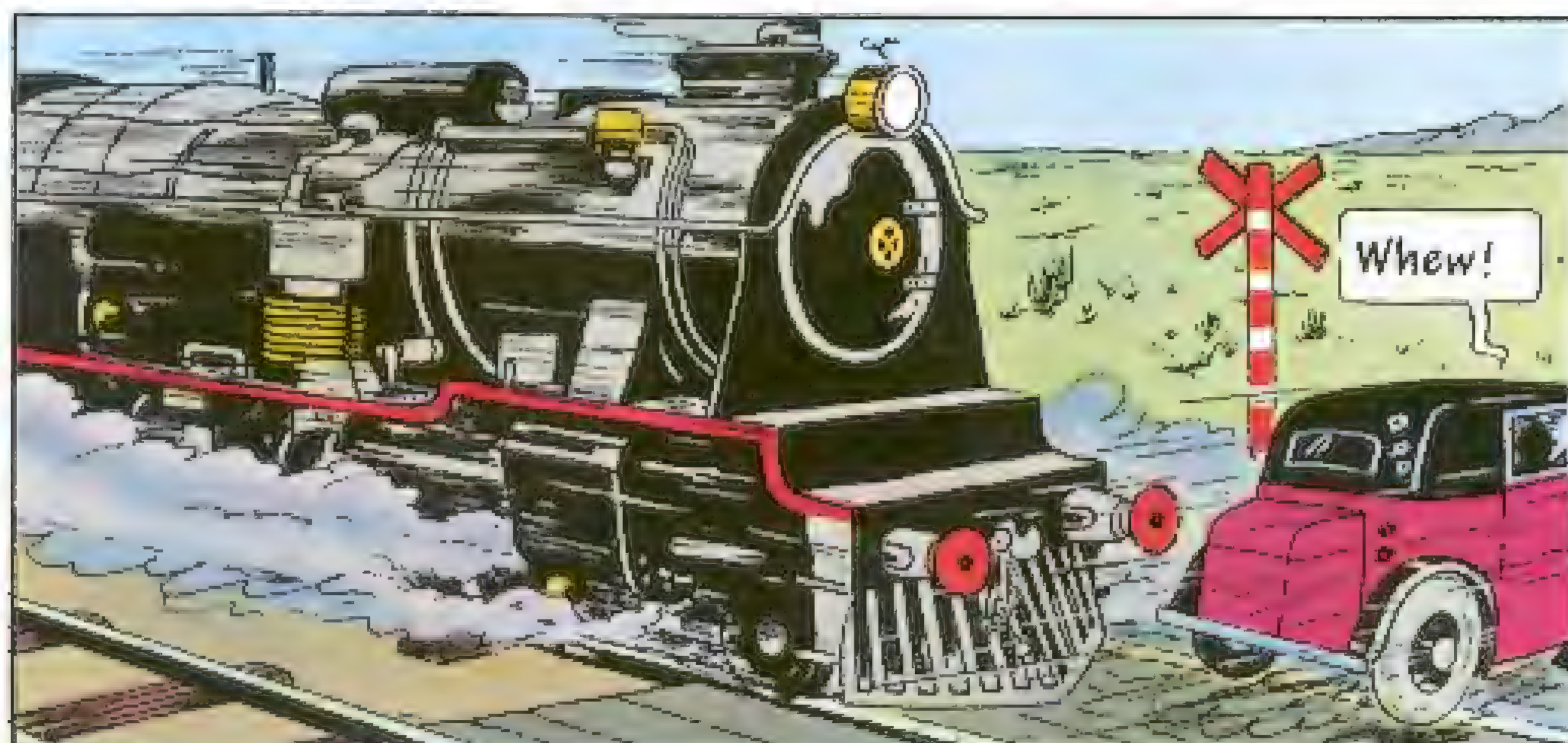
Hello?

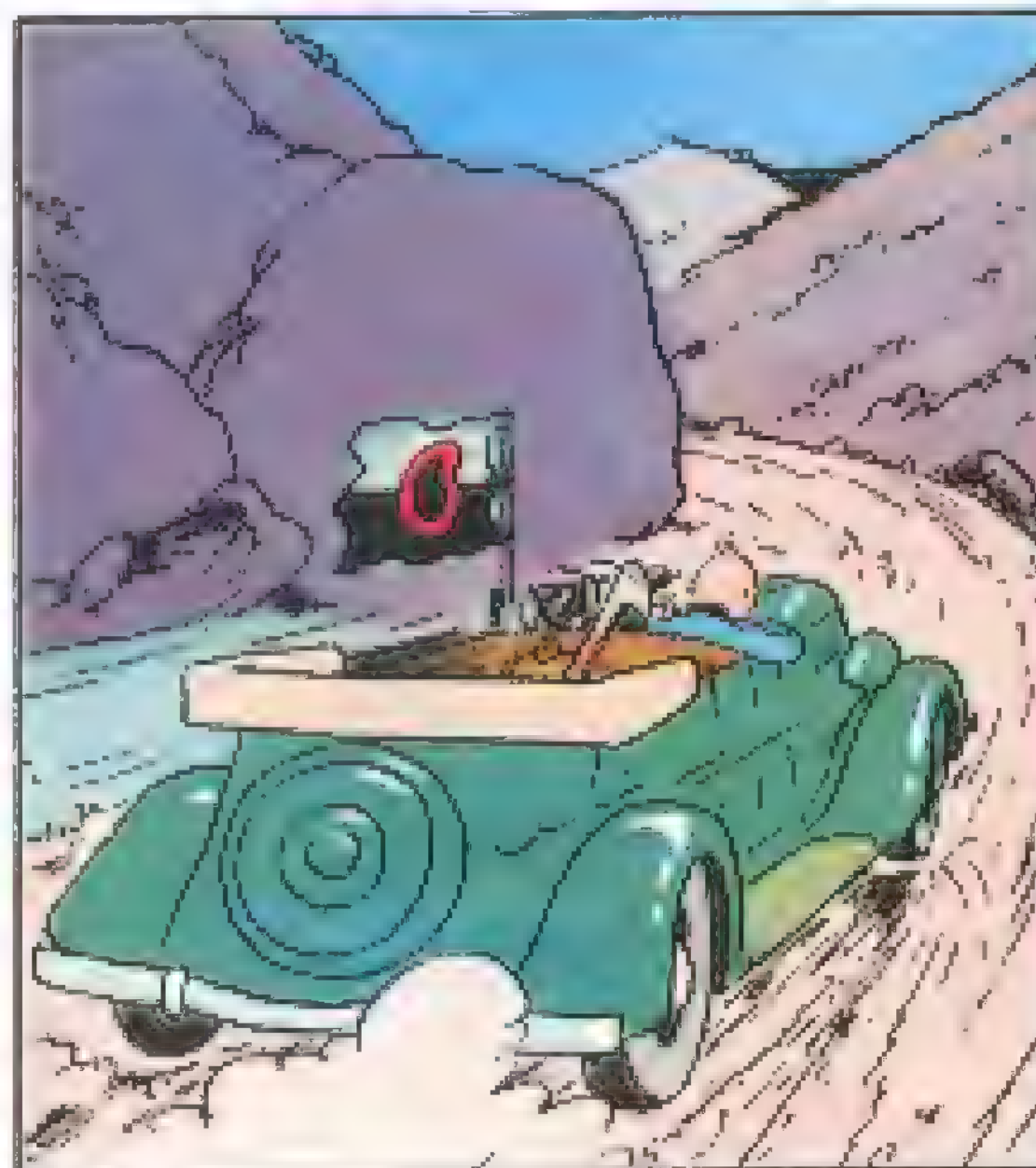
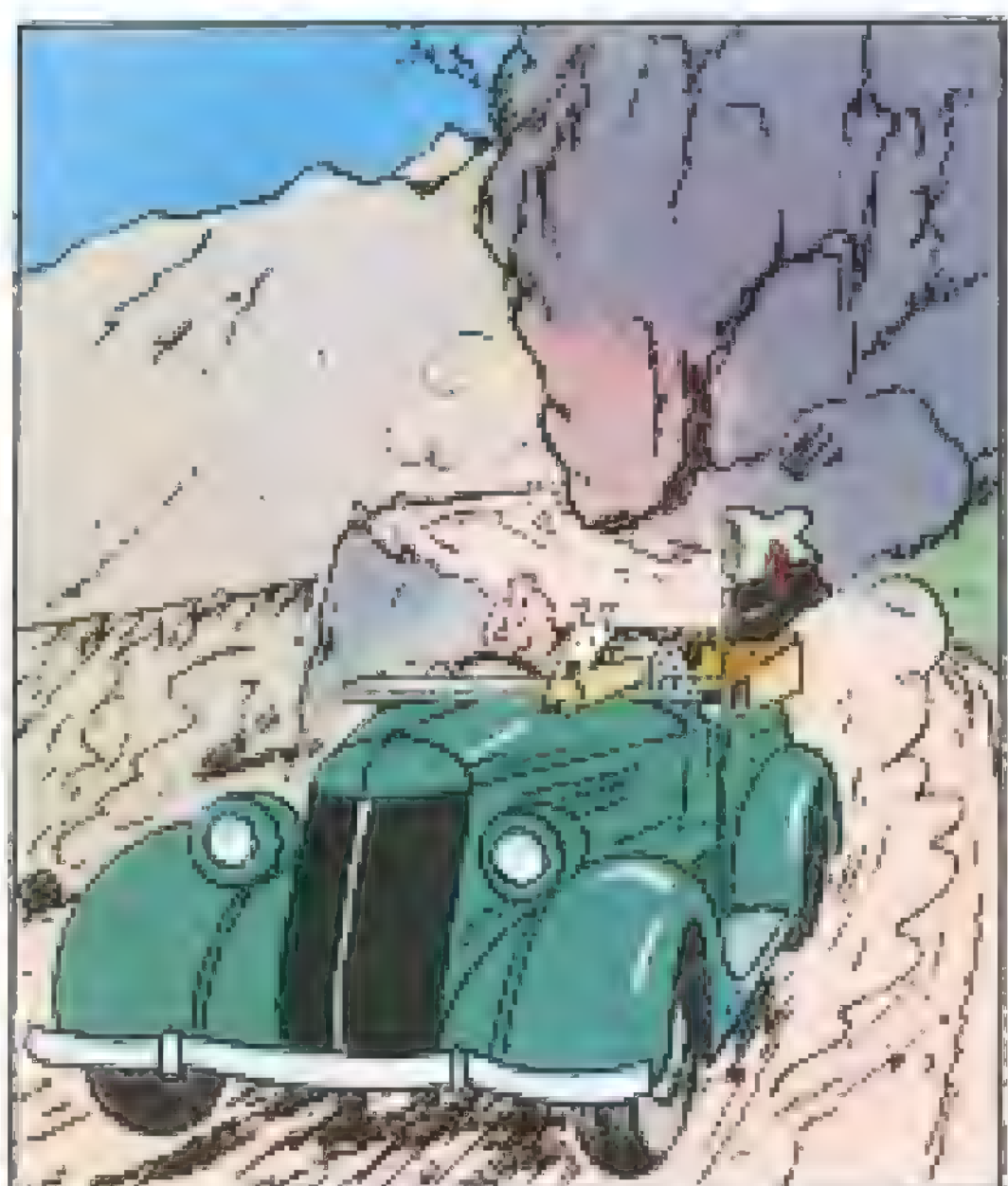
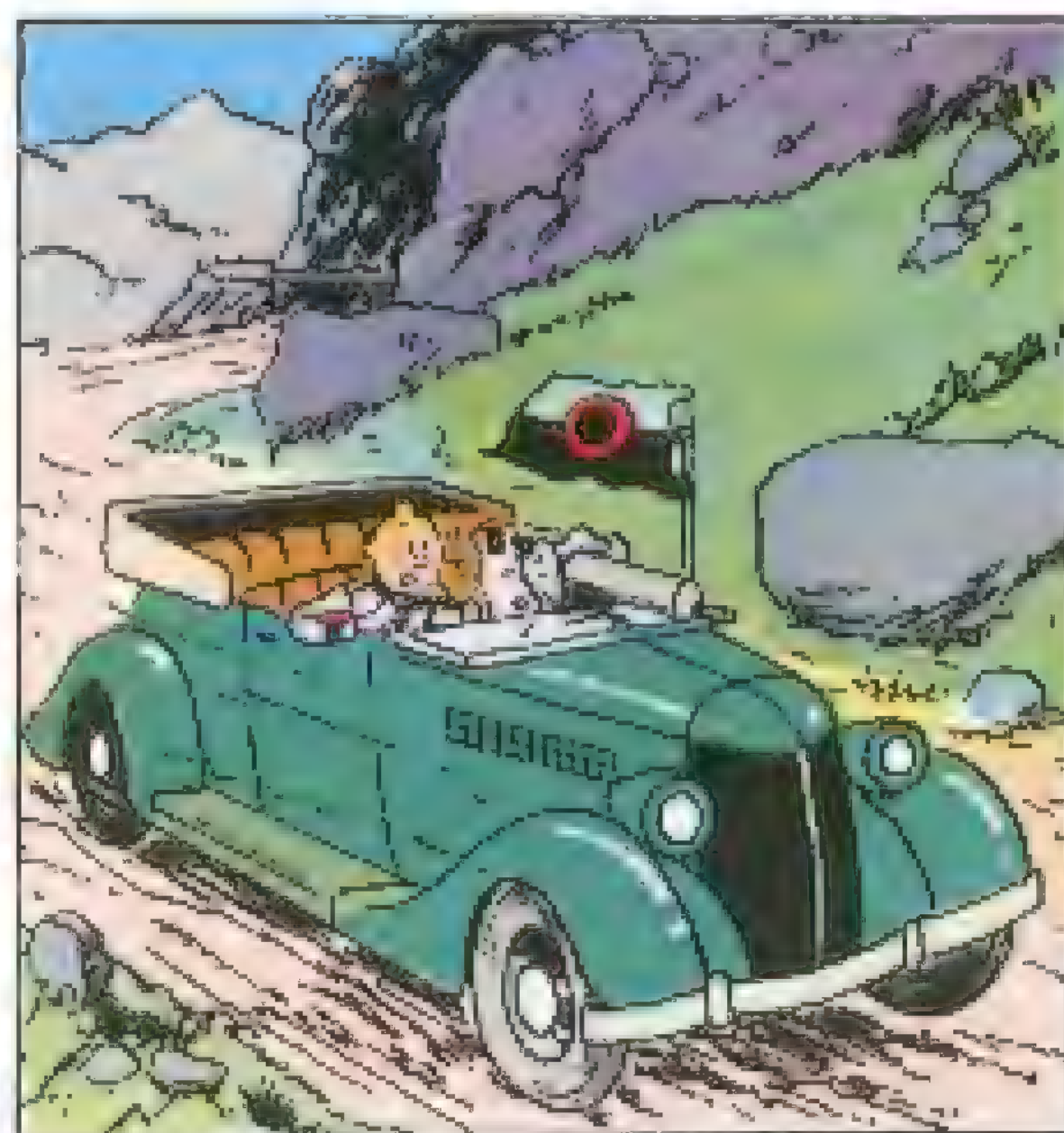
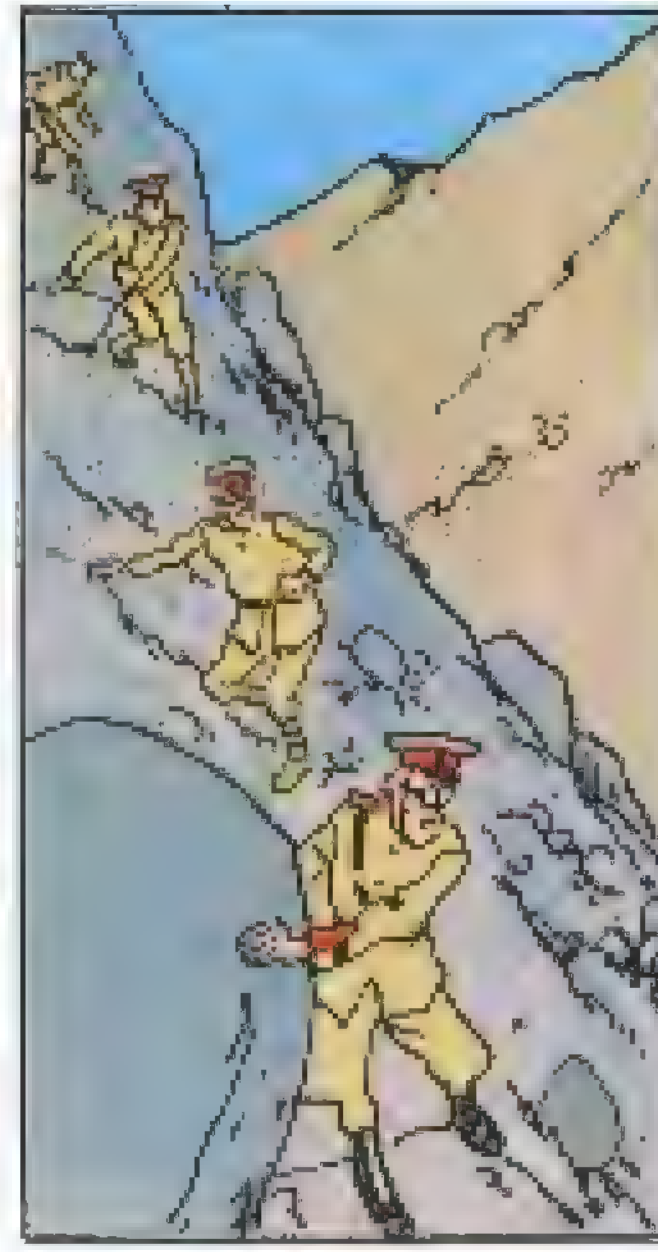
Come on, jump! Quick!



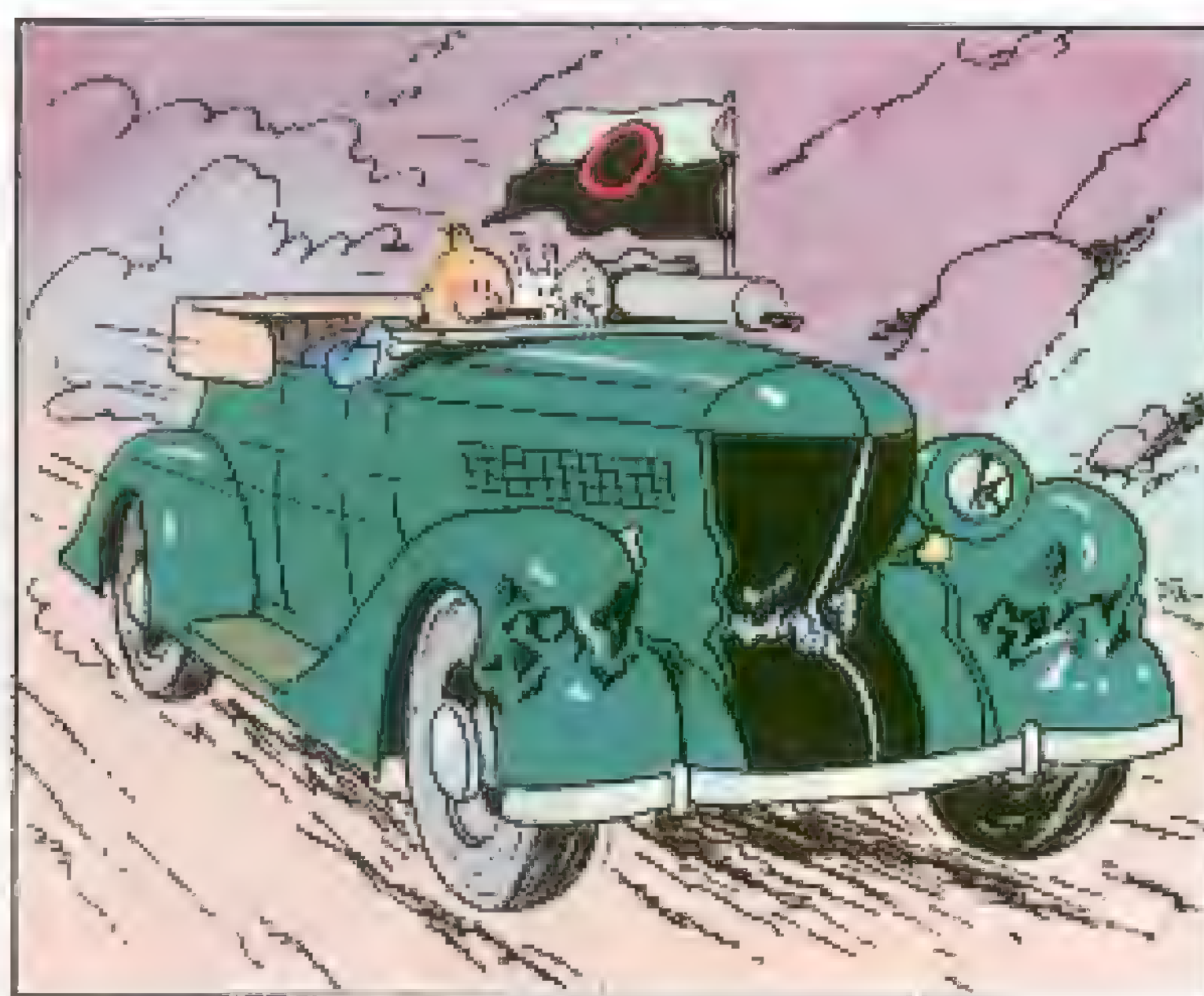
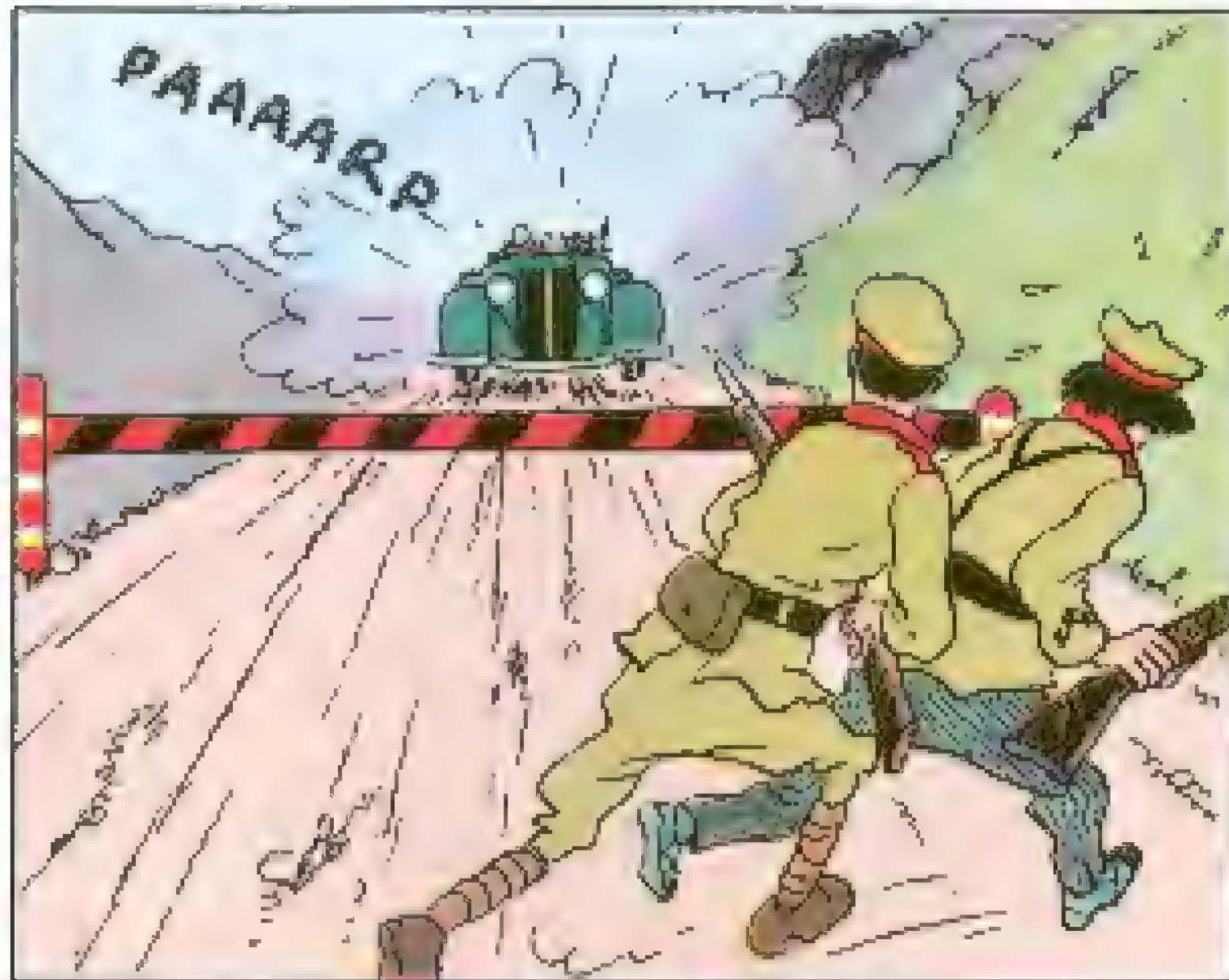
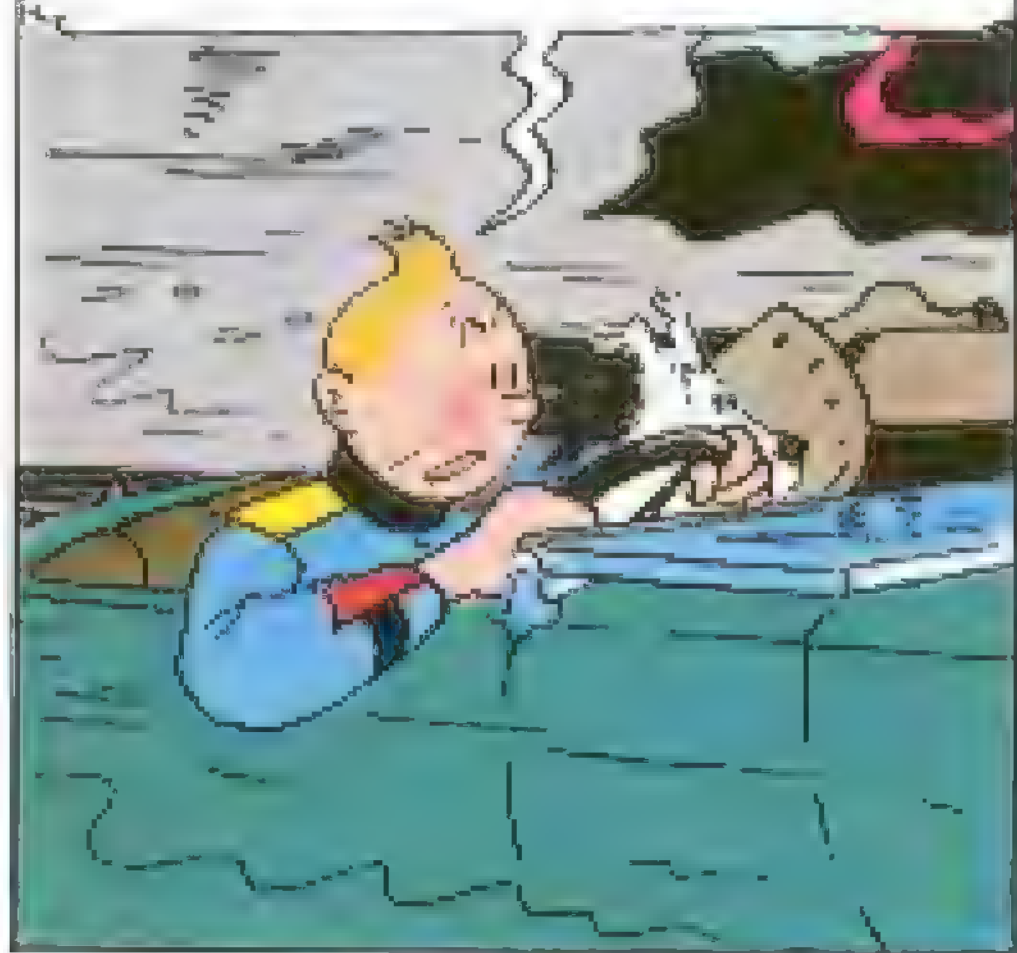








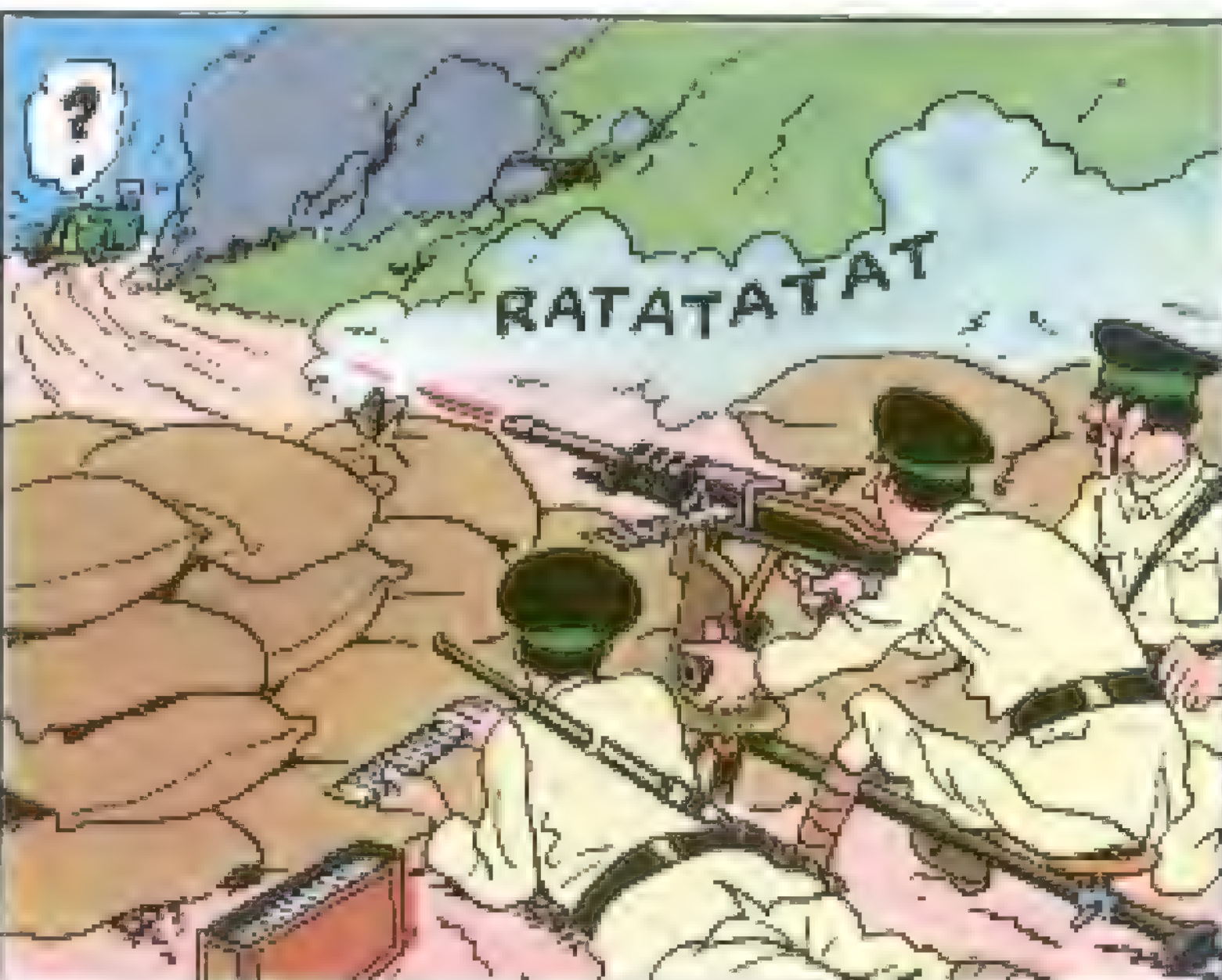
If they stop me, I'm caught...
and if that's a strong
barrier, I'm dead.



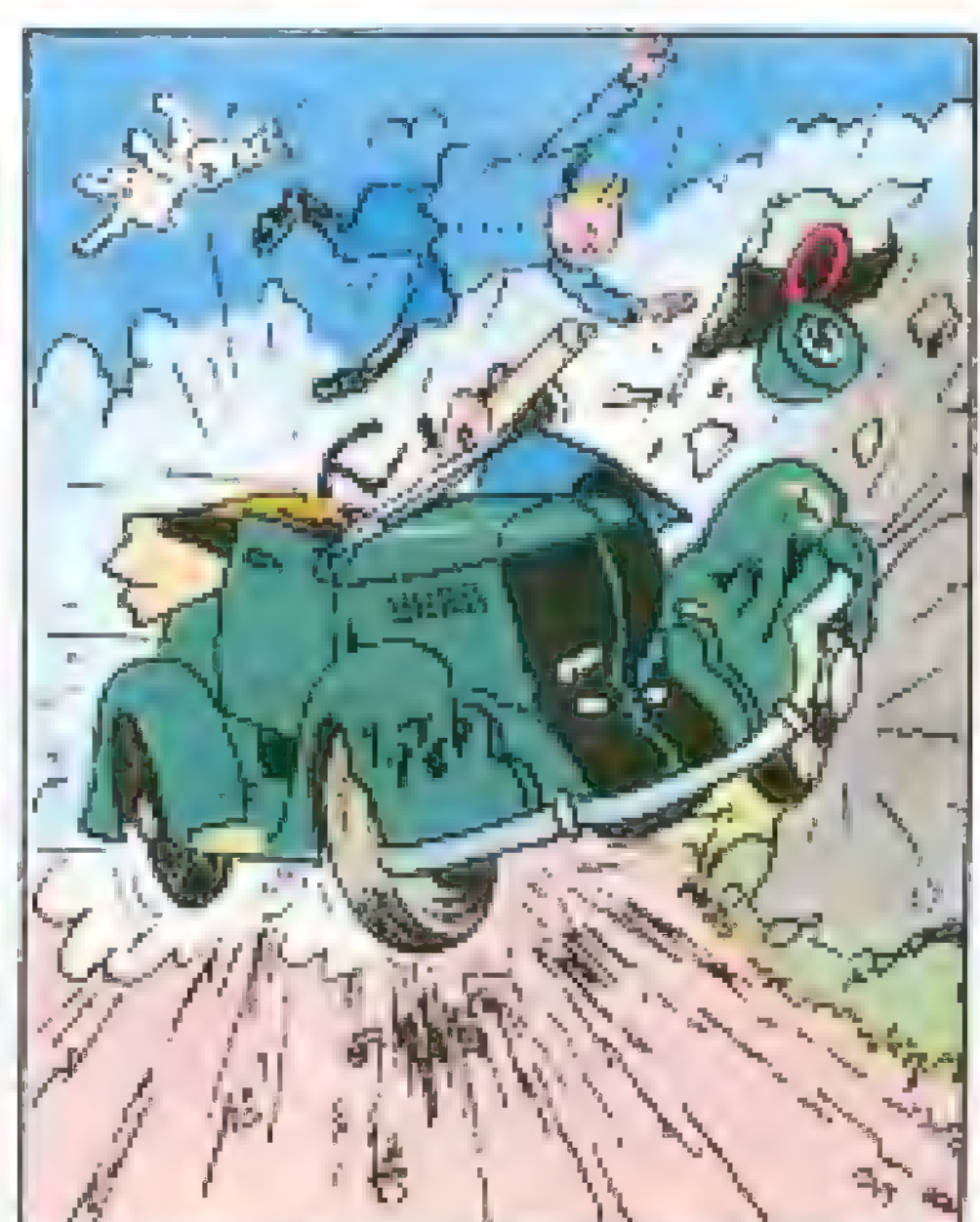
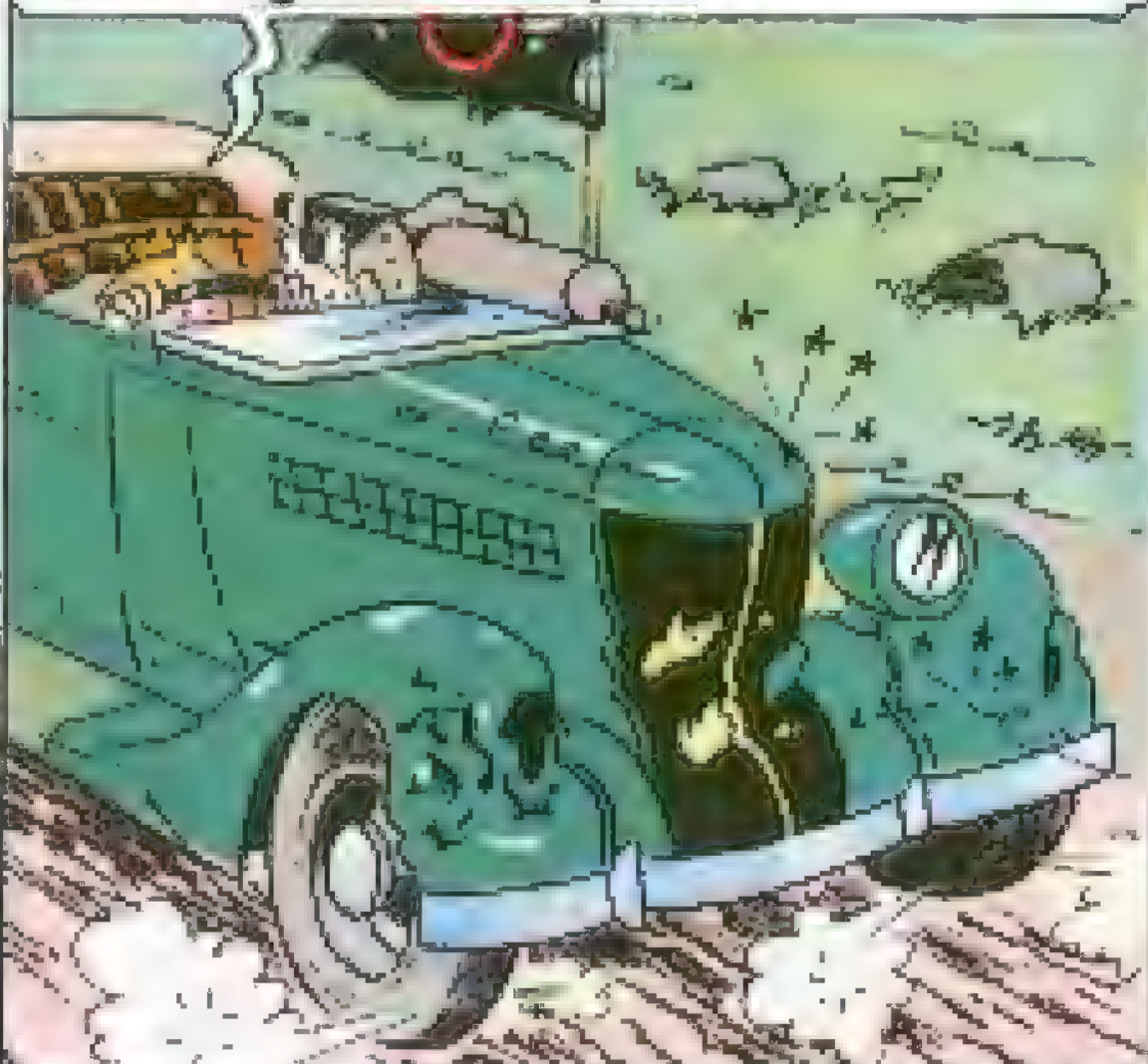
Hello?... Border post 31?...
Patrol No. 4 here... A San-
Theodorian car with a mounted
machine-gun just raced past
here, heading for the frontier.

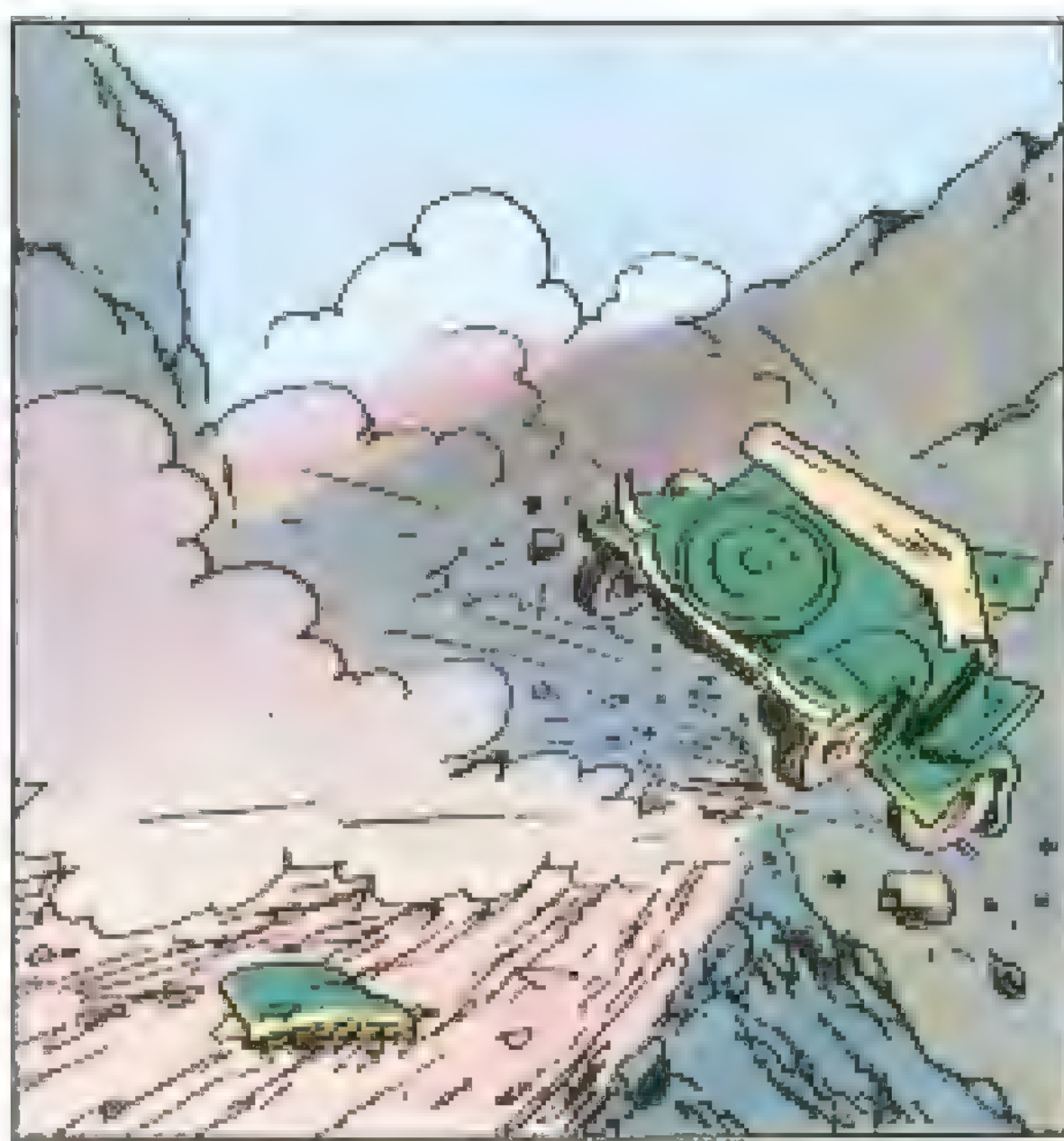


Red alert!...San-
Theodorian armoured
car reported...
Man your posts!



Watch out, Snowy!...They're
shooting at our tyres!





An armoured car tried to attack border post 31. It was destroyed and one of the occupants, a colonel, was taken prisoner.



In Sanfacion...

General!... General!... This dispatch has just come by telephone!



"An armoured car ... "!!! This time it's war! That's what they want: that's what they'll get!



Pass this communiqué to the newspapers. I want special editions on the streets in an hour!



Sanfacion Star! ... Extra! ... Extra! ... Sanfacion Star! ... Extra!



WAR! IT'S WAR!
A motorised column of the San-Theodorian army mounted a surprise attack today, but the enemy were repulsed by our valiant troops, who inflicted heavy casualties...



Hello?... Mr. Trickler? ... Success! The Nuevo Ricans have just declared war on us! ... Yes... over some new incident on the border...



The Gran Chapo fields are ours! ... Once again General American Oil has beaten British South-American Petrol!

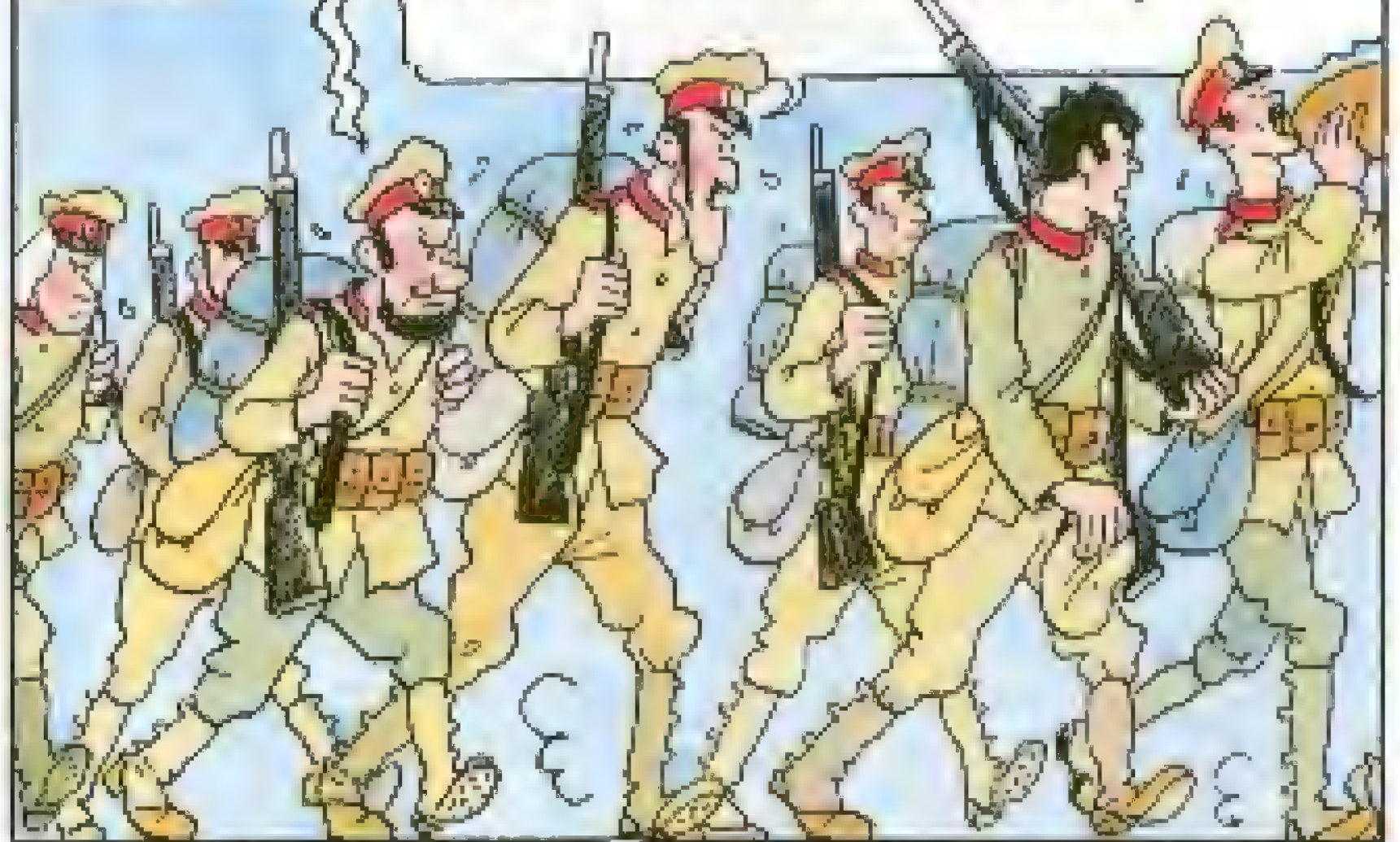


In a fortnight all the Gran Chapo will be in Nuevo-Rican hands. Then I hope you in British South-American Petrol will not forget your promises.



The first chance we get, we desert, and ...

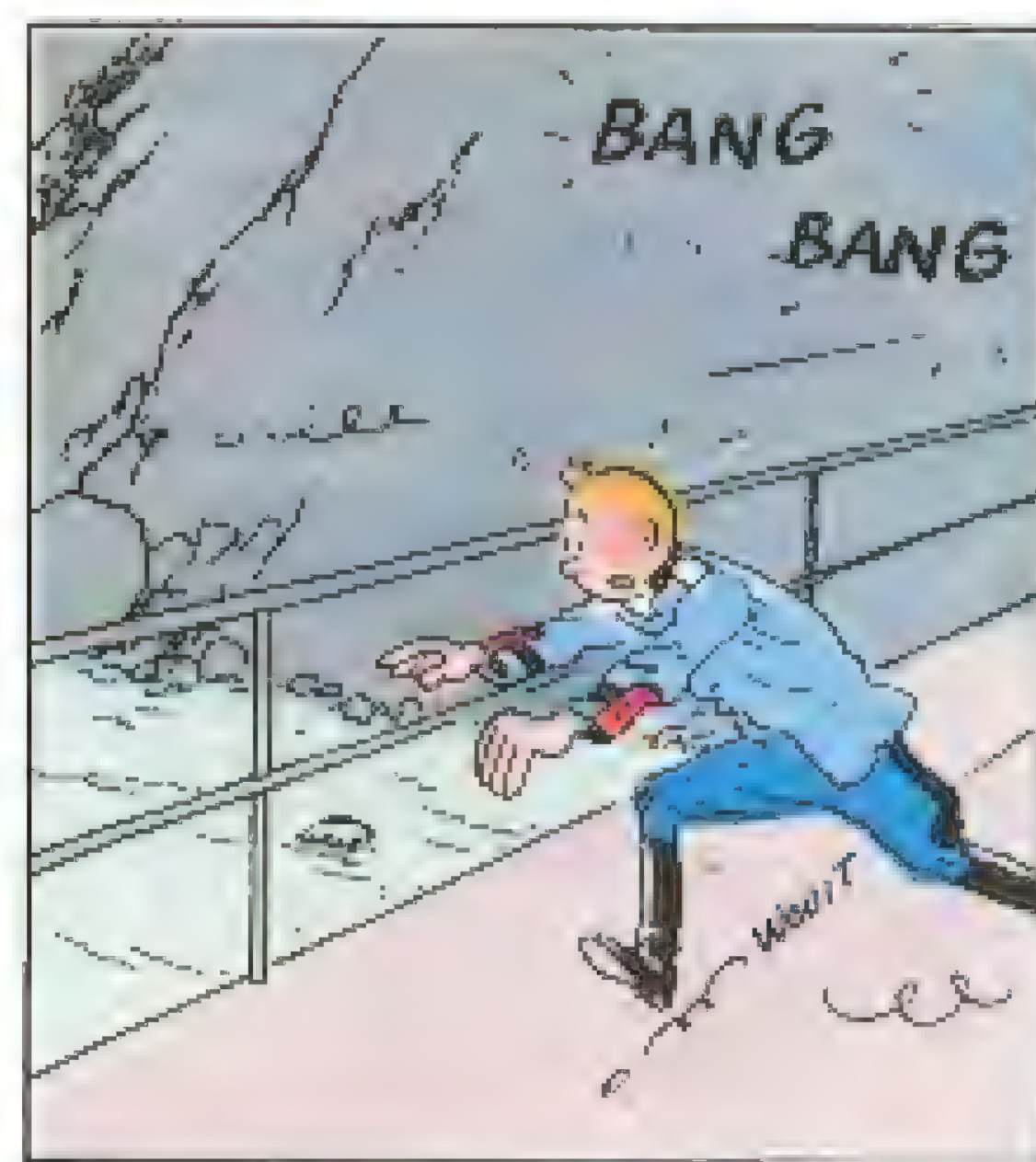
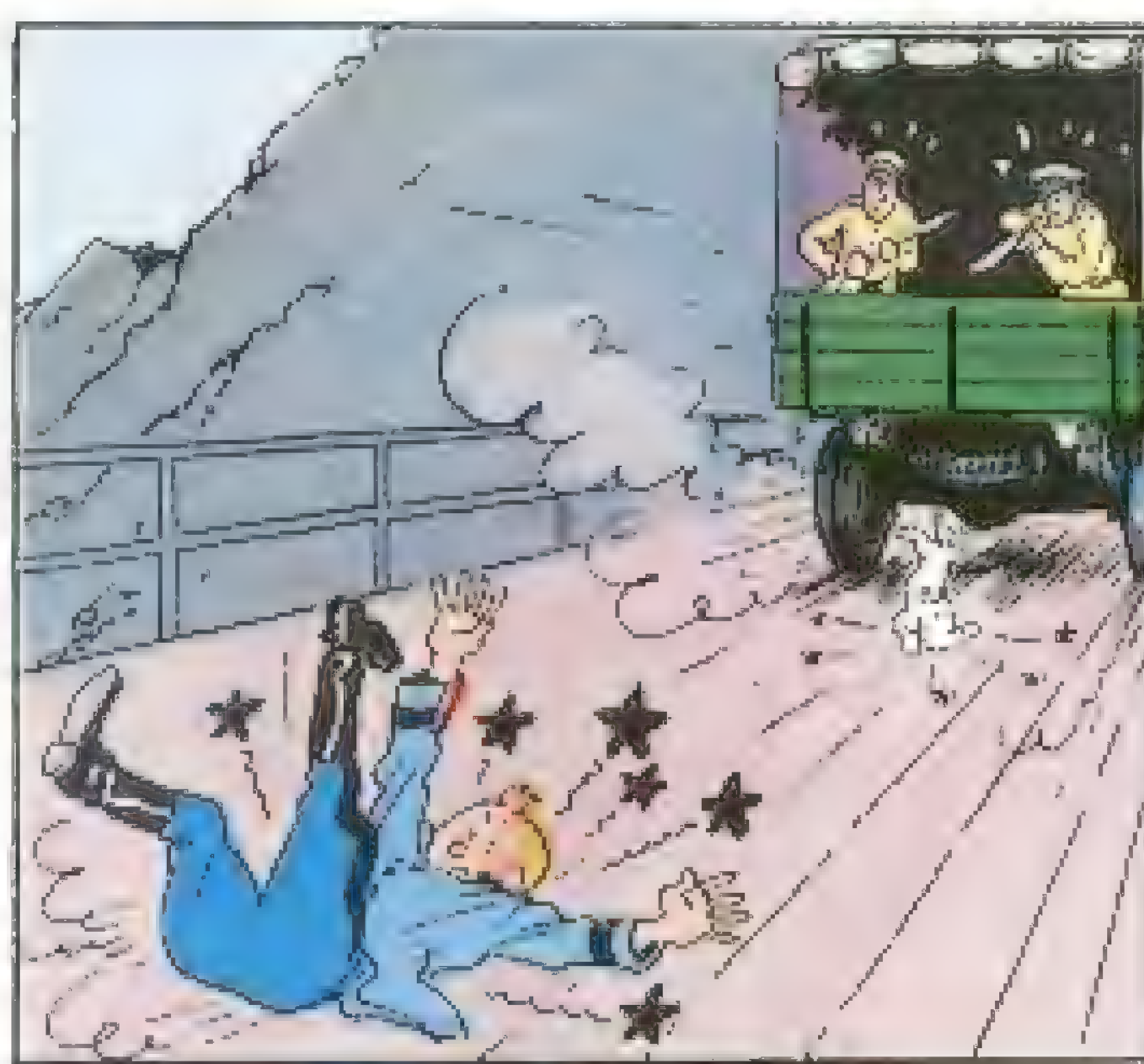
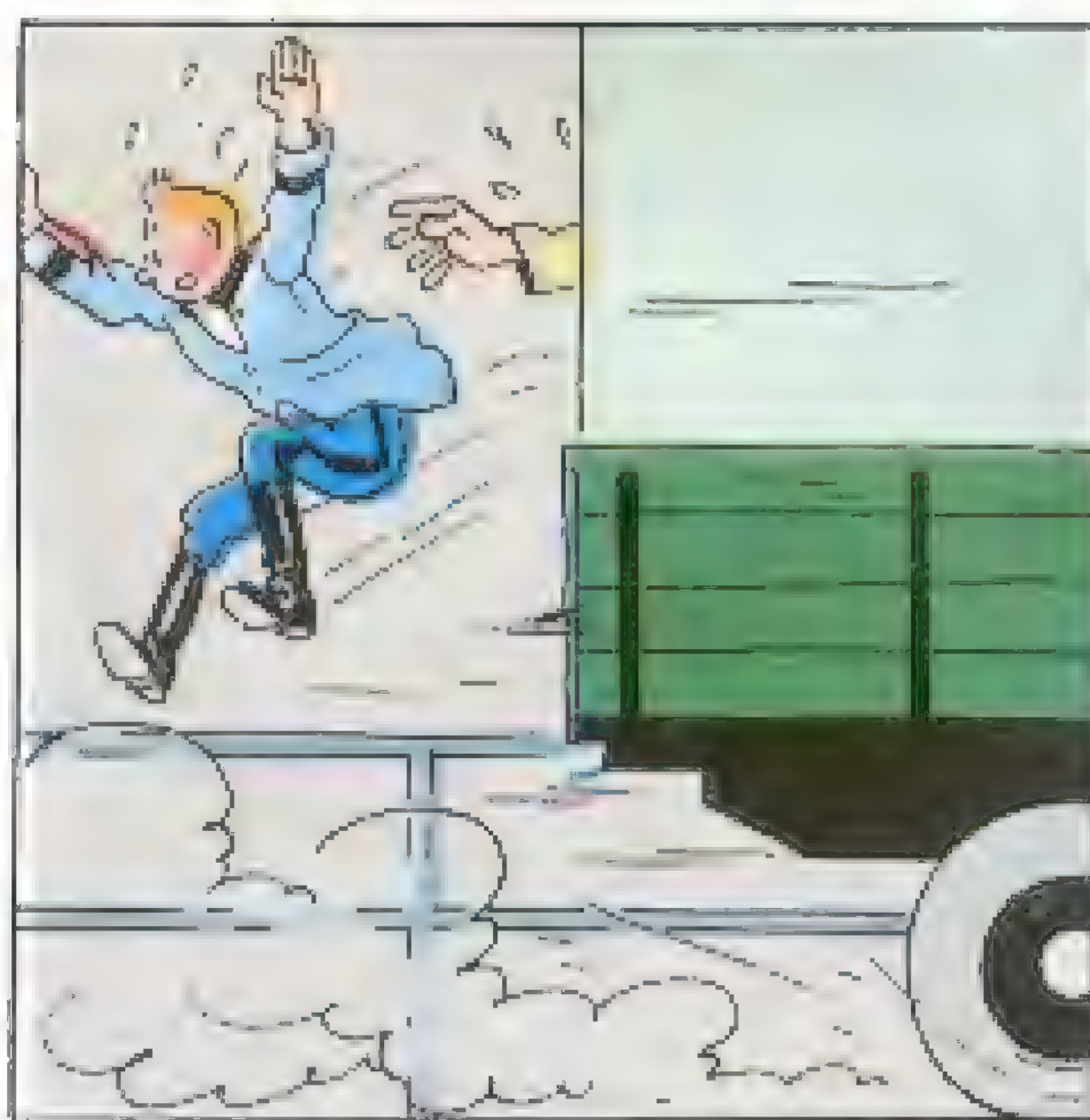
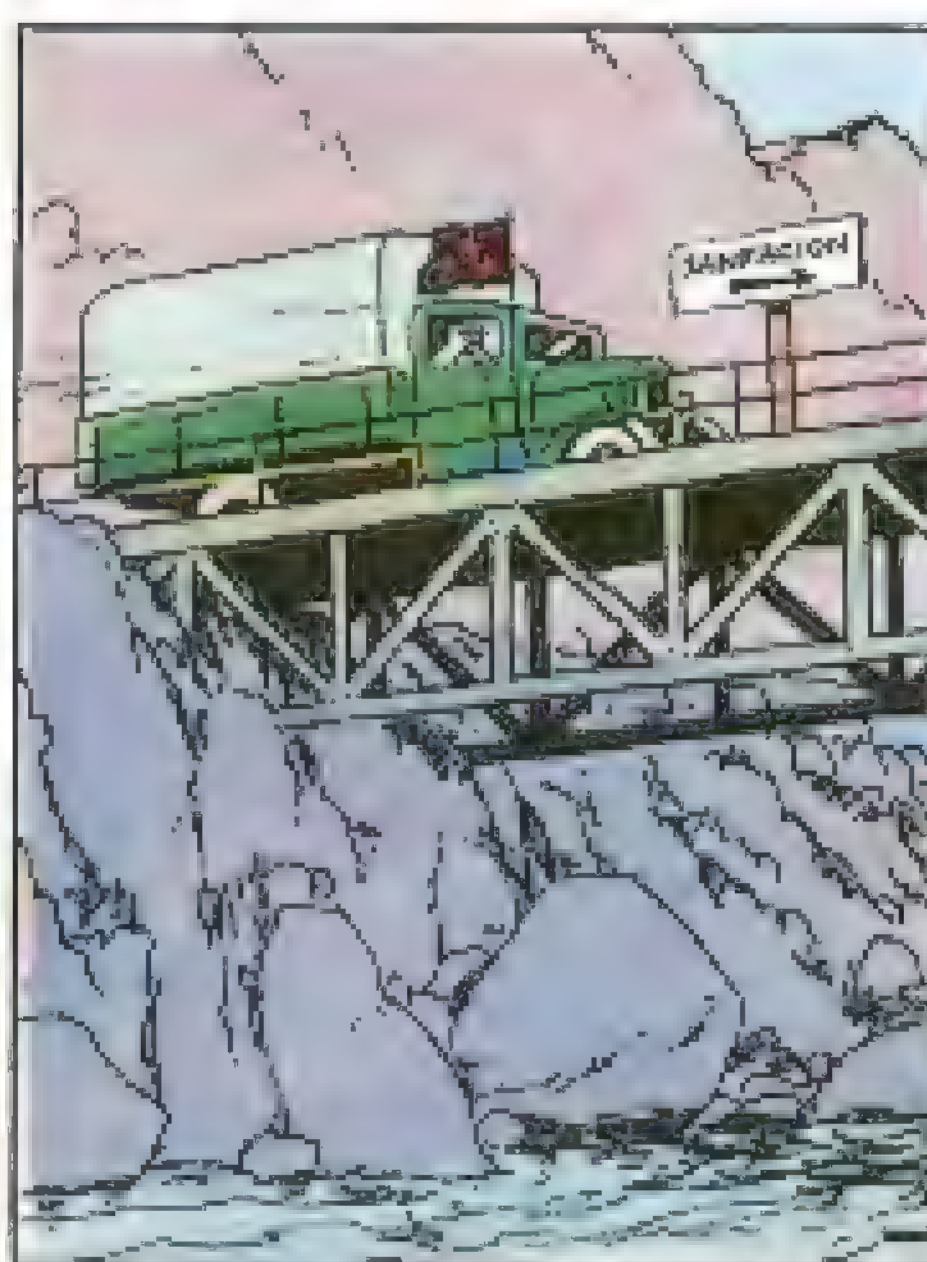
... we look for thees fetish again.

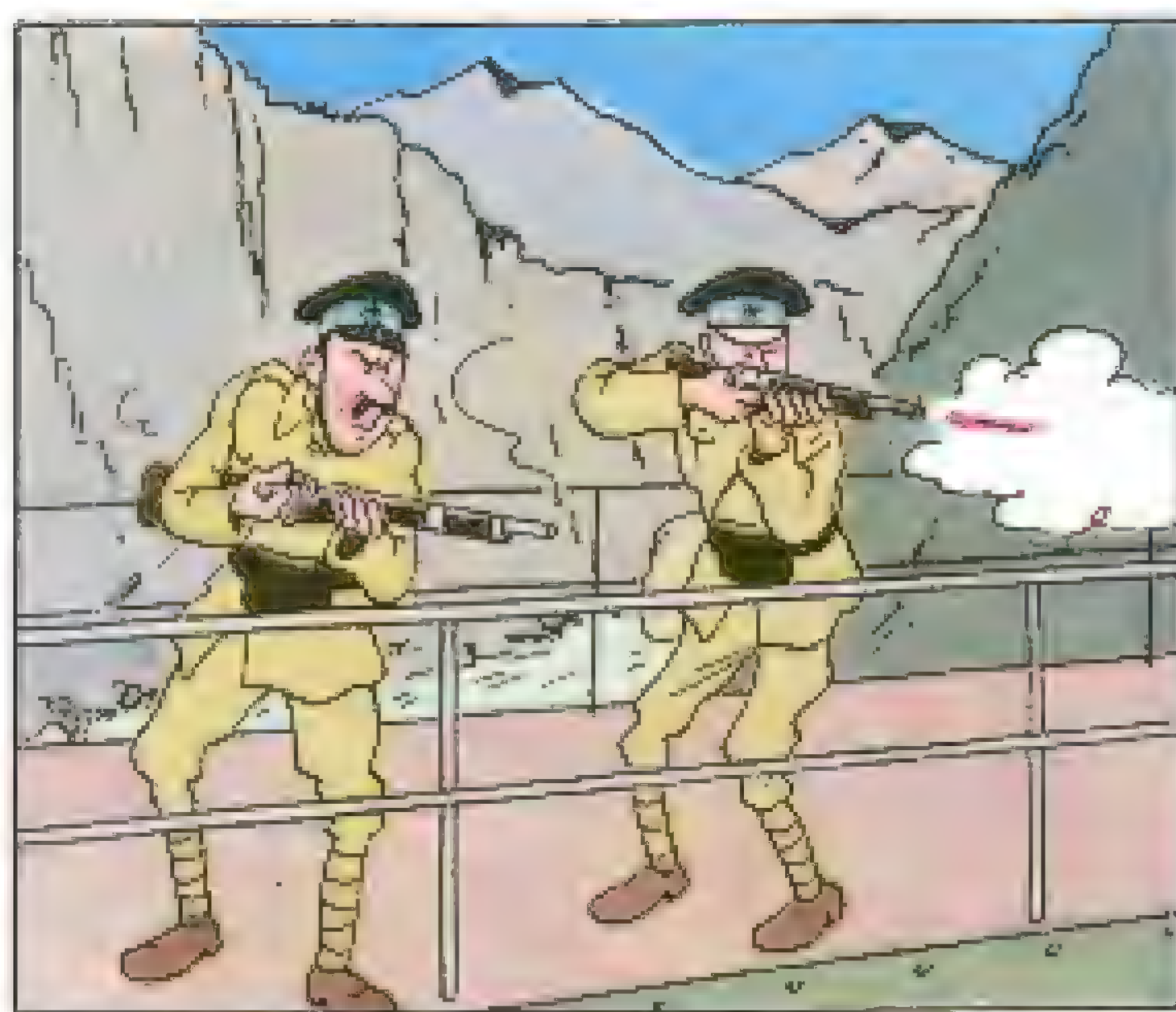


Meanwhile...

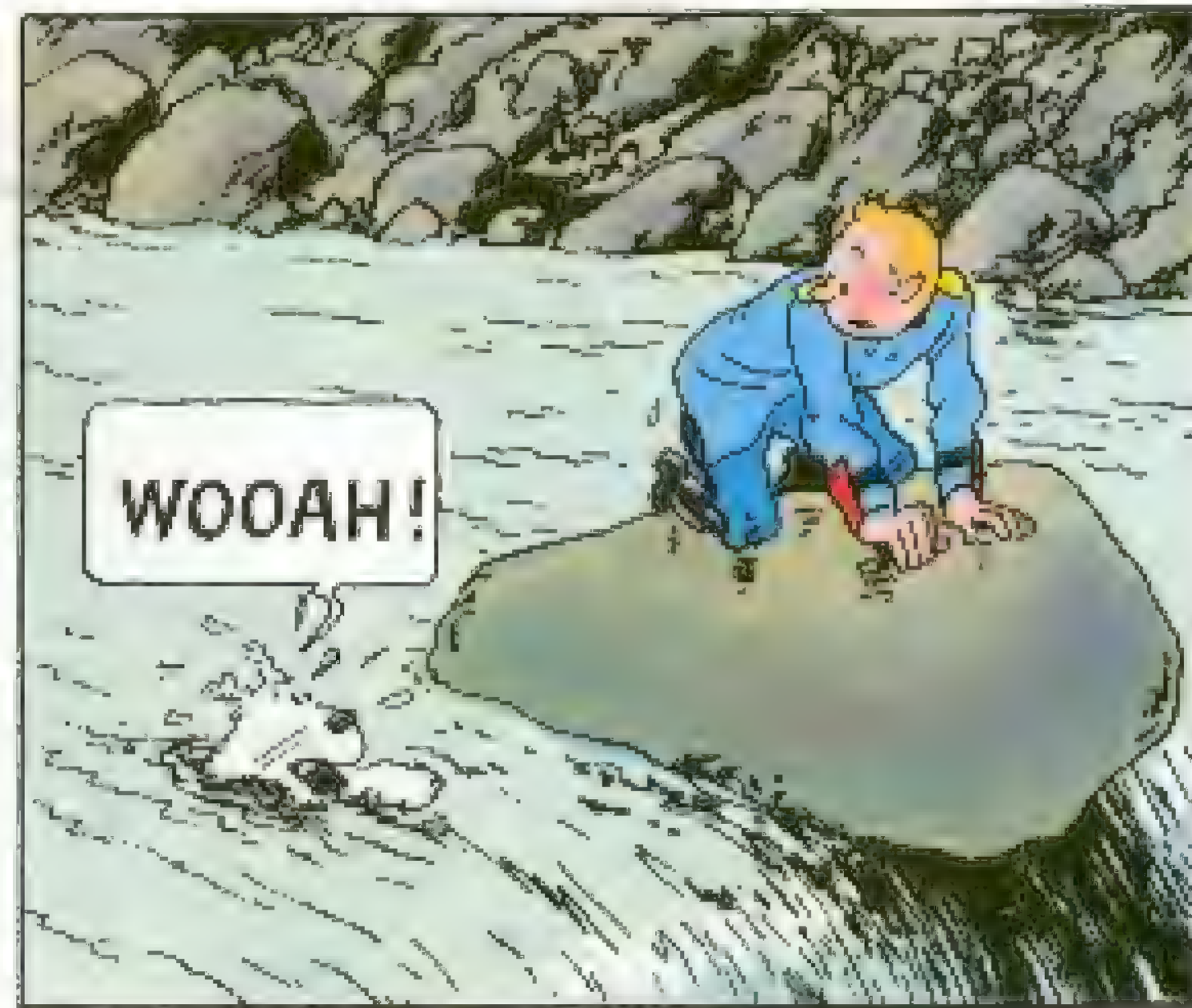
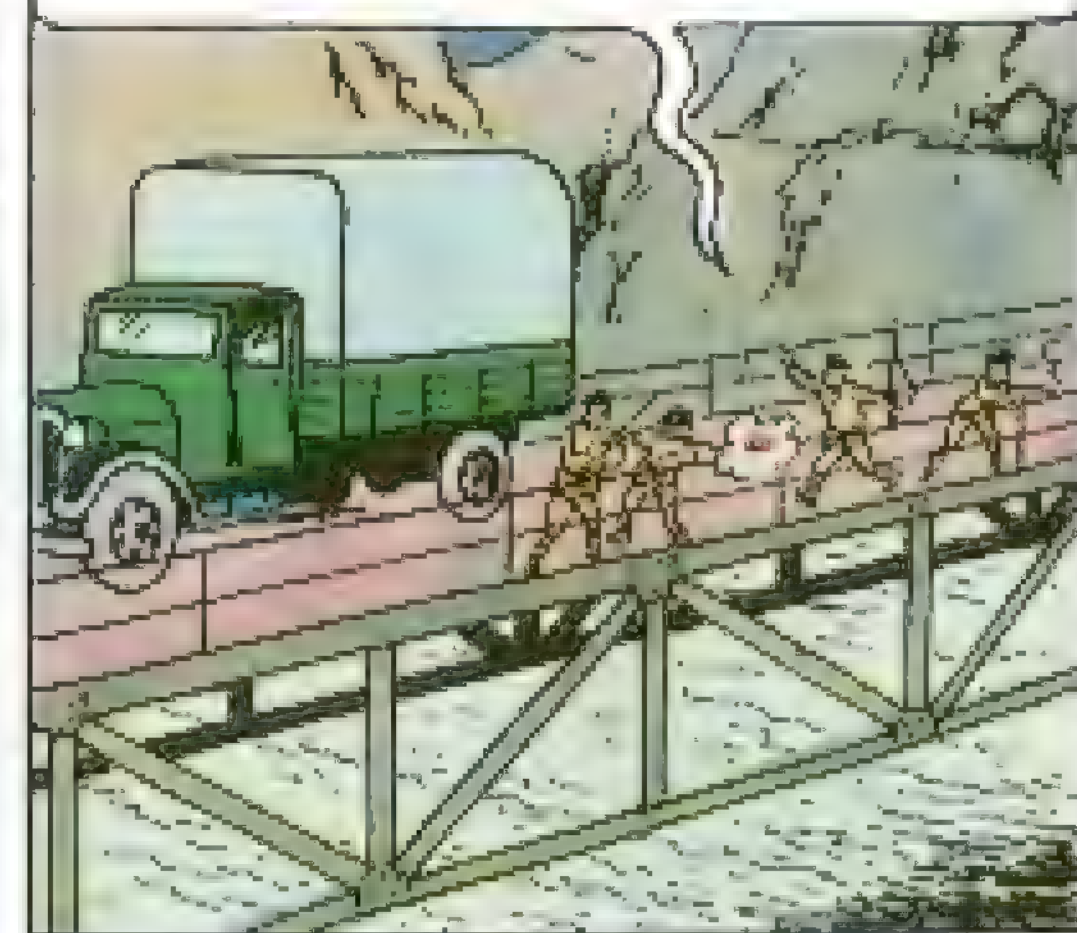
What will happen to me?

I don't know. We've been ordered to take you to Sanfacion, and that's all.



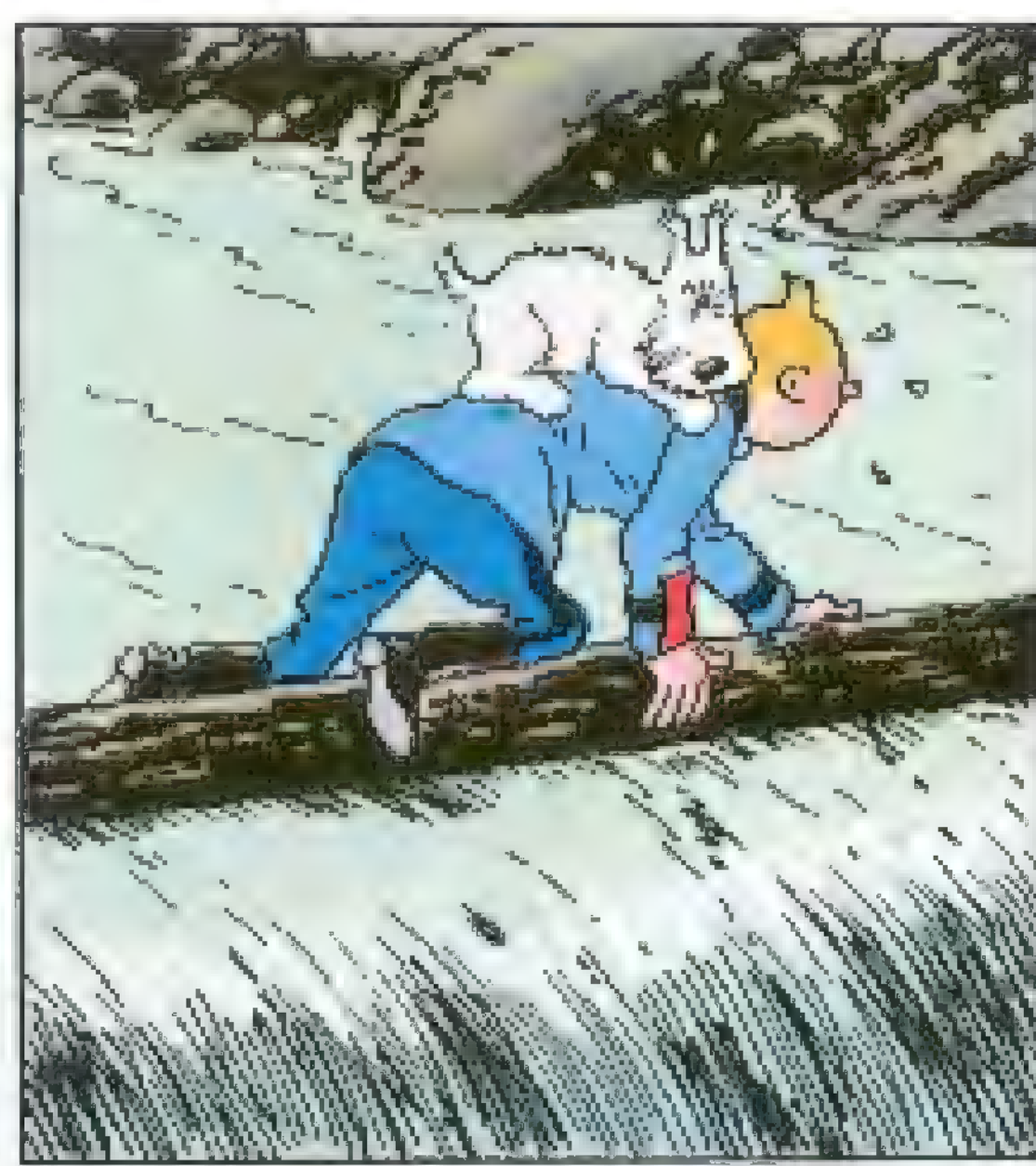


Hold your fire: he's out of range. Let him go. He'll be swept over the falls...

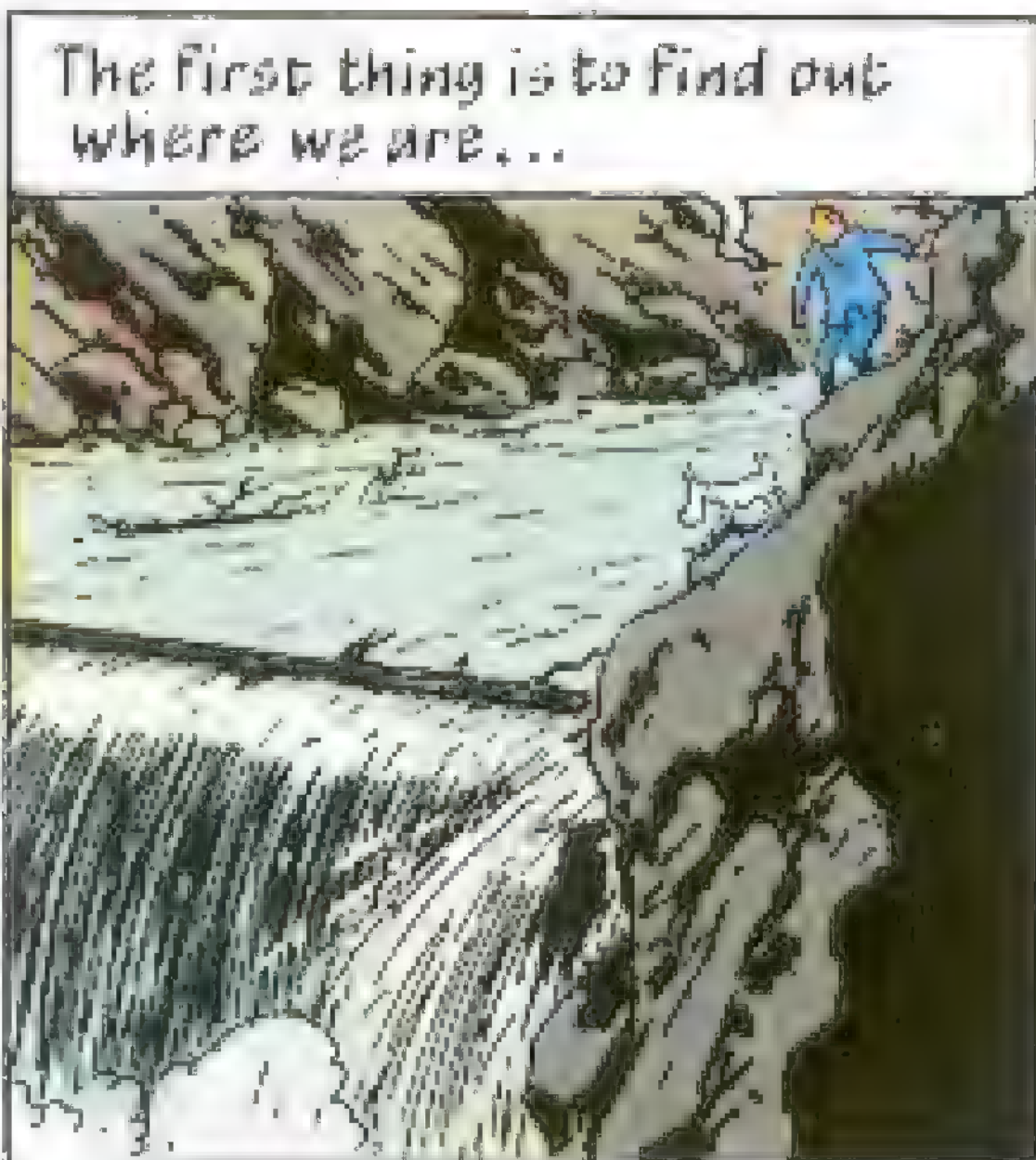




That's it... We can get across... with luck!



We're safe now, Snowy.

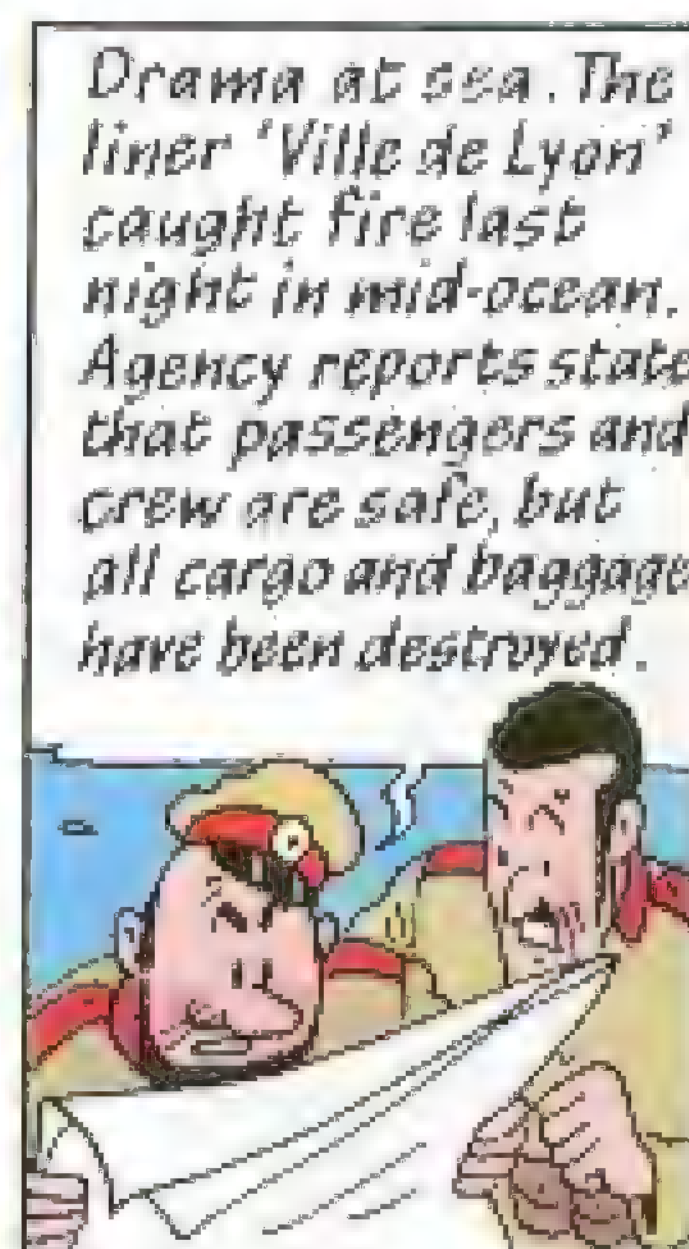


The first thing is to find out where we are...



Meanwhile ...

Caramba! Listen to this, Ramon...



Drama at sea. The liner 'Ville de Lyon' caught fire last night in mid-ocean. Agency reports state that passengers and crew are safe, but all cargo and baggage have been destroyed.



The fetish! The fetish burnt!

Unless... unless thees Tintin is lying when he tell us thees fetish is in hees trunk...



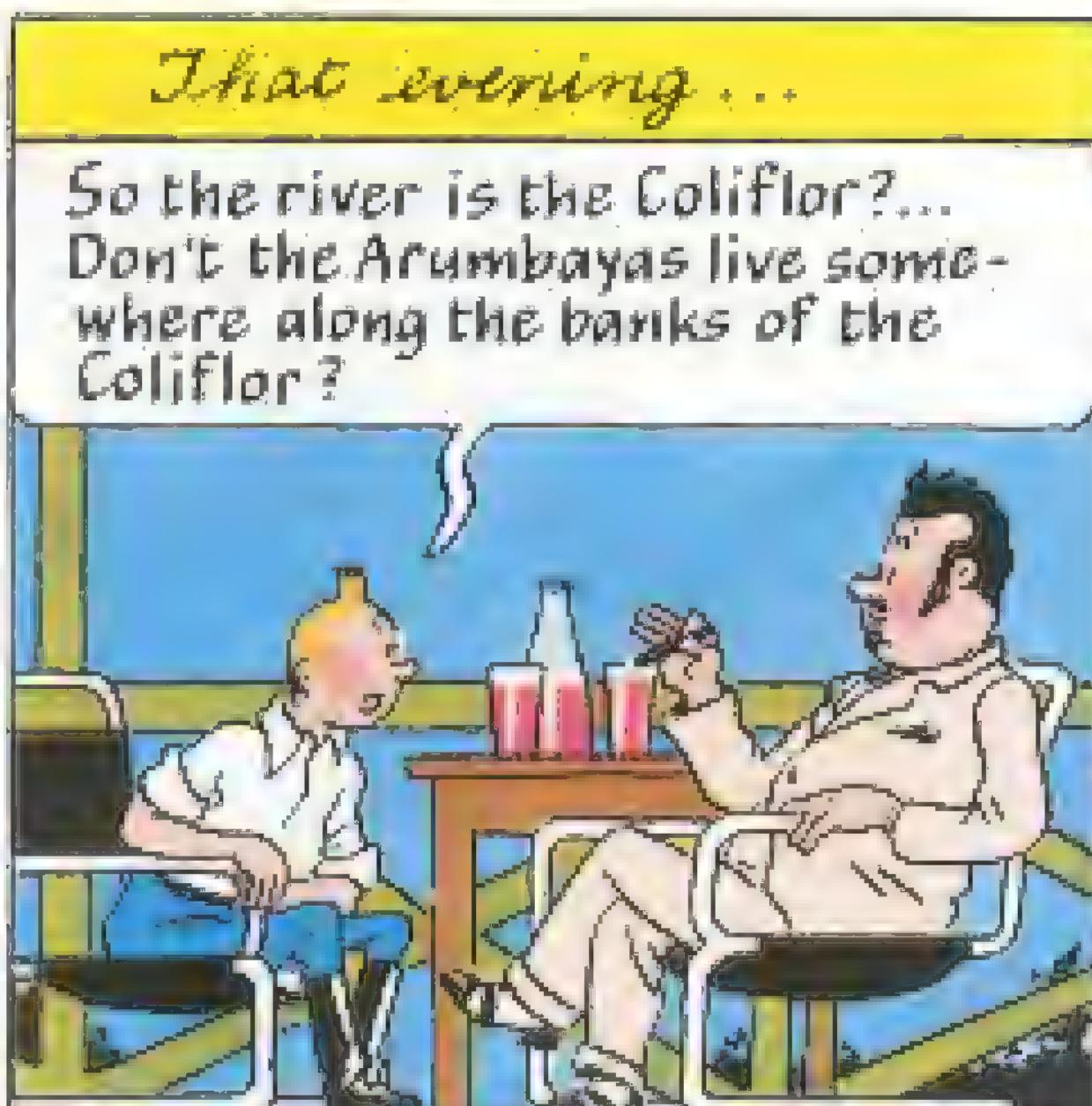
A house, at long last!



He's lost, and is seeking shelter?... But of course, bring him in...



Don José Trujillo owns this hacienda... He is very happy to welcome you.



That evening ...
So the river is the Coliflor?... Don't the Arumbayas live somewhere along the banks of the Coliflor?



Yes, they do. But there aren't many who'd dare go that way. The Arumbayas are the fiercest Indians in the whole of South America. The last man to try was a British explorer, Ridgewell. He went more than ten years ago. He's never been seen since.

Oh!



D'you think there's anyone who'd agree to take me there?

?

Next morning...

This is Caraco, an Indian who knows the river well. But I doubt if he'd dare go... there.



I want to go down-river. Will you act as my guide?

Si, señor.



I... er... I want to visit the Arumbayas ...



Arumbayas! Very bad people! No! Caraco no go!

Chicken!



Wait, Caraco. Think it over. Look what I'll pay you ...



Caraco go. But Caraco very poor man. The señor will buy canoe of Caraco.

All right, I'll buy it.



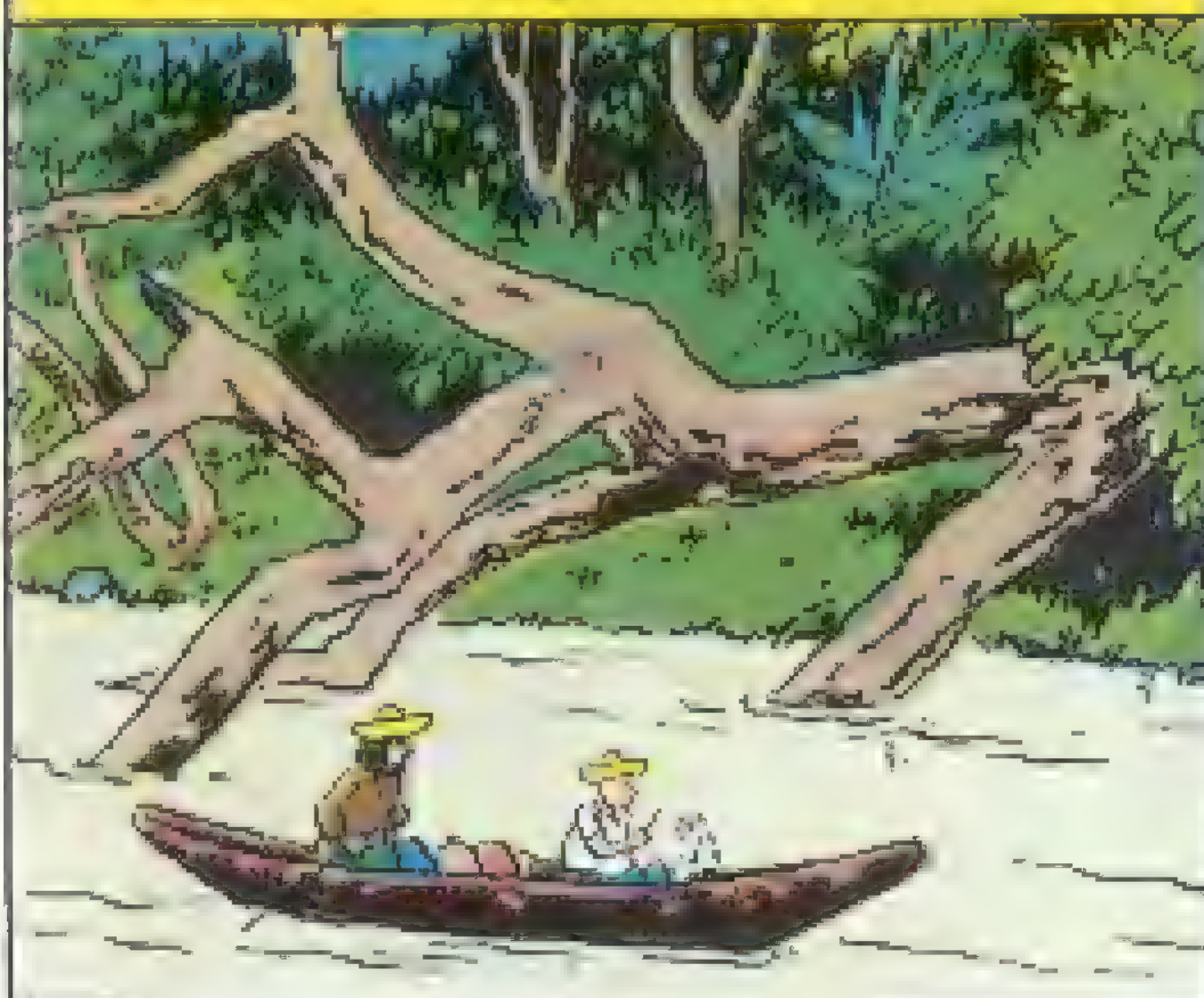
Caraco know other white señor. He want to go to Arumbayas. Long, long time ago. Other white señor ...

I know, he never came back ...

And that doesn't bother you?



Several days later...



Soon is night, señor.

You're right. We must stop.



Tomorrow, we come to country of Arumbayas.



Goodnight, señor...

Goodnight, Caraco.



Next morning...

Where's Caraco?



The canoe is still there, anyway ...

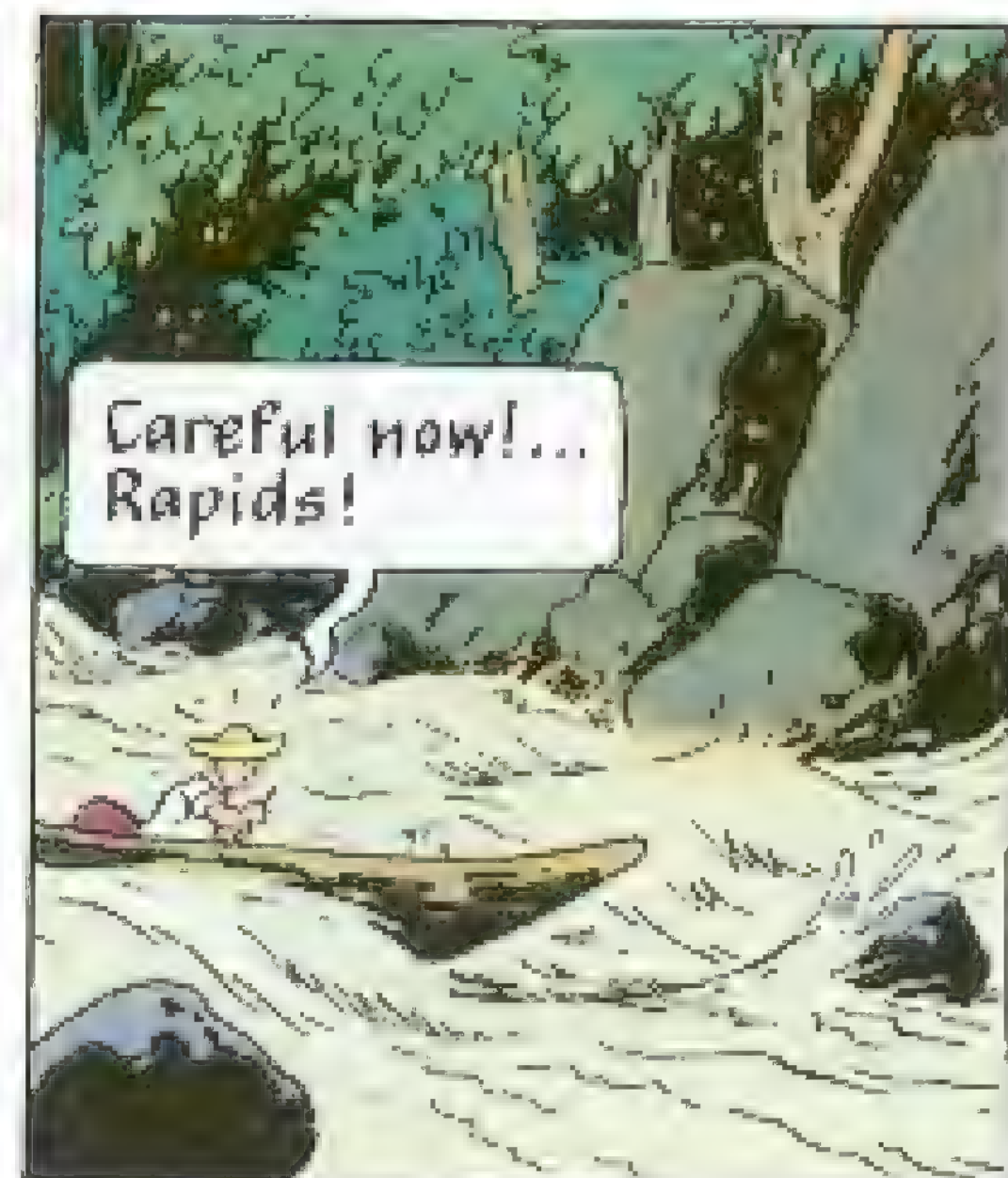




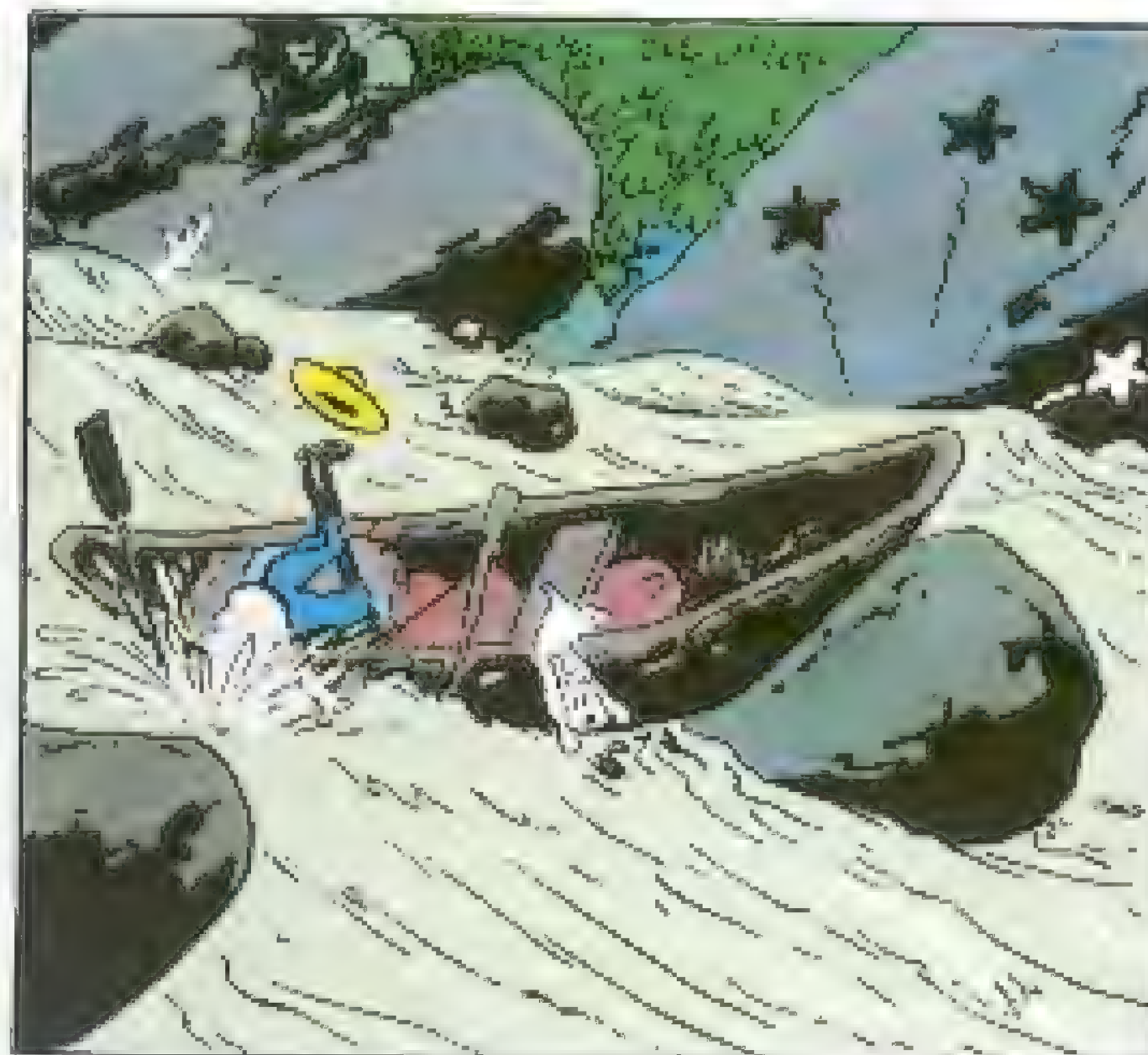
CARACO!



He's left me!... Now I understand why he wanted me to buy his canoe... So I could go on alone!



Careful now!... Rapids!



The canoe!... The canoe, with the guns and the food!... All gone!



Well! Now I really am in a jam!... No gun, no food, in hostile country... and all by myself!

!?!... I don't count any more, I suppose?

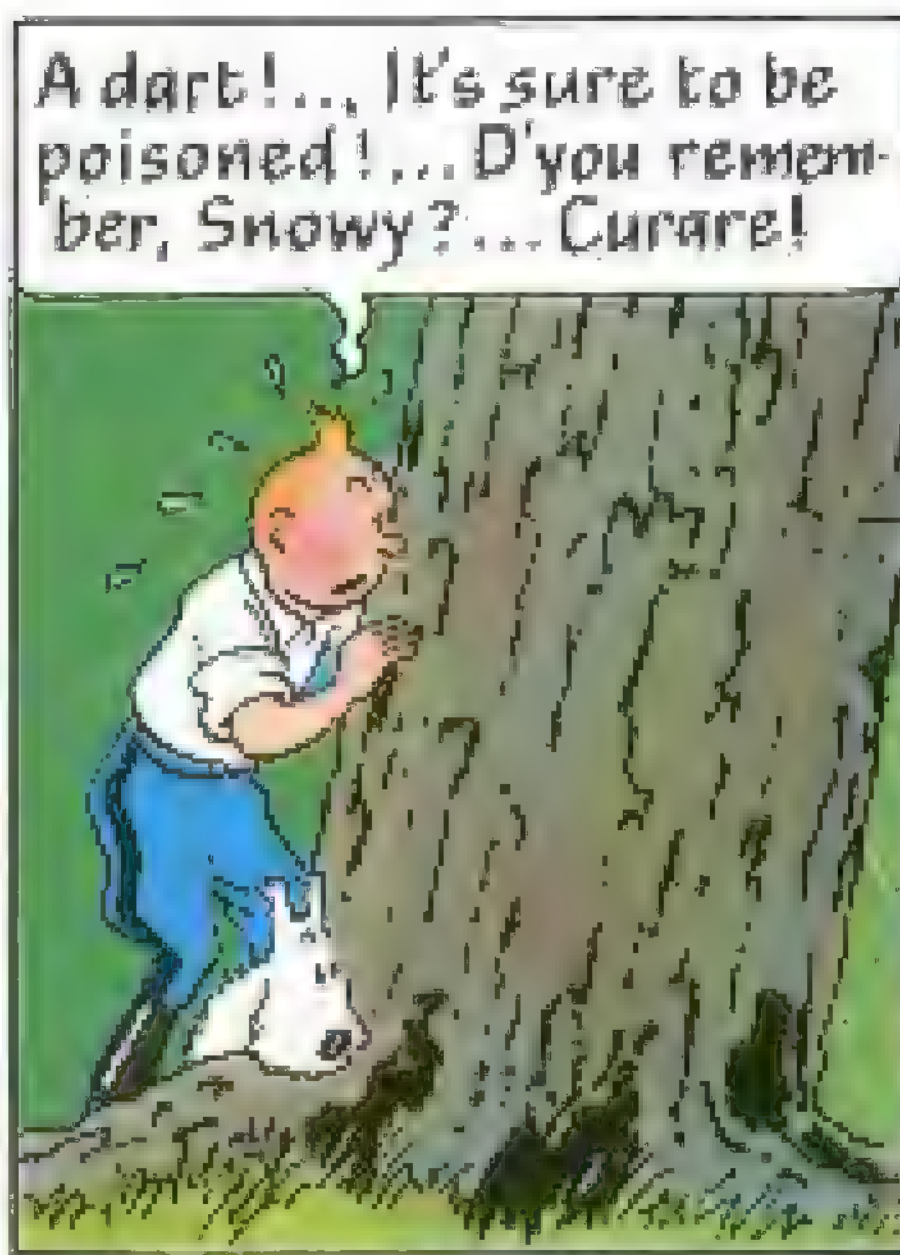


It's funny, but I have a feeling somebody's watching us...

Y...y... you... th-th-think... s-so?

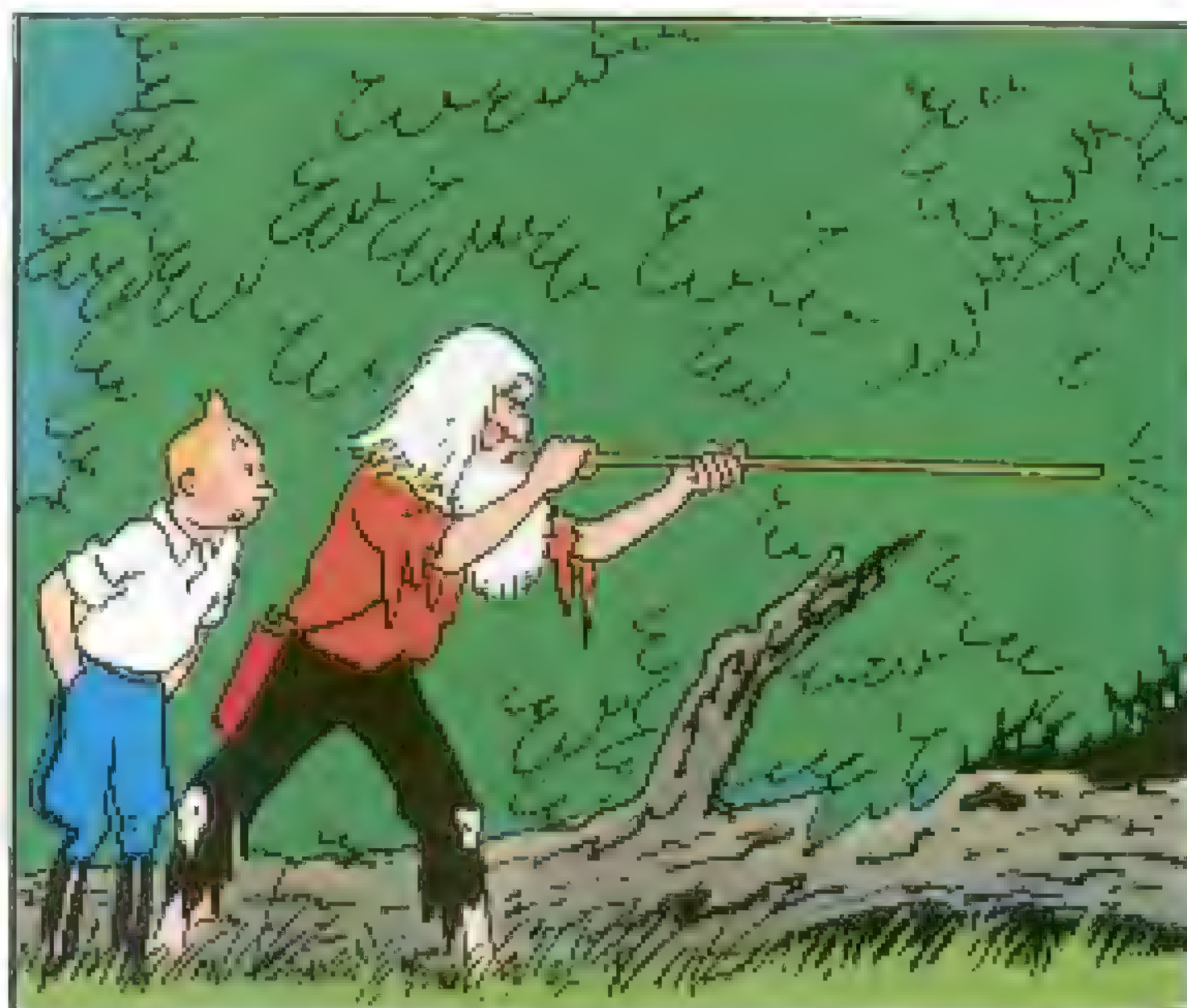


OH!



I just wanted you to have an unfriendly reception, to encourage you to leave at once. Believe me, if I'd wanted to kill you it wouldn't have taken more than one dart. Look, I'll prove it. You see that big flower over there?

Yes.



Good shot!



WOOAAAAH!

?



Ooh! I'm so sorry!

WOOAAAAH!



Don't worry, the dart wasn't poisoned. Use my handkerchief for a bandage.



Now, tell me how you come to be here in this country...



Well, it's like this. An Arumbaya fetish in a museum in Europe, brought back by the explorer Walker, was stolen and replaced by a copy. I noticed the substitution. Two other men were also on the track of the real fetish and whoever had stolen it.



I followed these two men to South America. They killed the thief on board ship and stole his fetish. But this one too was a fake. So now I'm trying to find the real fetish, and I still don't know where it is.



... Just as I still don't know what they were all after: Tortilla, the first thief, and his two killers. They all wanted the fetish. But why they wanted it is still a complete mystery. So I thought perhaps that here...

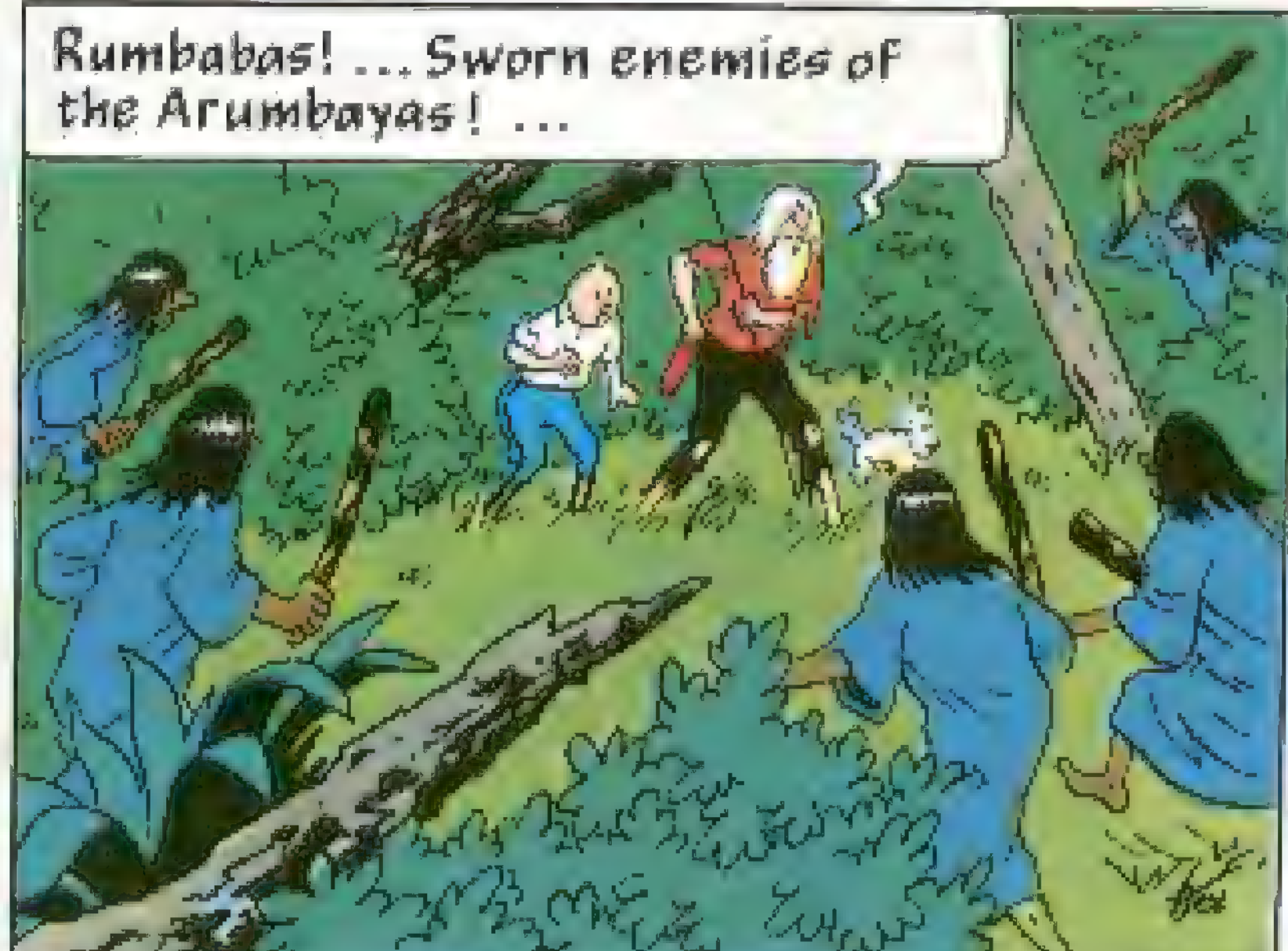


... among the Arumbayas I might learn something fresh about it...

Perhaps you may. It's quite possible...



Rumbabas! ... Sworn enemies of the Arumbayas! ...





What will they do to us? That's easy! They'll cut off our heads and by a most ingenious process they'll shrink them to the size of an apple!



Ahw wada lu'vali bahn chaco conats! Ha! ha! ha!

Just as I thought. He means our heads will soon be added to his collection!



They've gone... Snowy, you've absolutely got to save Tintin.



If I can find the Arumbaya village, and take this thing to them, perhaps they'll understand that its owner is in danger...



Meanwhile, in the Arumbaya village...

The Spirits tell me that if your son is to be cured, he must eat the heart of the first animal you meet in the forest...

I go, most powerful one!



What a strange animal!... And what's it carrying in its mouth? A quiver! That's funny... I must try to catch it alive...





See, O witch-doctor. This cloth belongs to the old bearded one, and the quiver also. Perhaps the old bearded one is in danger?



You mind your own business! ... Give me the animal and go! ... I shall kill the creature and take out its heart; this I shall give to your son to eat. Go now!



And if you breathe one word of all this, I shall call down the Spirits upon you and your family ... and you will all be changed into frogs!



No danger now: he won't gossip... But he's right. The old bearded one may be in trouble. All the better! Let's hope he dies! Then I shall regain my power over the Arumbayas. Now, before I kill the animal I must burn these things... they might give me away.



Great Spirits of the forest, we bring thee a sacrifice of these two strangers ...



Stop, O chief of the Rumbabas! The Spirits of the forest do not accept your sacrifice!



These two strangers are friends of the forest. You will set them free.



V-v-very w-w-well!

It's magic... witchcraft!



Magic?... Didn't you realise it was me speaking?... I'm a ventriloquist... Ventriloquism, I'd have you know my young friend, is my pet hobby.



Good heavens!

Brother Arumbayas, you are about to witness a remarkable phenomenon ...



My end!

We will take out this animal's heart and give it, still beating, to our sick brother ...



YAAH!

The old bearded one!

The villain! ... Lucky you decided to come and look for us Karamelo... otherwise we'd have been too late.

Let me introduce Avakuki, chief of the Arumbayas

Dwar ya? Ts goota meecha mai 'tee

It's a pleasure, sir...

Naluk. Djarem membah dabrah nai dul? Tintin zluk infu rit'h. Kanyah elpim?

Dabrah nai dul? Oi, oi! Slaika toljah. Datrai b'giv dabrah nai dul ta'Walker. Ewuz anais-gi. Buttiz'h felaz tukahr presh usdjuel. Enefda Arumbayas ket chimdai lavis gutsfa gaktah'z. Nomess in'h!

I was just asking the chief about the fetish, and this is what he told me... You'll be interested ...

I'm all ears!

?

?

Nitwits!

Cohrluv ahduk! Ai tolja tahitta ferlip inbaul intada oh'l! Andatdahn meenis ferlip ineer oh'l!

I should never have started to teach them golf! They just can't learn to play properly!

But to come back to the fetish. The elders of the tribe still remember about the Walker expedition. It's quite a tale. They know that a fetish was offered as a token of friendship to Walker during his stay with the tribe. But as soon as the explorers had left ...

The Arumbayas discovered that a sacred stone had disappeared. It seems that the stone gave protection from snake-bite to anyone who touched it. The tribe remembered a half-caste named Lopez, the explorers' interpreter, who was often seen prowling around the hut where the magic stone was kept under guard.



The Arumbayas were furious. They set off in pursuit of the expedition, caught up with them, and massacred almost all the party... Walker himself managed to escape, carrying the fetish. As for the half-caste, although badly wounded, he too got away. The stone, probably a diamond, was never recovered... That's how the story goes.



Now I understand... The whole thing makes sense!



Listen!... The half-caste steals the stone, and to avoid suspicion he conceals it in the fetish. He thinks he'll be able to get it back later on...



But the Arumbayas attack the expedition and Lopez is wounded. He has to flee without the diamond. And that's it!... The diamond is still in its hiding-place, and that's why Tortilla, and after him his two killers, tried to steal the fetish.



It looks to me as if you're right!

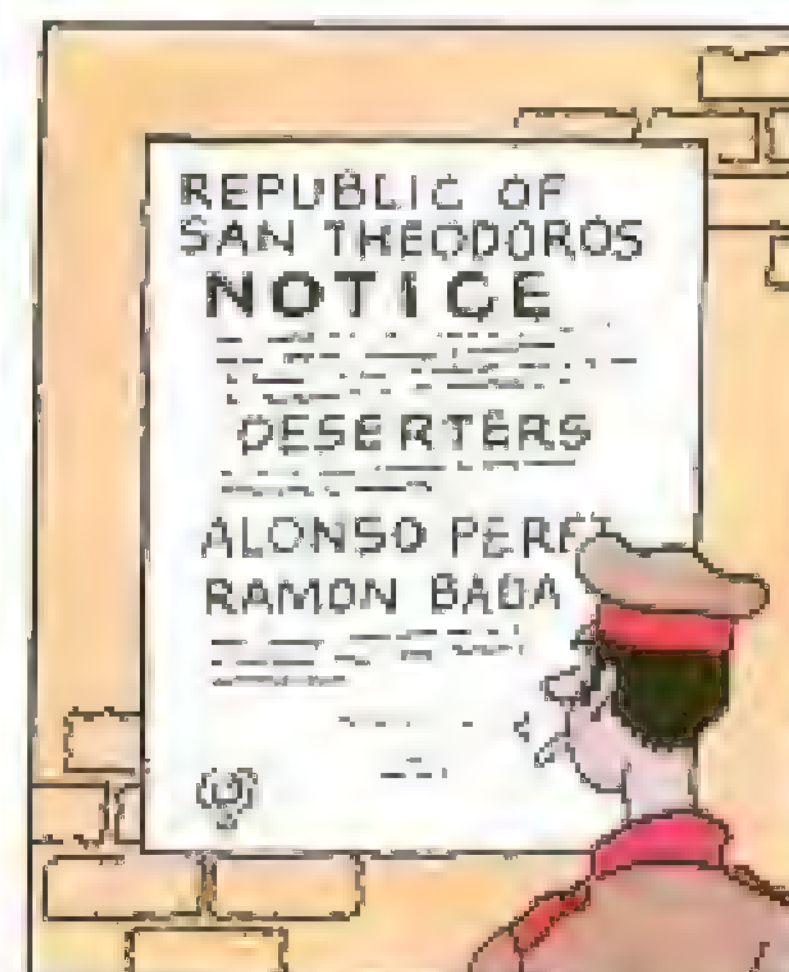
So now all I have to do is find the fetish... and return to Europe!



Some days later...



Meanwhile...



REPUBLIC OF SAN THEODOROS
NOTICE
DESERTERS
ALONSO PEREZ
RAMON BABA

We simply must get hold of a canoe...



Look!... There's a canoe... and with one man only... But... I think I am seeing things... or it's a dream... There's a man...

Caramba!... It's Tintin!



We'll rest here for a while before we continue our journey...



So we meet again, eh?



?

Let's start talking!... Did you know the 'Ville de Lyon' had been completely destroyed by fire... burnt out!



Really?

Yes, really! And the fetish you left in your trunk has been destroyed!... Burnt!... All because of you... You are going to pay dearly, my friend!



No! I told you... The real fetish wasn't aboard...

Oho! So you lied to us! Well, now you're going to tell us where it is. And don't try to fool us again!

I've already told you: I know nothing about it...

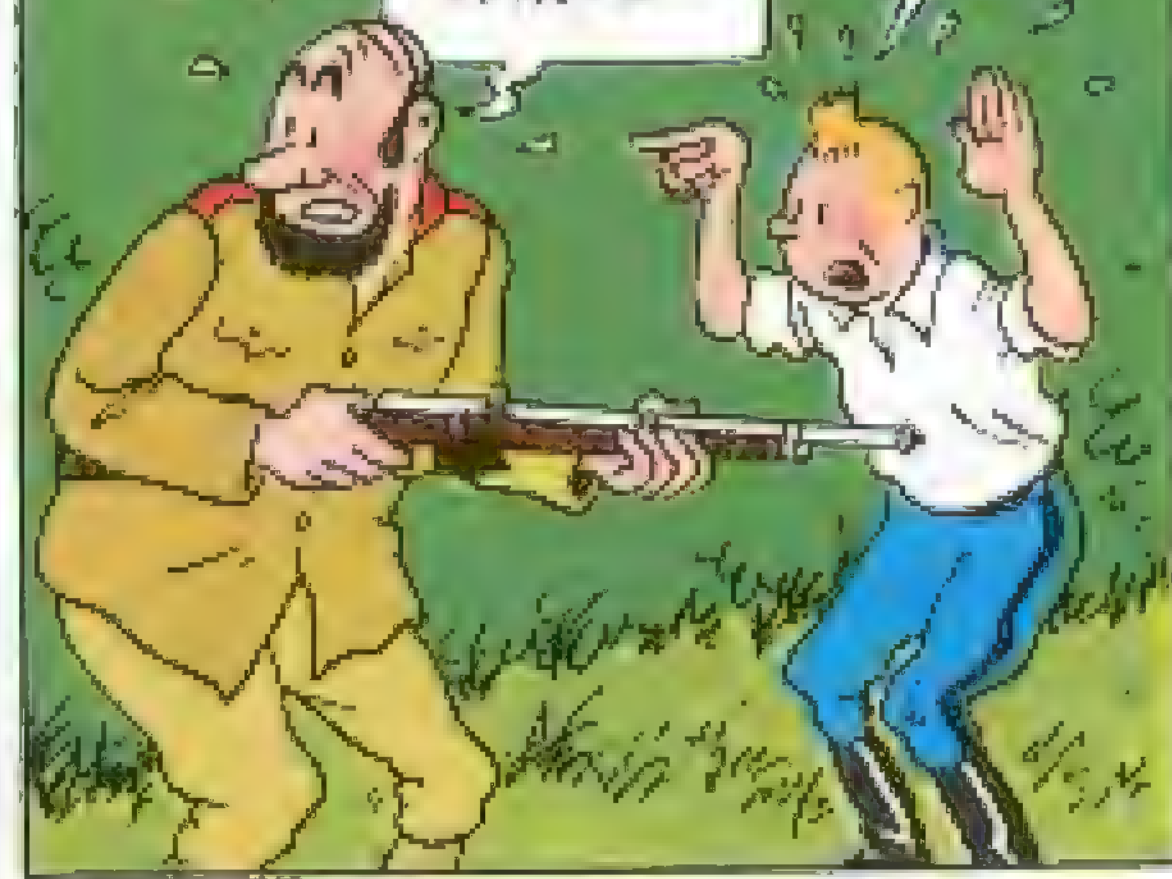


Now listen carefully! There's one more round left in this gun. On the count of three if you haven't talked, I swear that bullet's for you! One!...two!...



Look out! A snake!!!!...

Where?



YOW!

Here!



OOH!



Caramba!!!

!?



Ha! ha! ha!
I've got you
at last!...





Good! ... Now they're safely taken care of, let's see what he's got in his wallet.



OHO!



Arre-uyas
I am dying
Walker expedition
the diamond
in the fetish
car
Lopez

Where did you get this note? ... Tell me!



In the ship, on our way to Europe. Tortilla dropped it. But we didn't know what it meant. Tortilla was just a fellow passenger. We only realised the significance of the paper when we read about the fetish being stolen from the museum... Then we decided we'd try to get the fetish away from Tortilla.



Excellent! ... Now, the only thing we don't know is how Tortilla got hold of this note. But since he's dead, I don't suppose we'll ever discover that! ... So now, gentlemen, let's get moving!

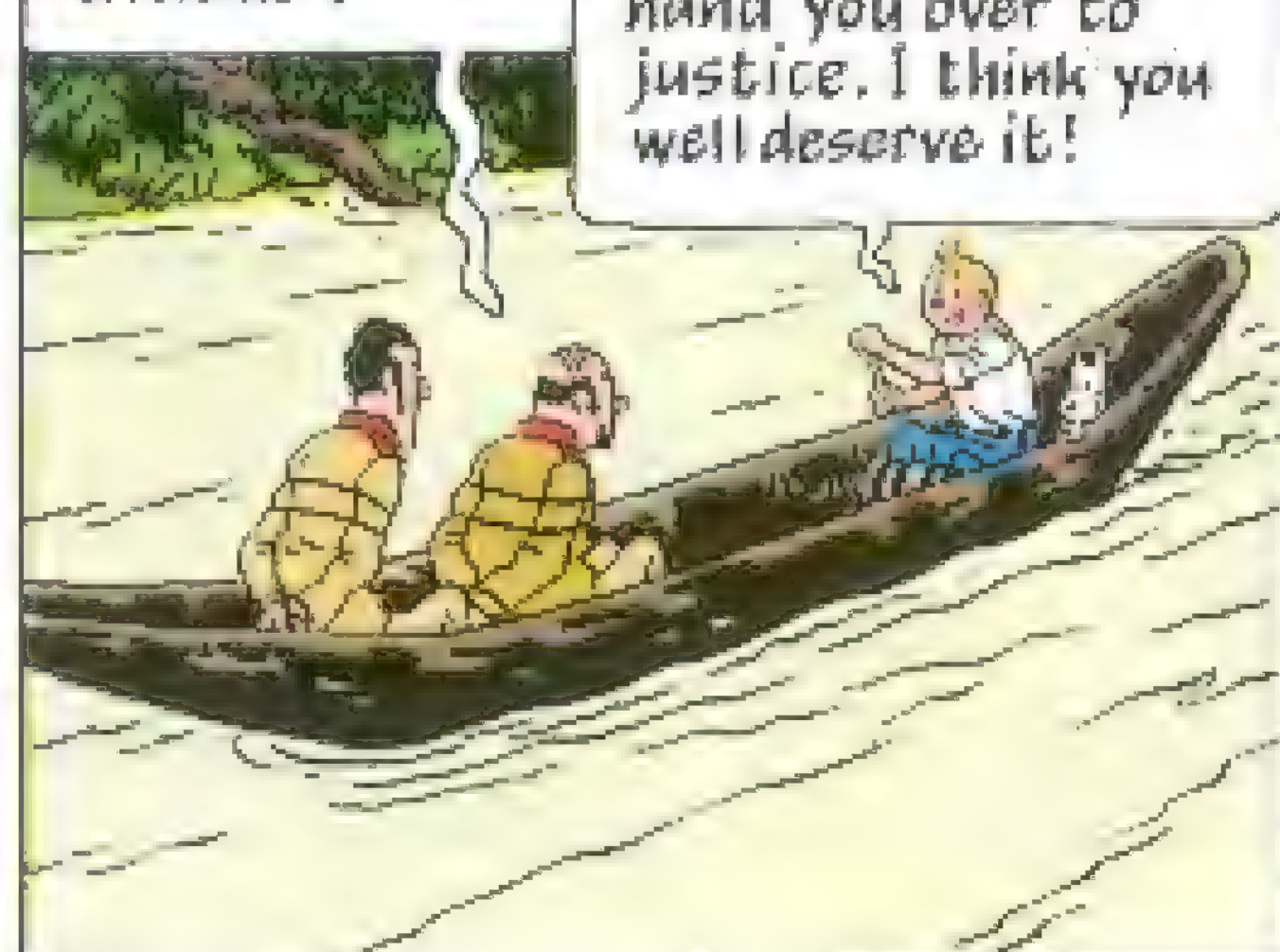


And behave yourselves!



What are you planning to do with us?

No problem. I shall hand you over to justice. I think you well deserve it!



Hand us over to justice? ... Ha! ha! ha!



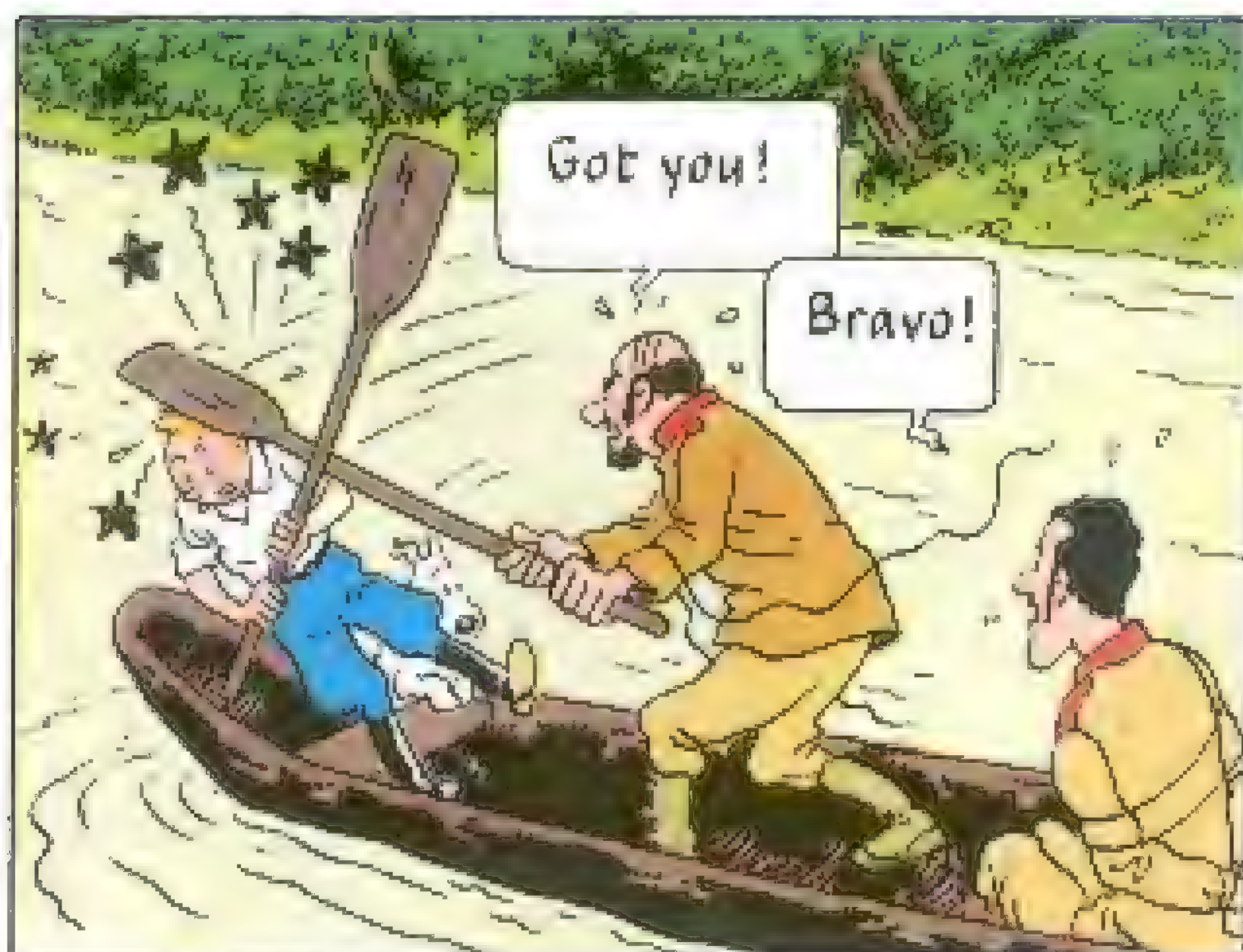
Don't count your chickens before they're hatched, my fine friend ...

Teep heem een! ...



Got you!

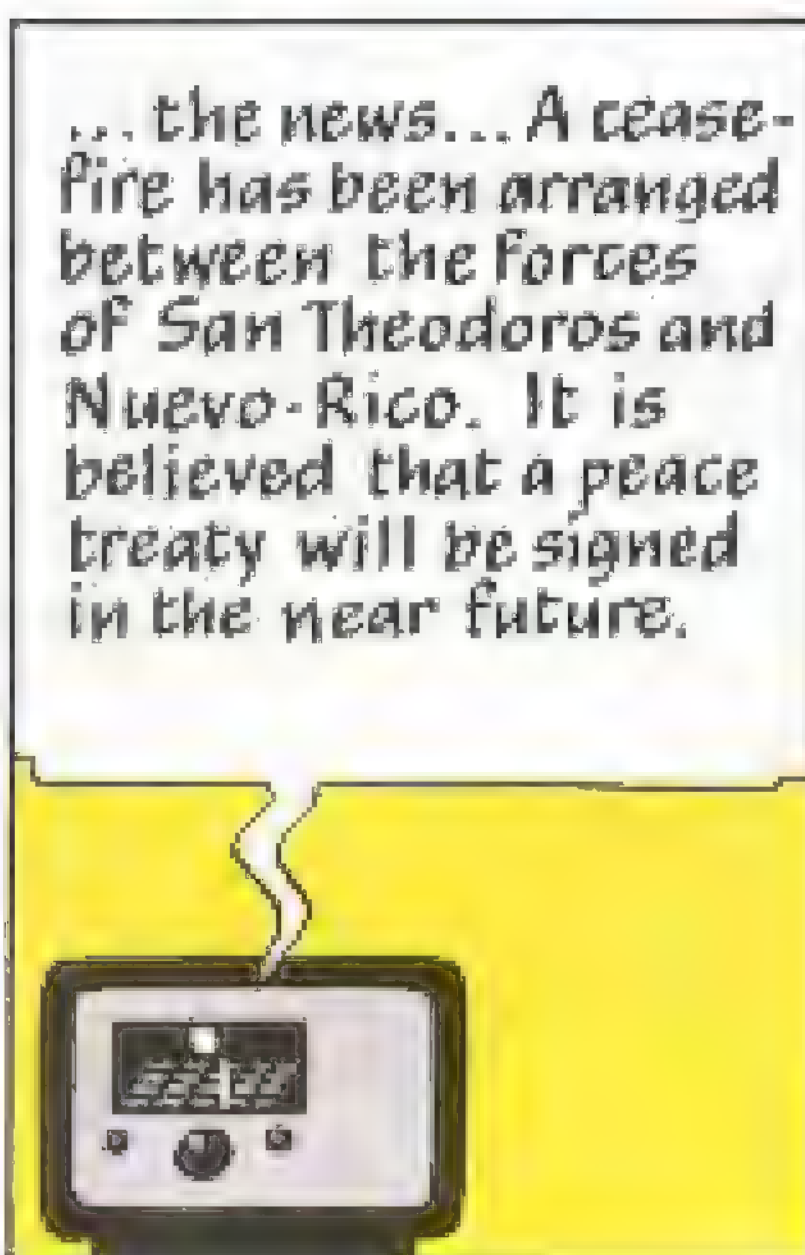
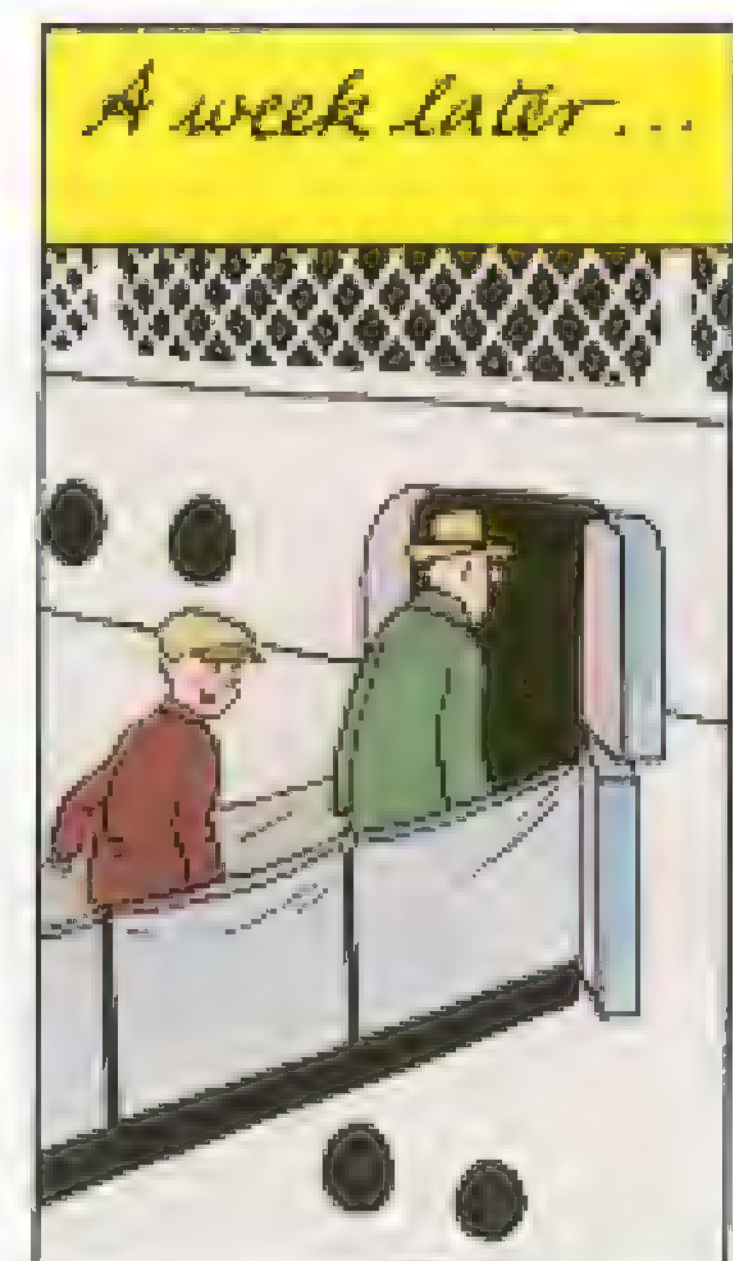
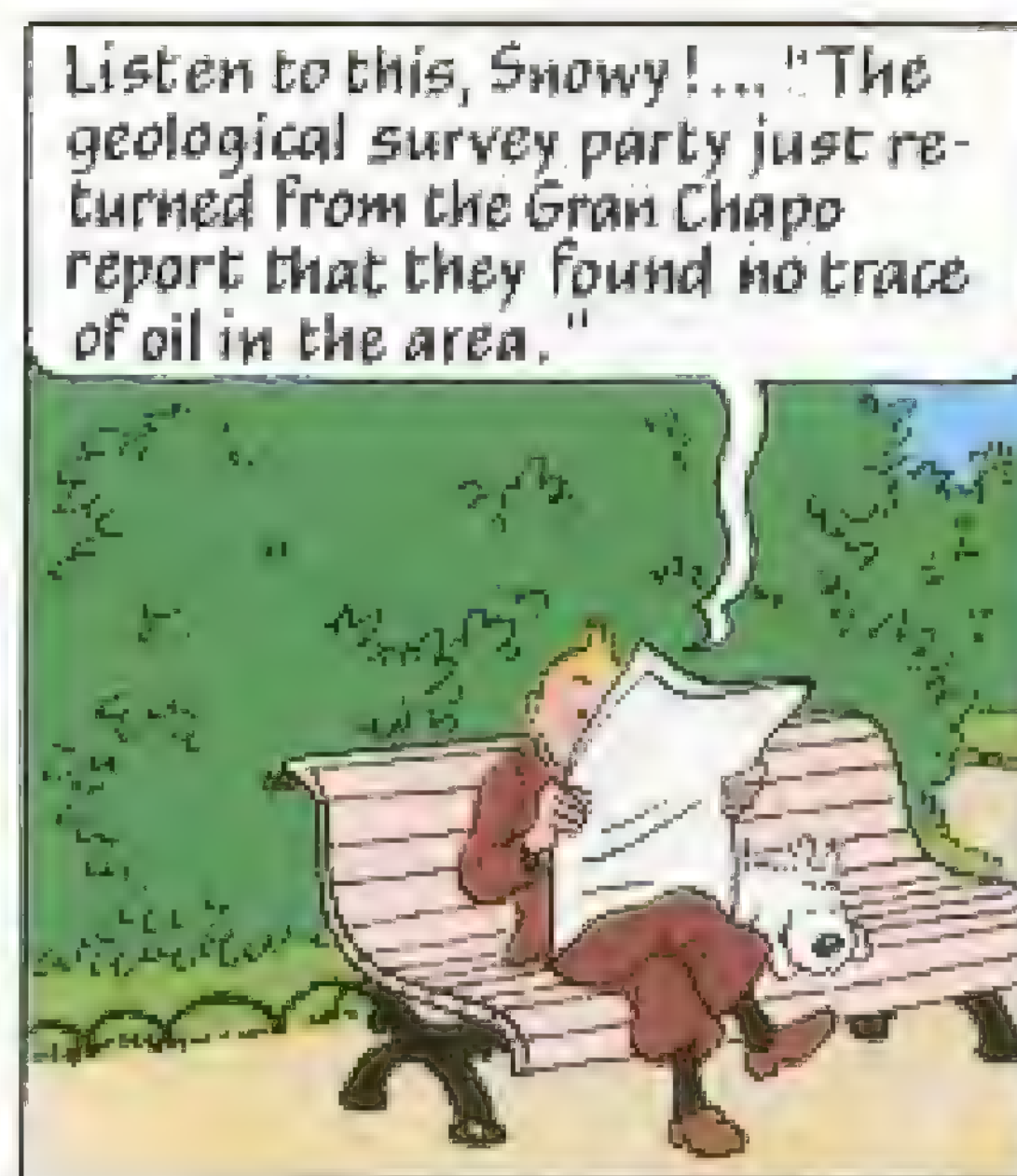
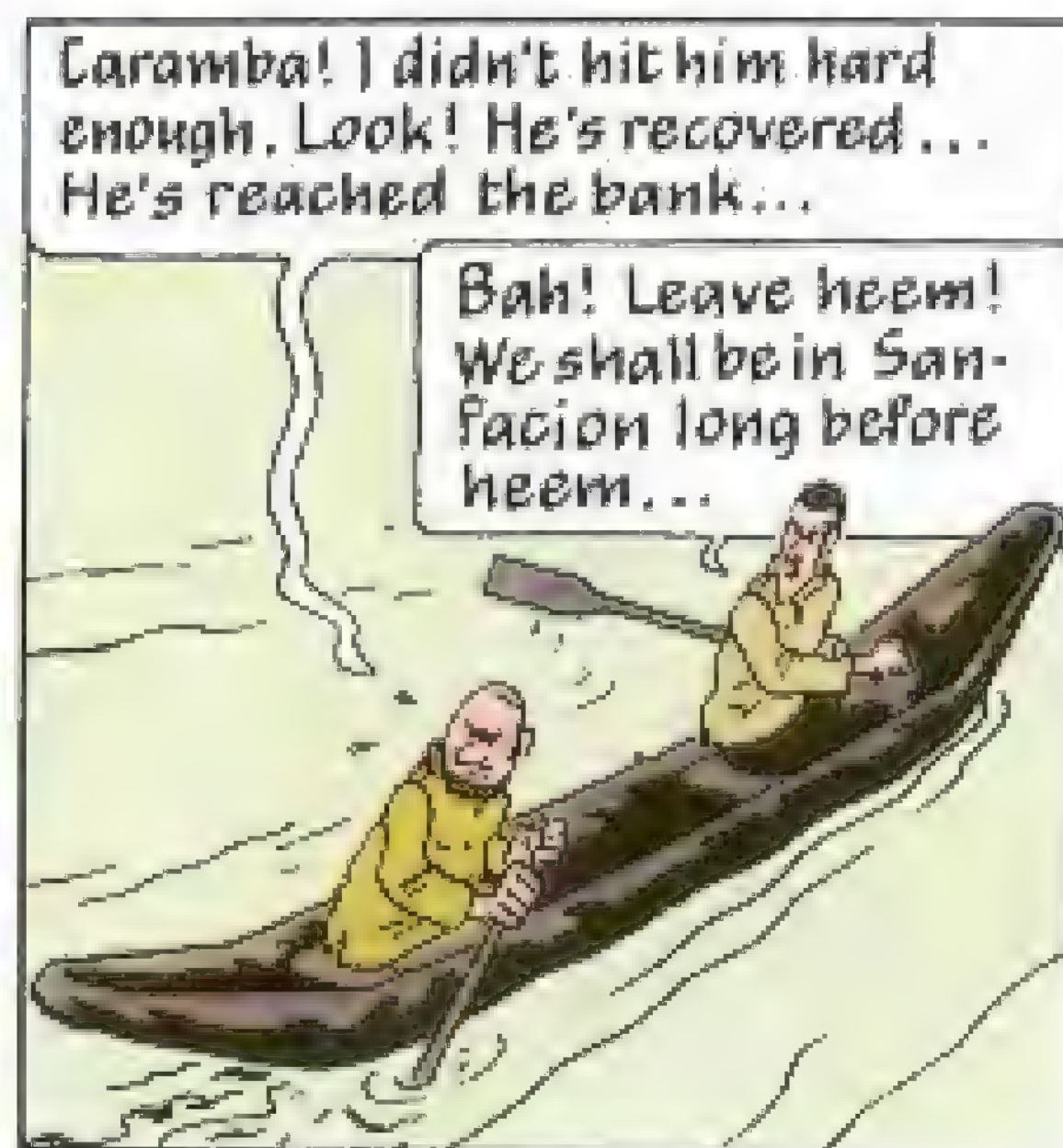
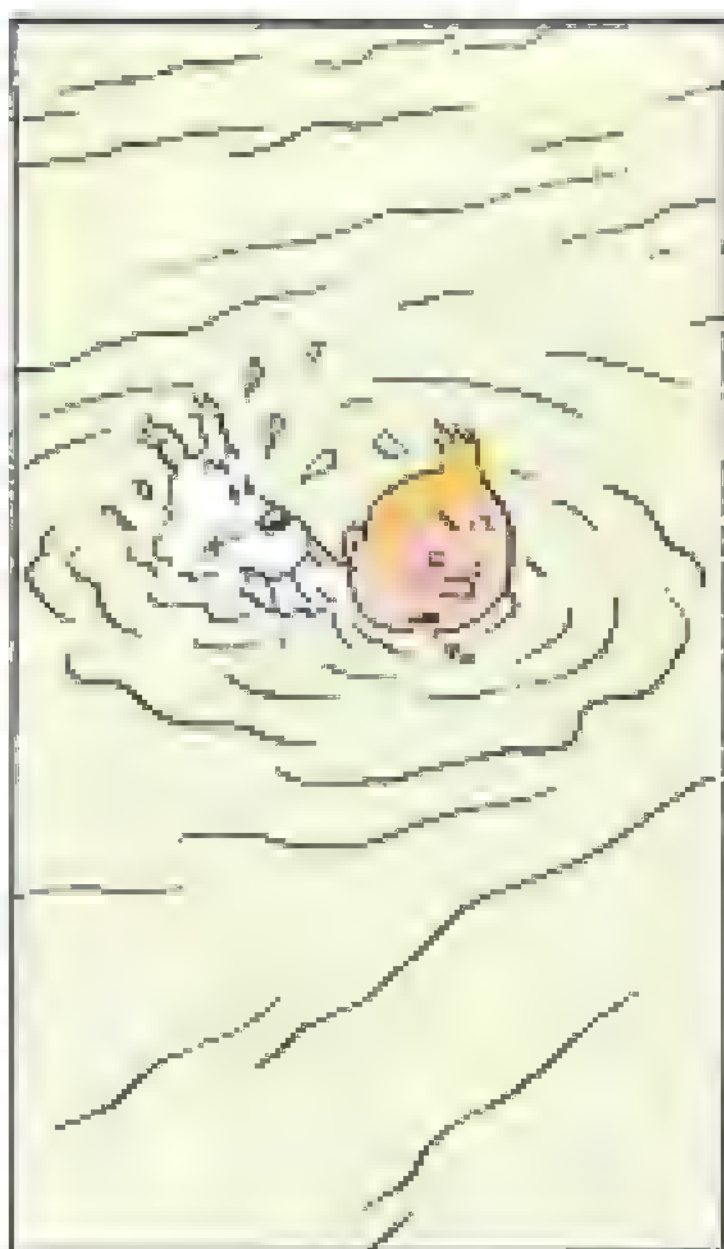
Bravo!



There! ...

Hee's feenished! Look, Alonso. Thees piranhas, thees man-eating feeshes, they come for heem already!







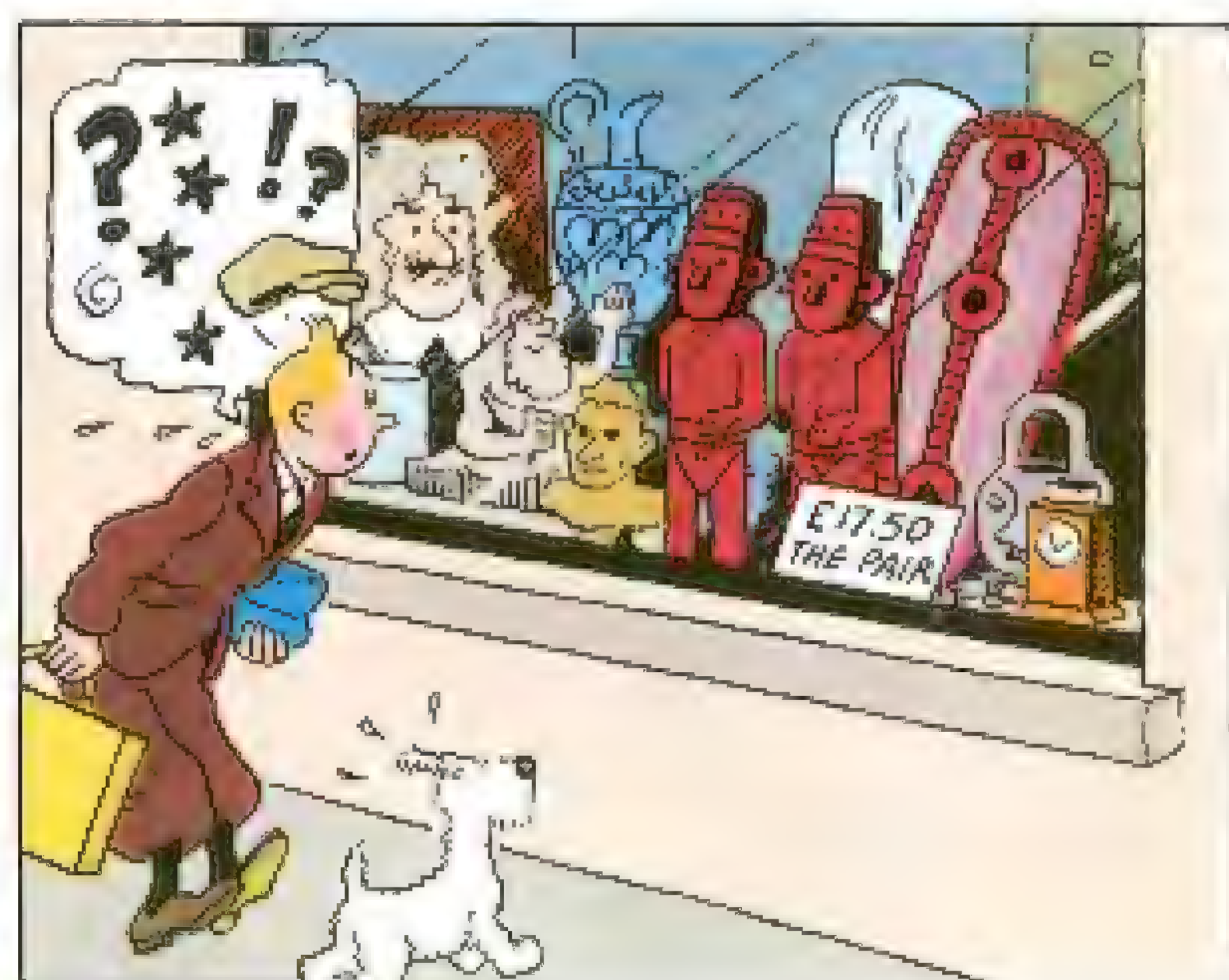
Good heavens!... It's fantastic!



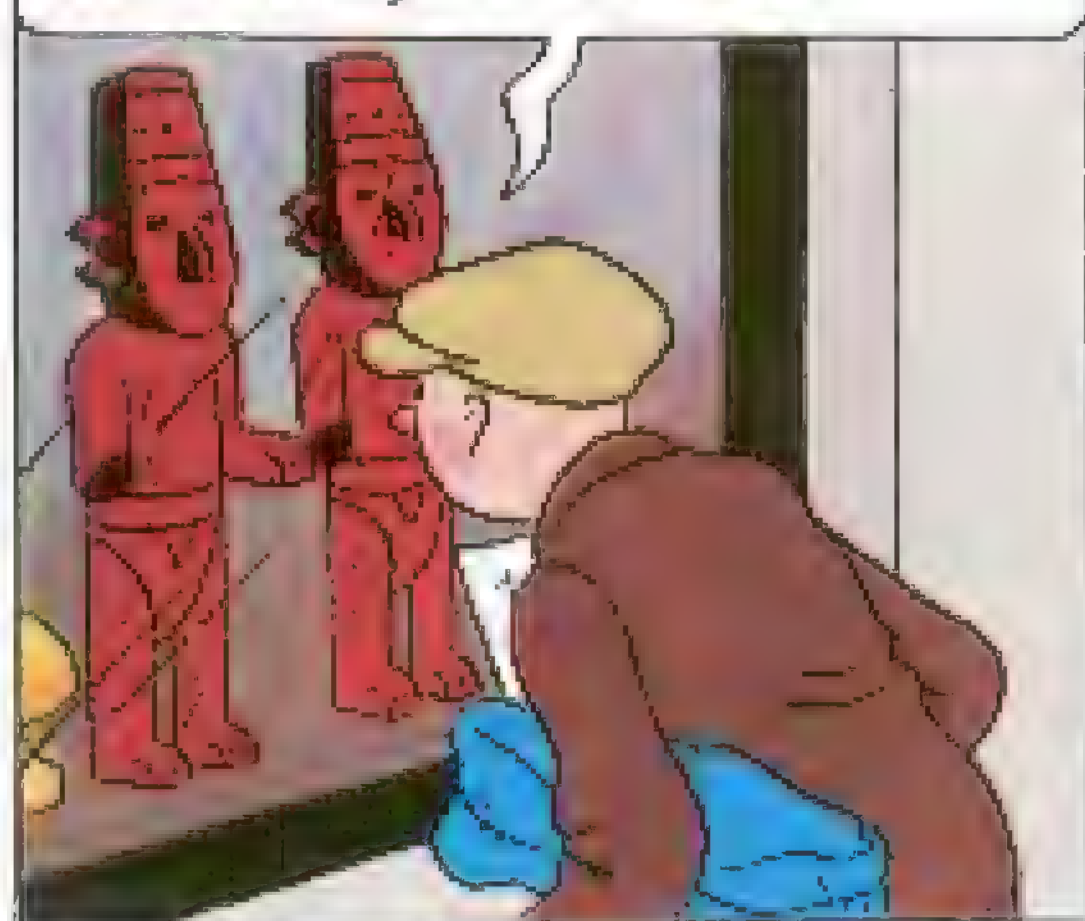
Think of the thousands of miles I've travelled to find this thing!



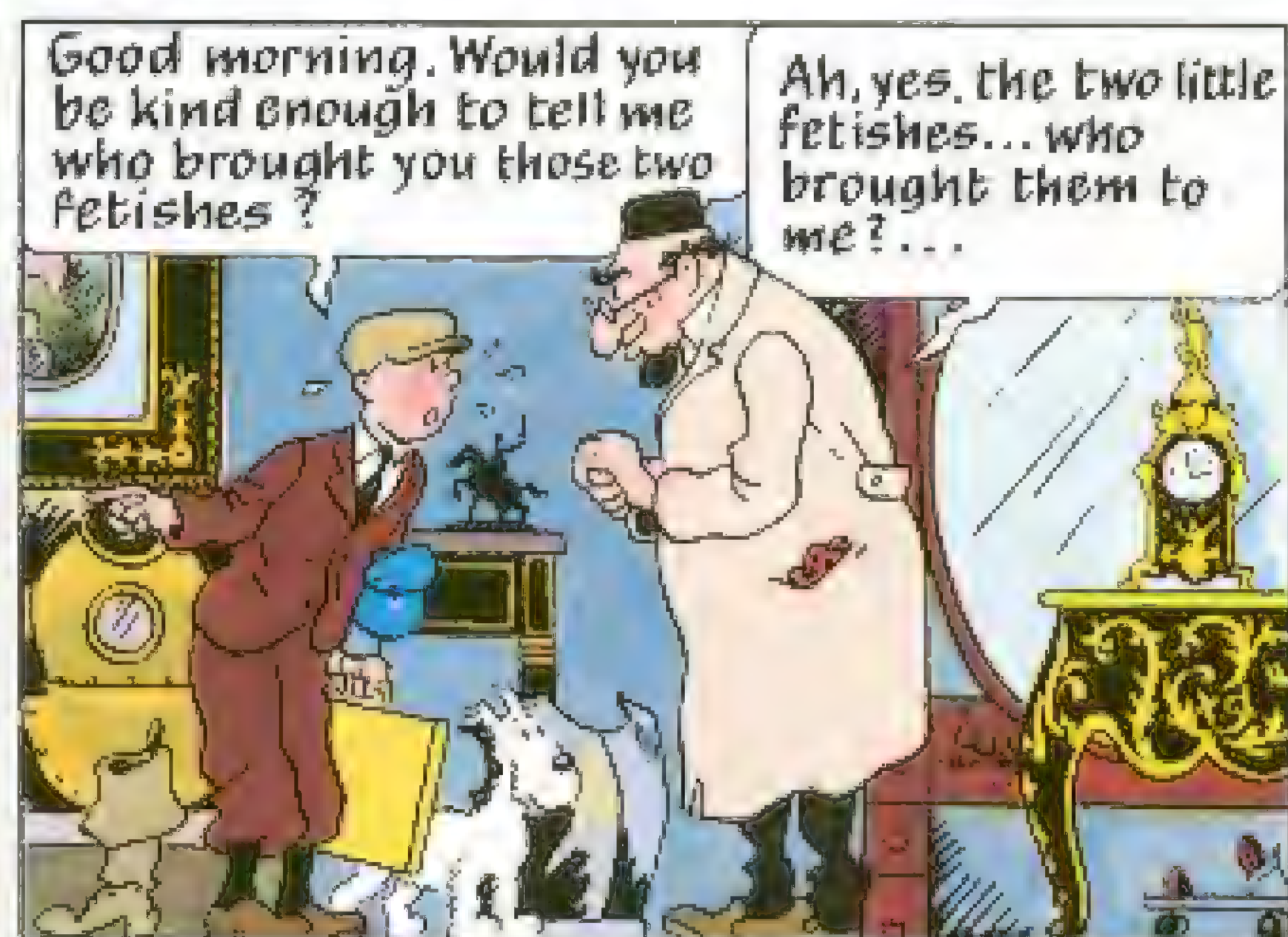
£100... Cheap at the price!... But come to think of it, I should have asked how he managed to get hold of the fetish...



!?!... There's no mistake... They've both got a broken ear!... I can't believe it... It's absolutely incredible!



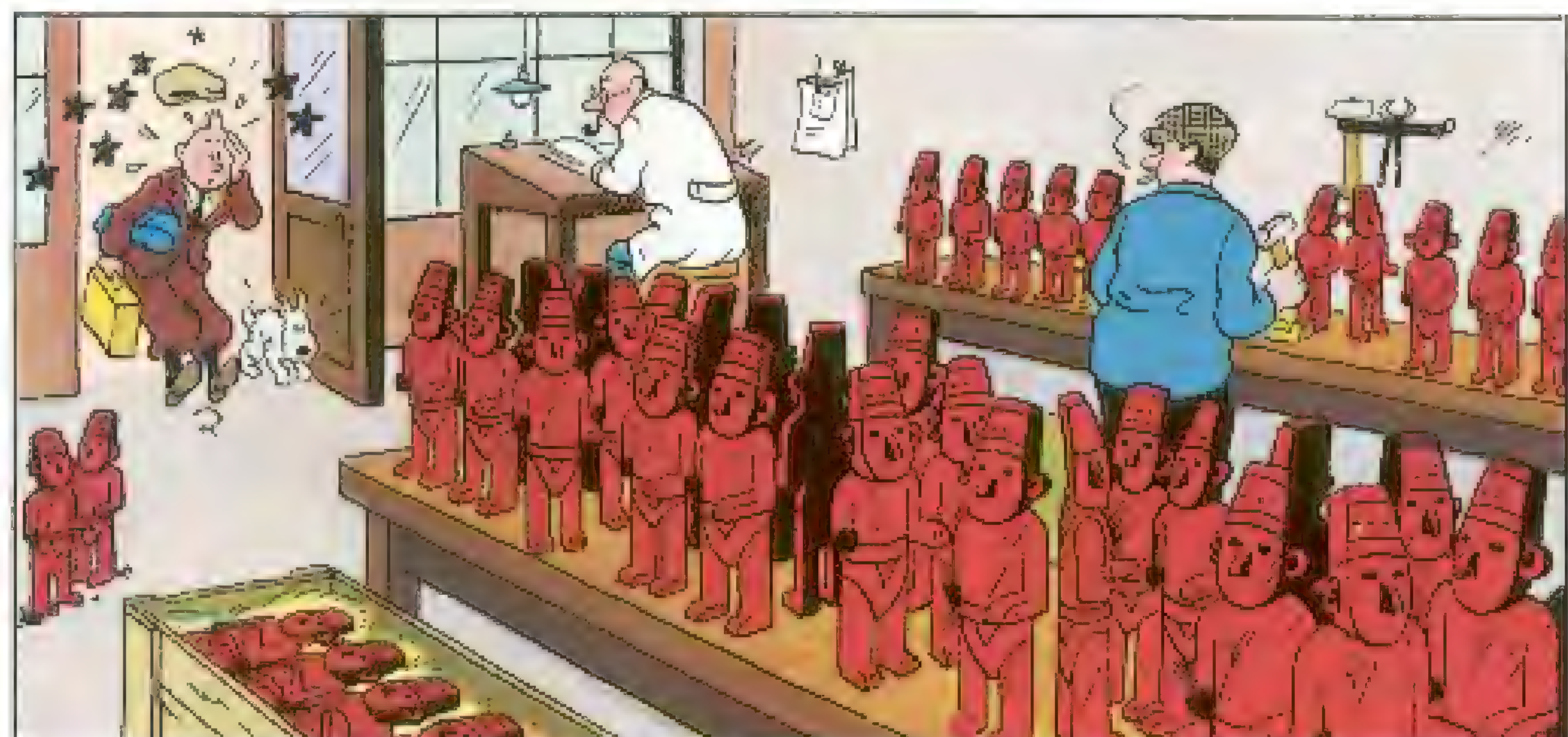
This time I really will find out where they came from!

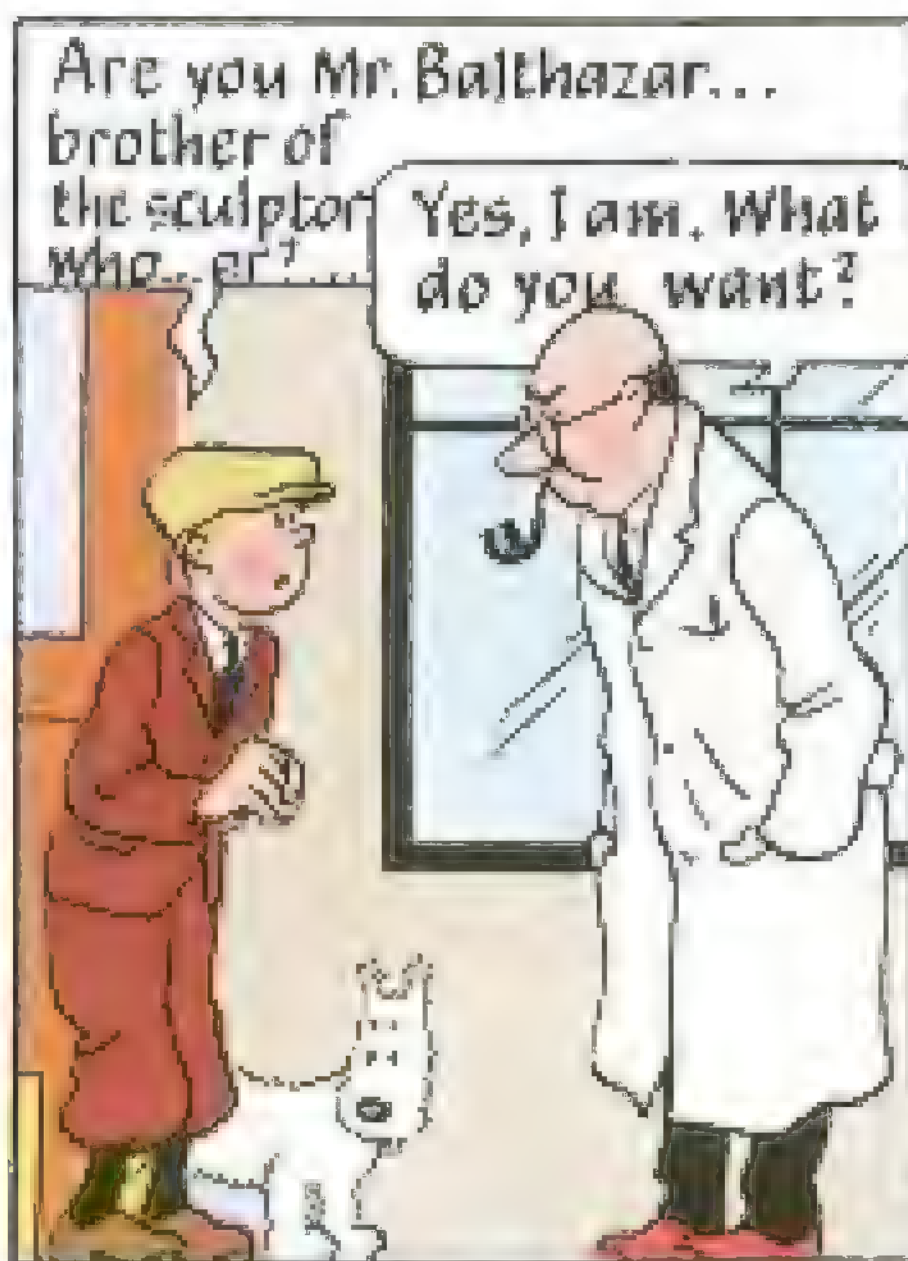


Good morning. Would you be kind enough to tell me who brought you those two fetishes?

Ah, yes, the two little fetishes... who brought them to me?...

A bit of a struggle, but at last I've got the address... Mr. Balthazar, 32 Lamb's Lane... That isn't very far. We'll go straight there.





Are you Mr. Balthazar... brother of the sculptor who... er...

Yes, I am. What do you want?



I wondered if you could perhaps tell me how you found the fetish you used as a model...

Oh, that's easy enough. I was rummaging around my late brother's things. The fetish was at the bottom of a trunk... But why do you ask?



Er... it's a long story... But... you've still got the original?



It's a funny thing... someone else came to ask me exactly that question, only three days ago... No, I haven't got it. I sold it. But I can tell you the address of the man who bought it.

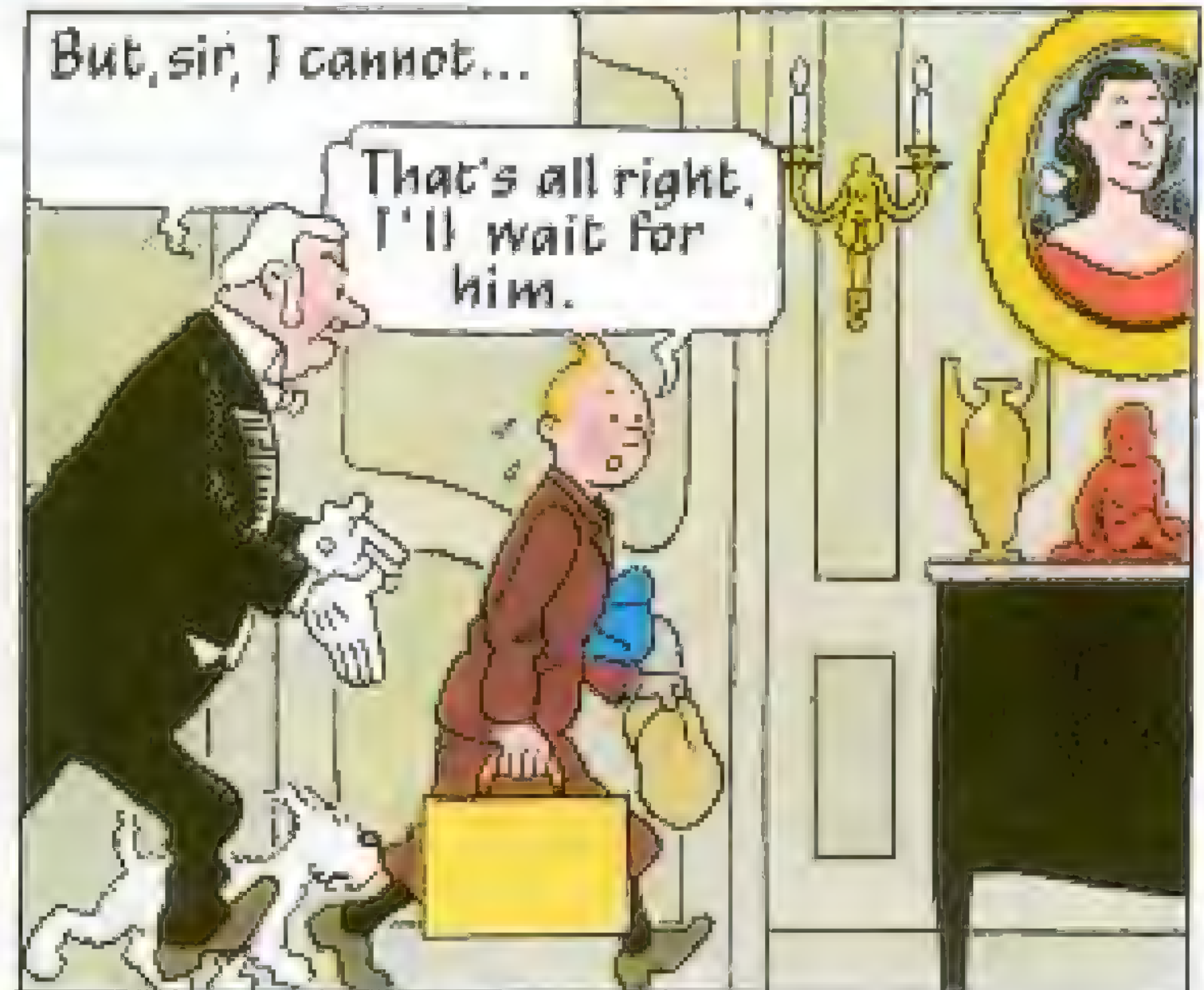


Mr. Samuel Goldbarr... a rich American! Snowy, we're going to pull it off... We'll find the real fetish!



I'd like to speak to Mr. Goldbarr.

Mr. Goldbarr is not at home, sir.



But, sir, I cannot...

That's all right, I'll wait for him.



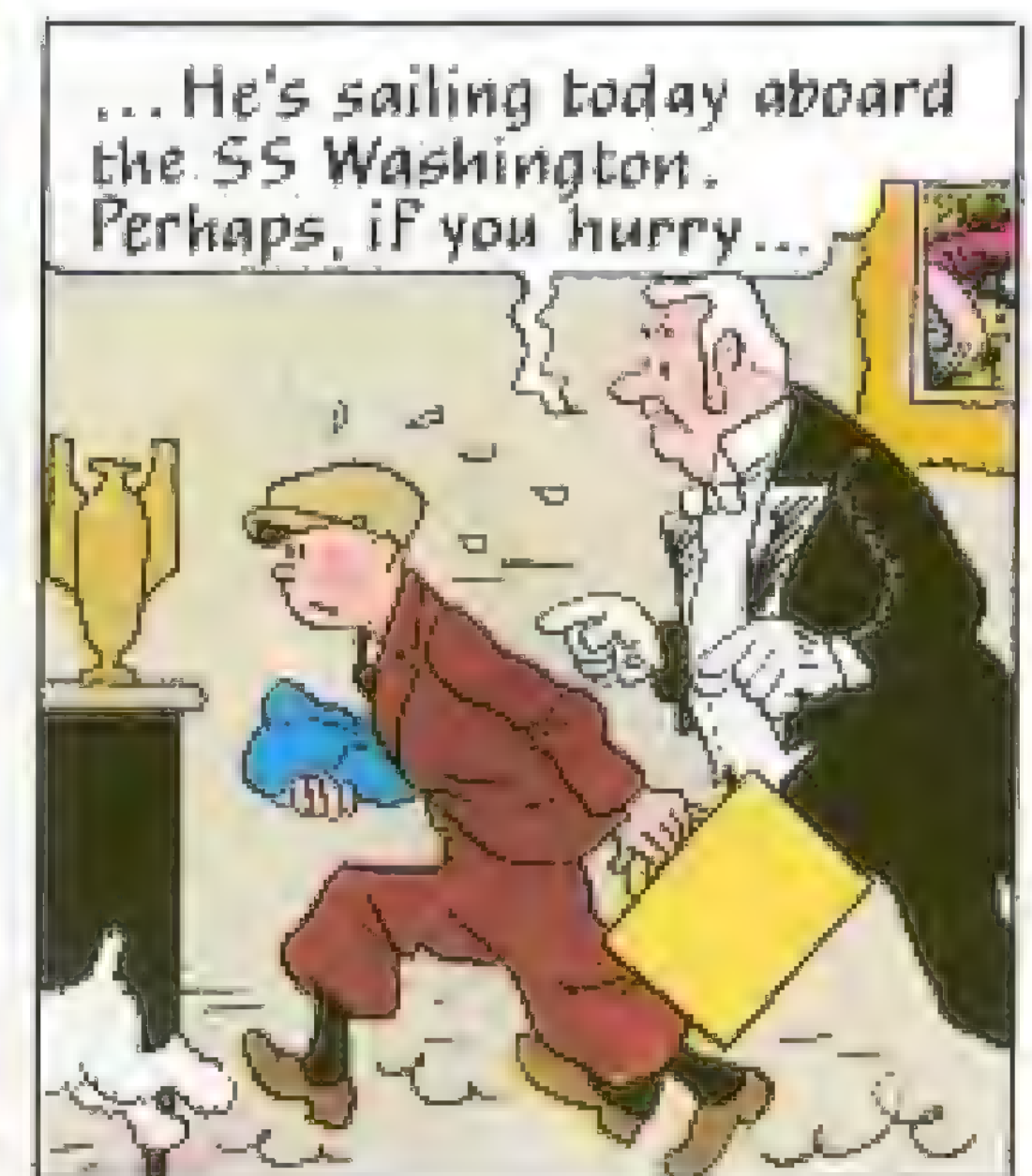
But sir, you'll have a long wait.

It doesn't matter. I've got plenty of time



But sir, Mr. Goldbarr has left for America...

Left for America!!! ...Oh!!



... He's sailing today aboard the SS Washington. Perhaps, if you hurry...



...and of course he had to take the fetish with him! That's just my luck!

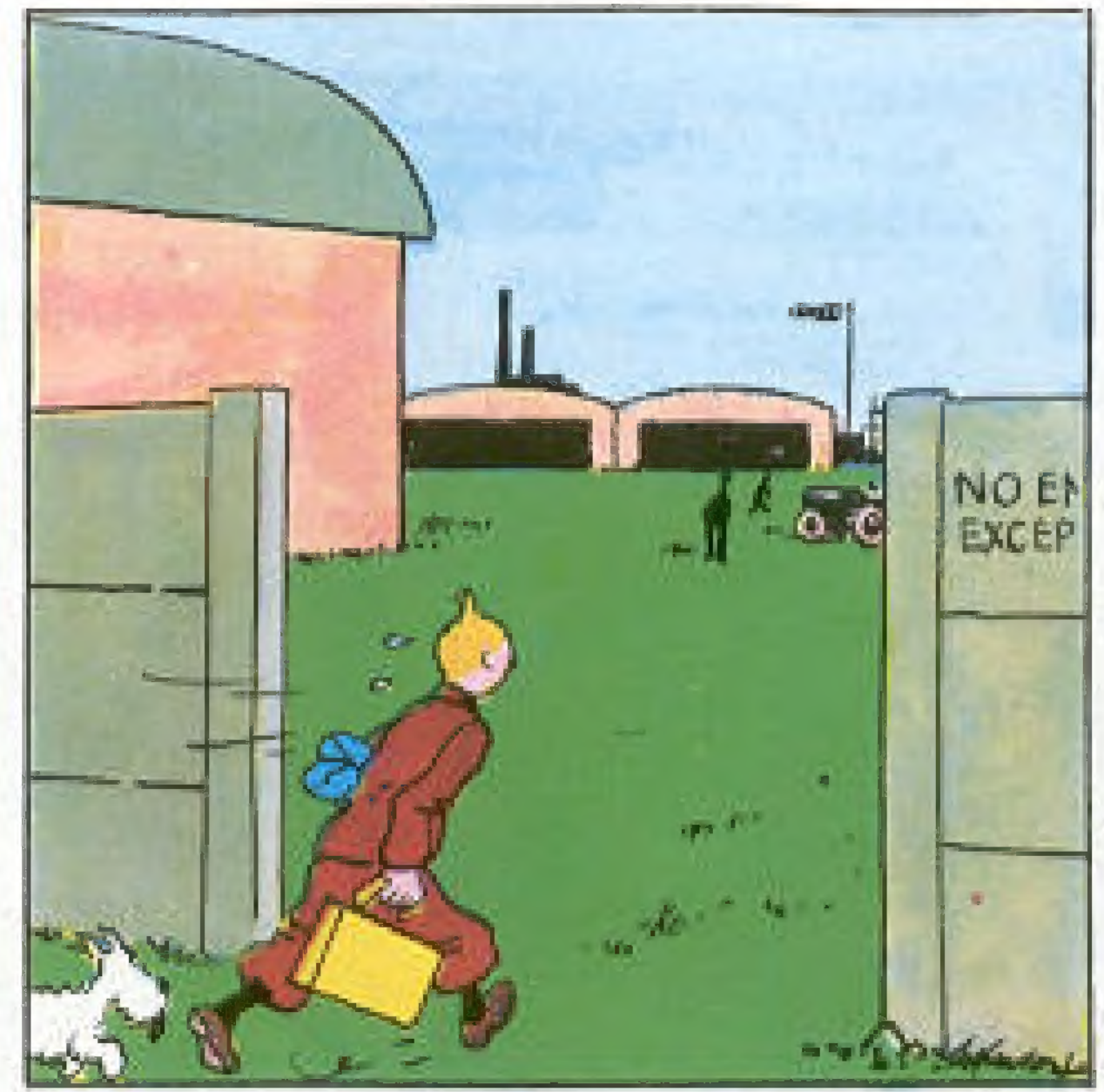


Ex...ex... excuse me... the...the...the SS WASH...WASHINGTON?

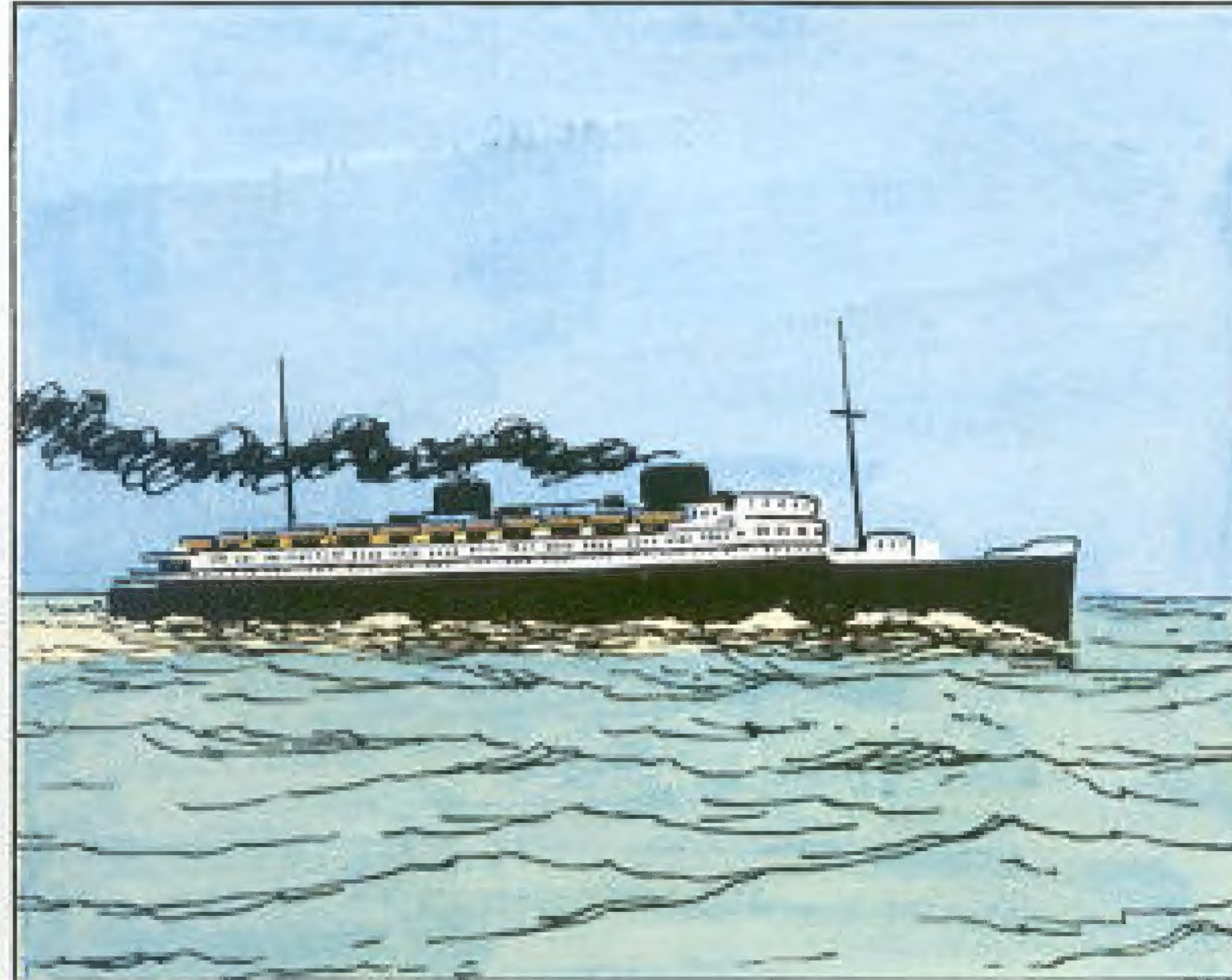


That's her out there. If you wanted to board her you're too late. She sailed an hour ago.

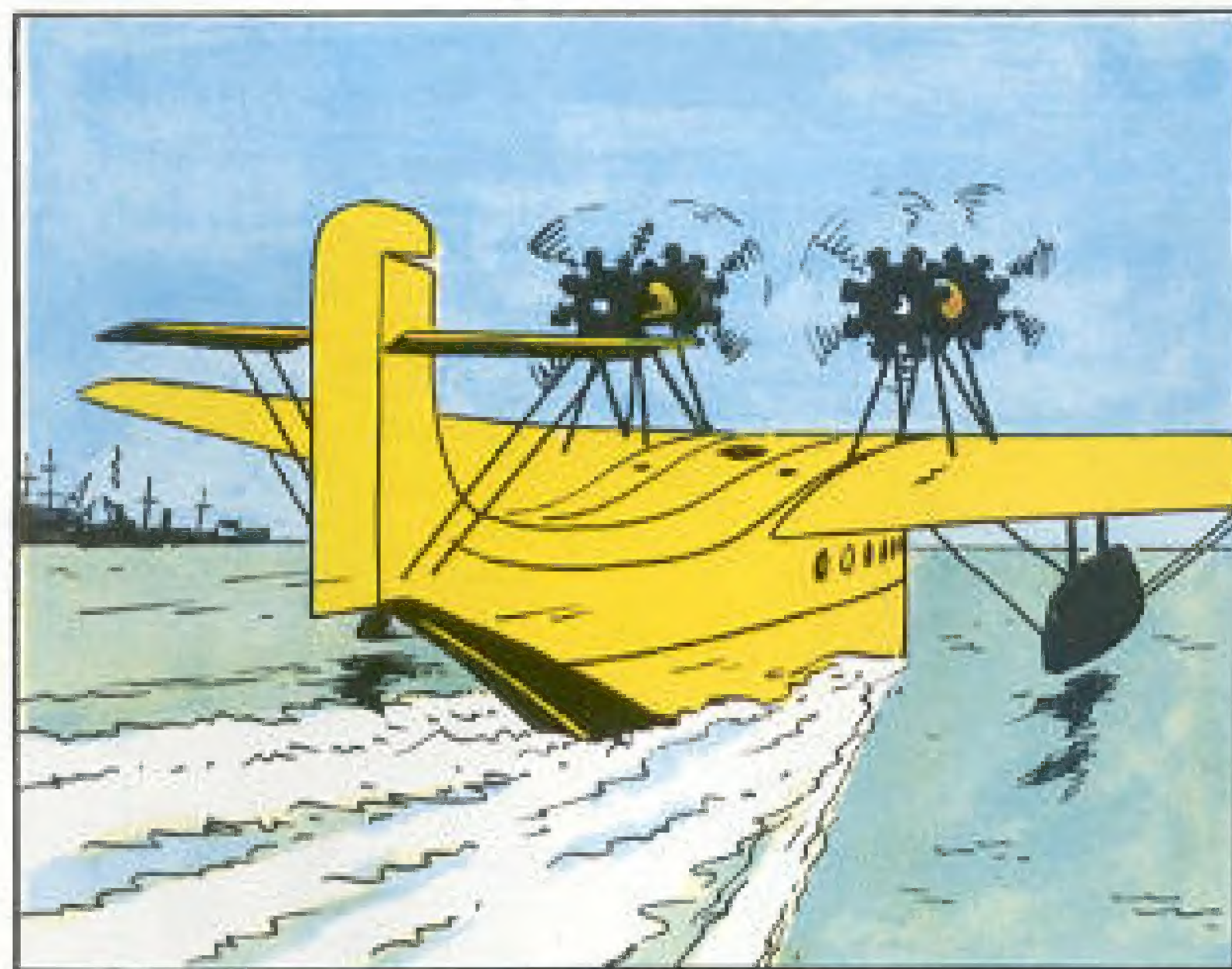
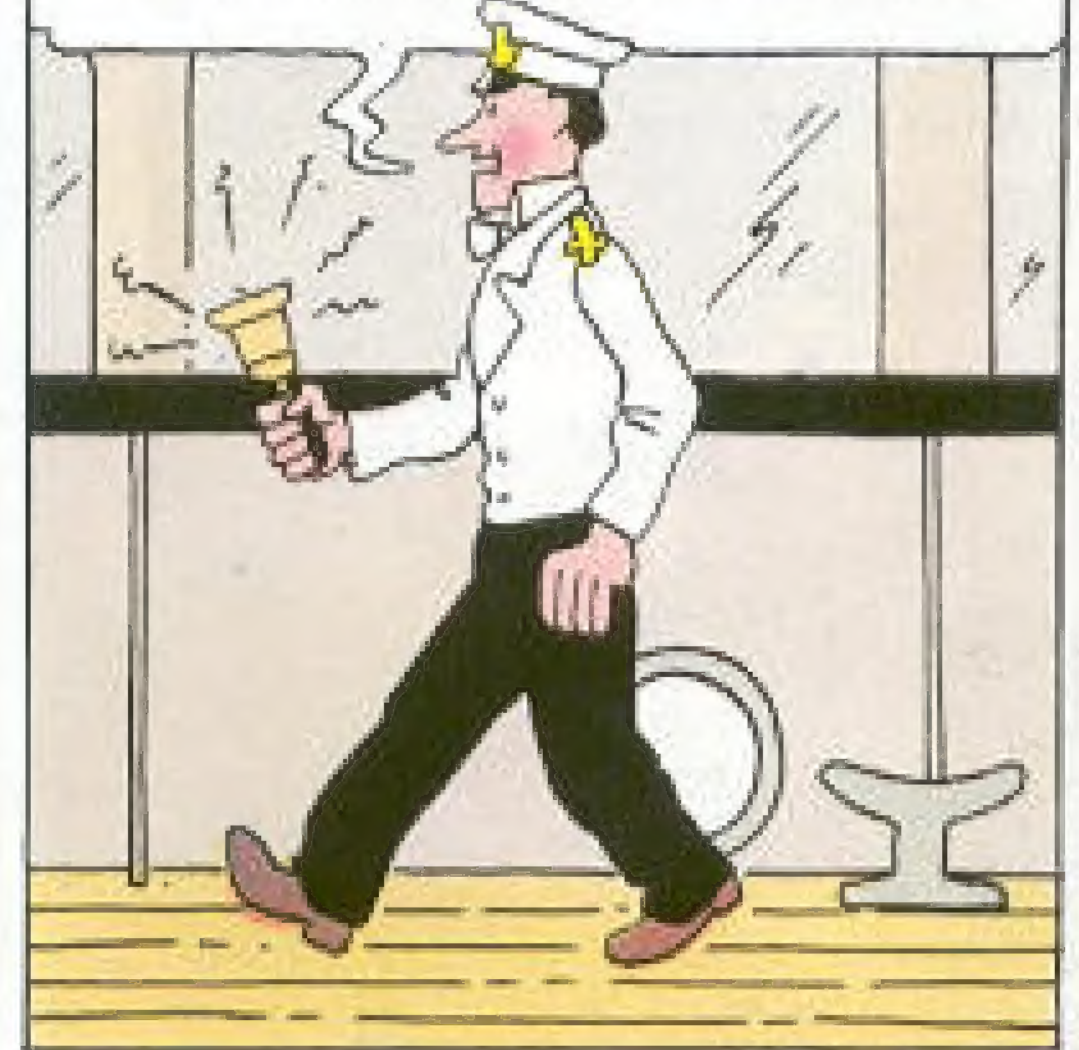
But if you really want to catch her, maybe you could hitch a ride from the air-base over there ... It's not far ...



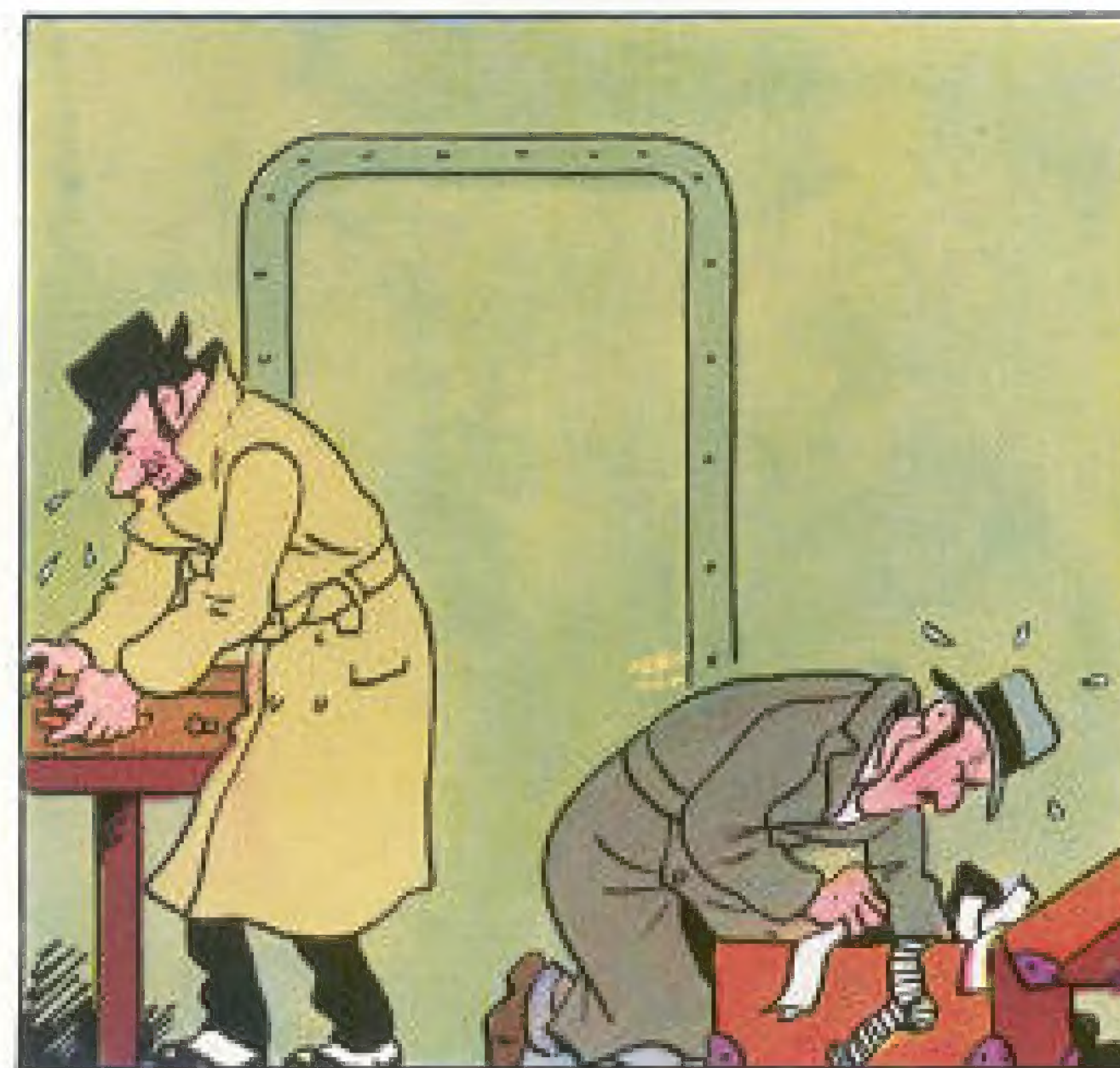
... catch the 'Washington', eh? ... Hmm... maybe... We happen to have a plane going out to her... to deliver some mail ...



First service for lunch, please! ... First service for lunch! ...



There goes Goldbarr... He's off to lunch. Now's our chance!



Ramón! ... Ramón! ... Look! ... I've got it!

